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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 1.

OCTOBER, 1869.

The Monthly Band of Hope Meeting will be held in the Temperance Hall, on Wednesday, October 6th, at 7.30, when a Lecture will be given by Mr. F. H. Bowman, F.R.A.S., &c. This is the sixth of a series of Lectures on "The House we Live in," and will treat of the Ears. It will be illustrated by a number of beautiful coloured diagrams. Admission Free.

A YOUNG LADY'S FOLLY AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

IN the *National Baptist*, in which the following story appears as original, it is supplemented by a note saying that it is drawn from real life, and saying that anyone wishing to verify the facts of the case can obtain the name and residence of the gentleman referred to by calling at his office, No. 530, Arch street, Philadelphia:—

One winter evening, many years ago, a fair young girl stood before the glass in her own pleasant little room, giving the last touches to her toilet. That night was the first party of the season, and perhaps Emma might be excused if she lingered a little longer than usual, smoothing once again her dark brown hair, and adjusting the soft folds of her beautiful dress.

"Come, Emma," called her mother at length; "I am afraid you forget that Mr. B. is waiting for you."

No; Emma had not forgotten, as the rosy blush that stole across her cheek testified. Her last thought, as she stood smiling at her reflection in the glass, had been, "This is the colour which he likes; I am sure he will be pleased."

Quickly she hurried down stairs, and after playfully excusing her delay, while the flush deepened at Mr. B.'s evident admiration, turned to her mother, saying, "I believe I am ready at last."

"Take good care of yourself, darling," said the mother, as she wrapped a warm shawl around the slender form, "and don't stay very late."

Their destination was soon reached, and as the young man moved through the

brilliantly-lighted room, many a glance of admiration was cast at his companion, and more than one of his friends whispered, "James is a lucky fellow; I'd give a good deal to be able to monopolise Miss Emma as he does."

The evening sped joyously on, and at length, towards its close, refreshments were handed around. Mr. B. was standing a little apart from Emma, who was the centre of a laughing group of young girls, when the lady of the house with a smile offered him a glass of wine.

"No, thank you, I do not drink it," was his reply.

"Pshaw! what nonsense," she returned. "No one has refused it this evening, and I don't intend to allow you to be the first. Come, just one glass; it can't hurt anyone."

"I cannot do it," he answered gravely, "for I have determined never to taste a drop."

"Come here, Emma," called the lady. "I want you to coax this obstinate young man to take a little wine. I know he will not refuse you."

Emma took the glass in her little white hand, and with a smile which few could have resisted, said, "Come, James, you will take just this one glass."

"No, Emma," he answered, with a powerful effort, "I have made up my mind, and you must not ask me to change it."

"Then you shall not accompany me home to-night, Mr. B.," said Emma, with an angry flash of her dark eye; "now take your choice."

"I must bid you good-bye, then, Emma, if it comes to that," he said, sorrowfully. "I would gladly do anything else for you,

but that I cannot do." So saying, he bowed and turned away.

"Never mind, Emma, I'll see you home," said a young man standing near, whose flushed face betokened that he had taken more than one glass. "Let him go, the ill-mannered fellow; who cares?"

So saying, he offered his arm, which Emma accepted, and they moved off together.

More than ten years had passed away. Mr. B. was married and established in a prosperous business, and by degrees the incidents of his parting with Emma were almost forgotten.

One day a man with whom he was slightly acquainted came into his store and asked for employment.

"I am afraid I can't give it to you, Norris," was the answer. "I make it a rule never to have any one in my employ who is intemperate."

"But I mean to stop all that, Mr. B.," said the man earnestly. "I have made up my mind to quit drinking entirely. It's rather hard not to give a man a chance when he wants to reform."

"Well," said Mr. B., partially relenting. "I will try you. Come into the back part of the store and I will give you some work."

A bundle was soon made up, with which Norris departed. Several days elapsed, and the work not being returned, Mr. B. sent to his residence to ask the reason.

Alas! it was the same old tale of sorrow. The husband and father had gone on a drinking frolic, leaving a sick wife and three starving children.

Mr. B.'s generous heart prompted him to go to their relief at once. He entered the miserable dwelling, and found the sick woman lying in a room almost bare of furniture; while the children, sitting on the floor by the bedside, were crying for bread. A few kind words and a promise of something to eat, soon dried their tears; and hastening to the grocery, he returned with an ample supply, which he broke among the famishing children.

While he stood smiling at their delight, the mother burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O, Mr. B., how can you forgive me?"

"What do you mean?" he asked in astonishment.

"Don't you remember Emma F.? Don't you remember my offering you the wine at the party, and your refusing it? God knows I wish I could forget it; but it seems as if it were branded on my heart in letters of fire."

It was some moments before Mr. B. could realise that the miserable creature before him was indeed the bright fascinating girl from whom he had parted so many years before.

"Poor Emma! how you must have suffered," he said, compassionately.

"But do you forgive me?" she asked, anxiously.

"Certainly; say no more about it. You must not stay in this wretched place. Is your mother living?"

"Yes, sir; in the country."

"Would you not like to go back to her with the children?"

"Yes, sir," she answered sadly; "but I have no means."

"Do not trouble yourself," said Mr. B. "As soon as you are sufficiently recovered I will take care of that part of the undertaking. Let me know if there is anything else I can do for you. No thanks," he added hastily, as the poor woman commenced a grateful acknowledgment. "Good-bye."

This was the second parting.

Young ladies, you who are accustomed to press your gentlemen friends to partake of wine, pause now and ask yourself the question whether you are prepared for the miserable fate of a drunkard's wife?

THE Russian *St. Petersburg Journal* (not to be confounded with the *Journal de St. Petersbourg*) announces that the Minister of the Interior has addressed a circular to the governors of all the provinces of the Russian empire, asking their advice as to the best means of checking the progress of drunkenness among the people. The following information has since been collected on this subject:—In 1862 there were 460 public-houses at St. Petersburg; there are now 2,500. Six years ago there was one public-house for every 1,080 inhabitants; now there is one for every 200. Several of these houses are also receptacles for stolen goods. It is now proposed to close 2,162 public-houses in the capital, and a similar proportion in the other Russian towns.

GOOSE CLUBS.

THE early birds find the worms, because, as the boy retorted, when parrying an argument for early rising, the worms are earlier still; and so the early publicans think, I suppose, that they will pick up the foolish fellows who see paradise in the pot. I gather as much as this from the printed bills which fill some publicans' windows, inviting simple Simons of all ages to begin paying in for a Christmas goose club. What an enormous goose club the subscribers to such societies would make, all counted!

"Who'll join in my goose-club?" the victualler cries; "Come in my fine fellows, I'll husband your pence." But sober John answers—"Your question applies To the geese, not to me; with your help I'll dispense."

WILLIAM SAVERY, AN AMERICAN
QUAKER,
OVERCOMING EVIL WITH GOOD.

BUT more powerful than all other agencies was the preaching of William Savery. He was a tanner by trade, but remarked by all who knew him as a man who "walked humbly with his God." One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery; and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbour, whom I will call John Smith. The next week the following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper:—"Whoever stole a lot of hides on the fifth of the present month is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew whence the benevolent offer came. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with contrition for what he had done. A few nights afterward, as the tanner's family was about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock; and when the door was opened there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up, he said:—

"I've brought these back, Mr. Savery. Where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I can light a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied: "then perhaps thou wilt come in and tell me how this happened; we will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn she said:—

"Neighbour Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee."

He turned his back toward her and would not speak. After leaning against the fireplace in silence for a moment, he said, in a choked voice:—

"It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I don't know how it is. I am sure I didn't think once that I should ever come to be what I am; but I took to drinking, and then to quarrelling. Since I began to go down hill everybody gives me a kick; you are the first man who has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children are starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you! and yet I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them the first chance I

could get. But I tell you the truth when I say that it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery: "the secret shall remain between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow at good wages. Perhaps we may find some employment for thy family also. The little boy can, at least, pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee; perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will always give it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After an ineffectual effort to compose his excited feelings, he bowed his head on the table and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank with good appetite; and his host parted with him for the night with this kindly exhortation, "Try to do well, John; and thou wilt always find a friend in me."

He entered his employ the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest, and faithful man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death William Savery sometimes told the story to prove that evil might be overcome with good.—*Life of Isaac T. Hopper.*

THE SPY-GLASS.

IN looking through a spy-glass, children of course put the small end to their eye. I want them to look into the large end some day, and as far as they can see is a very small object. Here is the drunkard's course. Let the drunkard stand at his end, and look afar back, and he will see in the extreme distance the first glass; all of his intemperance can be traced back to this little drop, that, when he took it, he thought there was no harm. Beware of the first glass. If you never take a little, you will never take a great deal.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

MR. HIGSON, the Government inspector, made a remarkable statement in the course of the coroner's inquiry into the Haydock calamity. He said he "believed that half the explosions in Lancashire had taken place through men getting drunk over-night, and being afterwards unequal to their work."

PROGRESS

ONE of the most encouraging indications of progress in the temperance reformation is the almost daily addition of ministers to the movement, and the increased activity of its ministerial friends. Some short time ago the number of clerical adherents to the temperance cause was small, and their advocacy of its claims was often hesitating, feeble, and apologetic. Now there is publicly ranged under the temperance banner nearly *four thousand ministers* belonging to the different denominations; and the trumpet does not fail to send forth a "certain sound." Once—and that not long since—at meetings in connection with synods, conferences, assemblies, and unions, the bacchanalian custom of "toast-drinking" was regularly recognised, and prayers and speeches were alternated with this device for replenishing the wine-cup. Now, in association with these gatherings, there is a growing conviction that the "toast" is unseemly, if not odious, and a scandal to the sacred profession. A yet further encouragement arises out of the fact that a large proportion of the rising ministry—in the Nonconformist colleges nearly one-half—are deeply imbued with temperance principles and sympathies, if not actually pledged abstainers.

THERE were 53,780 visitors to the Annual Temperance Fête at the Crystal Palace.

THE TURNING POINT.

A GOOD minister had grown weary over his books, and so threw them all aside for a brisk walk in the open air. Nothing rests body and mind like this. No brandy bitters can give such a spring to the spirits as pure, fresh air. A pleasant companion is an excellent thing in a walk, but any one may have the company of pleasant thoughts.

As Dr. B— was passing the corner of the park, he observed a lad with a valise in his hand just turning into the street. He paused a moment, as if uncertain which course to take. A moment's glance showed to the clergyman that the lad was from the country. Such ruddy cheeks and vigorous muscles did not grow in the shade of a city home. It flashed through the good man's mind that this boy was leaving his early home as he had done some forty years ago; and in imagination he recalled that parting scene with a feeling of gentle sadness that made him at once feel an interest in the boy before him. It is wonderful how rapidly thought can move. How much we can think of almost in an instant.

"Please, sir, will you direct me to Le Roy-Street?" he asked respectfully.

The clergyman gave the desired direction, and then added: "You have come from a home in the country to find a situation in the city, have you, my boy?"

There was something so kindly in the tone that it went at once to the boy's heart. A moment before he had felt so utterly alone! Now he felt that this voice was one of real sympathy, and its effect was electrical.

"My father died a month ago," he said, "and my mother has got a place for me in my cousin's store."

"Well, my boy, I trust you have had a good mother; I can usually tell by a boy's looks what kind of a mother he has. Remember all her good counsels, and be especially careful how you spend your Sabbaths. If you begin by going out to walk for your health or pleasure, you will end in the liquor-saloon and all the haunts of wickedness. Anchor yourself in the church and the Sabbath-school. Here is the address of mine, if you would like to attend it. Our superintendent loves boys, and so do I. Remember that the way you spend your first Sabbath in the city will very likely be the turning-point of your life. Good-bye, and may God give you His blessings always."

The good man gave his hand heartily to the stranger-lad as he bade him good-bye. It cost him nothing; but he knew full well how sweet such little wayside kindnesses are to the hearts of the lonely and home-sick.

"I'll walk the length of this city through to find that man's church and Sunday-school," said Robbie to himself, as he walked rapidly on, his heart cheered and strengthened by that little act of sympathy.

When the next Sunday came, however, it found him worn down with his unaccustomed tasks. A young man in the store, with whom he had formed a pleasant acquaintance, invited him to take a stroll about the city.

"I'll show you some of the sights, and treat you to a dinner of oysters down in a saloon I know of, where they keep open on Sundays. The shutters are bowed, out of respect to the day, you know; but there is always plenty to eat and drink inside on all days and hours. They have all kinds of liquors, too, and make splendid punch."

Robbie felt lonely enough that day. His thoughts ran back to his old home, and more than once the tears started in his eyes. The young man seemed so pleasant and friendly, he was on the eve of yielding to his temptation "just this once." But then the thought of the good minister's words about this day being a turning-point in his life came back to him just in time. He politely declined the invitation, and found his way to the morning Sabbath-school to which he had been directed.

Ever afterwards he felt that he had a home in that great city. A kind superintendent and a warm-hearted teacher, who welcomed him with a cordial grasp of the hand, effectually "anchored" him in the Sunday-school. His career in after life was useful, honourable, and successful; a very marked contrast with the Sabbath-breaking boys who ran rapidly down the scale of dissipation until they reached the level of the common drunkard. Sabbath-breaking and liquor-drinking are twin cousins.—*Youths' Temperance Banner.*

MUSIC HALLS.*

FROM what we have personally witnessed and what has come to our knowledge of the music-halls of London, Birmingham, and other provincial towns, we have come to the conclusion that no honest, respectable servant, male or female, could sit through one of these music-hall entertainments without gathering, from the provision made for their amusement, that to be honest was to be a flat, and to be dishonest was to be *sharp*; to be disrespectful was to be plucky, and to have a proper spirit—that, in fact, Jack or Gill was as good as the governor, and in most instances a good deal better. No virtuous man or woman, with mind unsophisticated and pure, could sit through an evening here and ever again enjoy the same unsullied serenity of thought and feeling which preceded the attendance. No husband or wife who found themselves under the so-called elevating influence of these legalised abominations, but would soon be instructed that conjugal fidelity was a failing only fit to be sneered out of existence, and that mutual love and family peace was an unattainable myth, or, if it were attainable, not worth the trouble; for stolen waters are far more sweet, and bread eaten in secret infinitely more pleasant. Thus is the music-hall an apt illustration of the wise man's allusion to another place; it is indeed the way to hell, going down to the chamber of death.—*Rev. G. M. Murphy.*

* See "*Music Halls and Singing Saloons.*" Eight copies sent post free for 3 stamps, by S. Jarrold, Norwich.

A HAPPY HOME, MANUFACTURED BY THE CHILDREN.

A STRONG working man once came to the Rev. N. Macleod, of Glasgow, to ask him to baptize his child. He was a smith, and confessed that he had formerly been in the way of drinking to excess, but for two years had lived a sober life. When Mr. Macleod asked him what had led to the change, he didn't speak for a minute or two, and then he said,—
"Indeed, I believe it was *the bairns.*"

Children are often called "*bairns*" in Scotland.

"The bairns," said the minister; "how was that?"

"Why, sir," said he, "when I came home at night, they used to run and meet me, and play about me; and the youngest was a special favorite, and very fond of me, and one evening, when she had her arms about my neck and was giving me a kiss, the thought struck me, what a beast I was to be taking drink in this way, if it was for no other reason than the harm I was sure to do to both the bodies and souls of my bairns. I took such shame to myself that I dropped it since then; and now I hope I have better reasons, even than the good of my family, for keeping sober."—*The Home School.*

WHAT IS THE CHARACTER OF THE NON-CHURCH-GOING POPULATION?

LONDON contains 100,000 winter tramps, 40,000 costers, 30,000 paupers in the unions, with a criminal class numbering 110,000. If we measure the numbers of different classes in London, with, say, a town of 10,000 persons, we shall find that there are as many workers on the Sunday as would fill ten towns; as many habitual gin-drinkers as would fill fourteen towns; more persons than would fill ten towns are every year taken off the streets in a state of intoxication; two towns might be filled with fallen women; one town with gamblers; two with children trained in crime; and three with thieves and receivers of stolen goods. There are 10,000 public-houses and beer-shops, which, if placed in line, would extend thirty miles; 500,000 people regularly frequent them.—*The Revival.*

SAINT MONDAY.

THE Scottish shoemakers are on the move. A society bearing the lengthy name of "The Scottish National Amalgamated Union of Operative Boot and Shoemakers" has been holding a conference at Edinburgh, and positively proposes to call upon Parliament to compel employers to find large and comfortable workshops for their operatives to work in, and to appoint inspectors to visit these workshops from time to time. The speakers protested that the men ought never to be allowed to work in their own homes, and Mr. Douglas, of Linlithgow, stated that he had seen seventeen or eighteen journeymen at work in a wretched garret in Seven-dials, with only one old coat among them, which was handed from one to another, as each man wanted to take his work to his employer.

Some of our contemporaries appear to doubt the accuracy of this, but the truth of such details is easy to be confirmed. The perpetuation of the evil does not, however, rest so much with the employers as with the men. If they gave up the drink, they would speedily see the difference. The contrast between the homes of a teetotal shoemaker and that of one addicted to drinking habits is almost as great as between black and white. As the *Pall Mall Gazette* very truly observes:—"If there are any artisans who are supposed to be able to take care of themselves, against the public and against their employers, it is the operative shoemakers. Certainly the complaints of master shoemakers are plaintive, up to positive piteousness, when they appeal to their customers to give them more time for executing their orders. They are entirely in the power of their journeymen, they tell us. *The men insist upon keeping St. Monday for at least two or three days in the week.* They are *outrageously given to drinking*, and no persuasion will induce them to work steadily; so that between idle journeymen and exacting customers the very life of the seller of boots is a burden to him." In Northamptonshire, work and wages are plentiful, and with these, drunkenness, extravagance, and even worse abound. If the shoemakers wish to succeed, they must first learn to help themselves, and this they can readily do by putting away the drink.—*Iron Pen.*

LOST LICENSES.

At Middlesborough the magistrates recently refused to renew 56 licenses, when the bellman, who is a reclaimed drunkard and a staunch teetotaler—a regular wag, too, and a very original character—went round the town on Saturday night, on his own account, and made the following call, amidst the assembled thousands in the market-place and thronged streets:—Lost, on Thursday afternoon last, near to the bottom of North-street, 56 beer-house licenses. Whoever will give such information to their disconsolate owners as shall lead to their recovery, will be rewarded with half-a-pint of fourpenny at their own expense. Unless the said licenses are returned within a month, the owners will be obliged to work like other workmen—a thing they very much dread."

At Bradford the magistrates refused 89 licenses.

"CABBY" is a useful servant of the public, but, alas! drunkenness is too often the bane of his hard and humble life. I have before me a book written by a cabdriver, and it contains some impressive statements. Here is one for consideration:—

"Taking the number of cabdrivers at 10,000, I have no hesitation in asserting that there is spent by them £500 per day in intoxicating liquors; this is giving one shilling per day for each cabman. As a proof of the value that publicans set on a cabstand, it is a well-known fact that a public-house opposite a cabstand is worth £150 or £200 more than one equally as attractive but not in so favourable a position. What would this £500 per day do for us collectively? It is too stupendous a thought;—what will this shilling per day do for us, individually? We will see. That twelve pence, by a simple rule in arithmetic, viz., call the pence pounds, halve them, add the half, and five times the original amount, and that twelve pence is swelled into £18 5s. per year. Now I will suppose you are not in a club, neither have you a second suit, or a watch; and are not prepared for the weather.

"One penny per day, or £1 10s. 5d. per year, by joining the Provident Fund connected with the clubs, will secure twelve shillings a week during sickness, and £15 at death.

"Twopence per day, or £3 0s. 10d. per year, would obtain a vulcanised overcoat, and a pair of cowhide boots to reach up to the thighs, and thus preserve you from the wet.

"Three halfpence per day, or £2 5s. 7½d. per year, will furnish your cupboard every September with two tons of the best Wallsend.

"Twopence half-penny per day, or £3 16s. 0½d. per year, will purchase a watch, although not a lever; a respectable house will give you a warranty, and thus secure to you a good timekeeper.

"One penny per day, or £1 10s. 5d. per year, would enable you to have thirty-five volumes of the Cottage Library uniformly bound, and in a size that you could conveniently carry about in your cab, including works on theology, medicine, natural history, poetry, &c., by the best English authors.

"Fourpence per day, or £6 1s. 8d. per year, would purchase a new suit at £3 10s., obtain a substantial dress for your wife at £1 10s., and the other £1 1s. 8d. would not be out of place on the little ones.

THE LATE GENERAL THOMPSON AND THE TEMPERANCE SYSTEM.

THE late General T. Perronet Thompson, who survived to the venerable age of eighty-six, wrote the following letter three weeks before his death to the Rev. D. Burns, M.A.:—"Elliot-vale, Blackheath, London, S.E., 13th August, 1869.—Dear Sir,—There may be danger of drawing too sweeping conclusions

from limited facts, but my personal experience has always been that my health was always better for avoiding strong drinks, and, particularly, that abstaining both from drinks and animal food had a great effect in preserving health in tropical climates under circumstances of more than ordinary exposure to work or sun.—Yours very sincerely, T. PERRONET THOMPSON."

WENDELL PHILLIPS, in one of his speeches, gives the following striking illustration of the influence which may be exerted by a few words spoken with the earnestness of love:—A mother on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the right hand a son, 16 years old, mad with love of the sea. And as he stood by the garden gate one morning, she said—"Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink." "And," said he, (for he told me the story), "I gave the promise, and I went the globe over—Calcutta and the Mediterranean, San Francisco and Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole and the South. I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the gate did not rise before me, and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor." Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half. "For," said he, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a man of forty years. 'Do you know me?' 'No.' 'Well,' said he, 'I was once brought drunk into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication; you then asked if I had a mother. I said I had never known a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate; and to-day I am master of one of the packets in New York; and I came to ask you to come and see me.' How far that little candle throws its beams! That mother's word in the green hills of Vermont! Oh! God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word.

THE DREAM OF THE REVELLER; OR THE THREE HOUSES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Around the board the guests were met,
The lights above them gleaming,
And in their cups replenish'd oft,
The ruddy wine was streaming.
Their cheeks were flush'd, their eyes were bright,
Their hearts with pleasure bounded;
The song was sung, the toast was given,
And loud the revel sounded.
I drain'd my bumper with the rest,
And cried, "away with sorrow,
Let me be happy for to-day,
And care not for to-morrow."

But as I spoke, my sight grew dim,
And slumber deep came o'er me,
And 'mid the whirl of mingling tongues
This vision passed before me:—
Methought I saw a demon rise,
He held a mighty bicker,
Whose burnish'd sides ran daily o'er,
With floods of burning liquor.
Around him press'd a clam'rous crowd,
To taste this liquor greedy,
But chiefly came the poor and sad,
The suff'ring and the needy,
All those oppress'd by grief and debts,
The dissolute and lazy,
Blear-eyed old men, and reckless youths,
And palsied women crazy.
"Give, give!" they cry, "give, give us drink,"
To drown all thoughts of sorrow,
If we are happy for to-day,
We care not for to-morrow!"
"Give, give!" they cry, "give, give us drink,"
To drown all thoughts of sorrow,
If we are happy for to-day,
We care not for to-morrow!"
The first drop warms their shiv'ring skins,
And drives away their sadness,
The second lights their sunken eyes,
And fills their souls with gladness;
The third drop makes them shout and roar
And play each furious antic;
The fourth drop boils their very blood,
And the fifth drop drives them frantic.
"Drink!" says the demon, "drink your fill,
Drink of these waters mellow,
They'll make your bright eyes blear and dull,
And turn your white skins yellow.
They'll fill your home with care and grief,
And clothe your backs with tatters,
They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts,
But never mind, what matters?
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
But never mind, what matters?"
"Though virtue sink, and reason fail,
And social ties dissever,
I'll be your friend in hour of need,
And find you homes for ever.
For I have built three mansions high,
Three strong and goodly houses—
A workhouse for the jolly soul,
Who all his life carouses;
A hospital to lodge the sot,
Oppressed by pain and anguish;
A prison full of dungeons deep,
Where hopeless felons languish.
So drain the cup, and drain again,
And drown all thought of sorrow,
Be happy if you can to-day,
And never mind to-morrow!
So drain the cup, and drain again,
And drown all thought of sorrow,
Be happy if you can to-day,
And drown all thought of sorrow!
But well he knows, this demon old,
How vain is all his preaching,
The ragged crew that round him flock,
Are heedless of his teaching;
Even as they hear his fearful words,
They cry with shouts of laughter.
"Out on the fool! who mars to-day
With thoughts of an hereafter.
We care not for thy Houses three,
We live but for the present,
And merry will we make it yet,
And quaff our bumpers pleasant."
Loud laughs the fiend to hear them speak,
And lifts his brimming bicker,
"Body and soul are mine!" quoth he,
"I'll have them both for liquor!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
I'll have them both for liquor!"

Stannary Congregational Church.

TEMPORARY PREMISES,

THE TEMPERANCE HALL.

Public Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Tuesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

The Sunday School commences at 9 in the Morning, and 2 in the Afternoon. The first Anniversary Services in connection with the Sunday School will be held on Sunday, October 17th, 1869, when Sermons will be preached by the Rev. J. Harvey, of Bury. Collections morning and evening for School Funds.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

For the Velocipede Felt Hat, First Class Quality, Price 3/9, go to

DAVIES'S, SWINE MARKET, HALIFAX,

(Next Shop to Mr. Austin, Locksmith, &c.)

The noted Cheap shop for Boys and Men's Caps, Soft and Hard Felt Hats, Cork-bodied Hats, Cloth, Tweed, and Paramatta Hats.

BRILLIANT SILK HATS FROM 4/6 TO 6/6.

Fashionable French Hats from the best makers in the Kingdom, 8/6 to 16/-.

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of superior make at moderate prices.

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Fancy Articles of all Sorts. Commercial
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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 2.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

The usual Monthly Band of Hope meeting will be held in the Temperance Hall, on Wednesday; November 3rd, 1869, when an Entertainment consisting of Gleees, Songs, Recitations, &c., will be given by a Choir of Singers from Ambler Thorn. Mr. T. Holgate will preside at the Piano. Meeting to commence at half-past seven o'clock. Admission Free.

THE PITCHER OF COOL WATER.

By T. S. ARTHUR.

"It is such a pity," said Mrs. Lee, turning her eyes from the window. A child stood near her, looking out upon the road—a small, blue-eyed, cherub-like creature, that made you think of a better country than the one we dwell in. A man had just passed, and it was of him the lady spoke when she said, "It is such a pity."

"A greater pity for his wife and children," replied Mrs. Lee's sister.

"Oh dear! It's a pity for all of them," said Mrs. Lee, in a troubled voice. "Why doesn't the man drink cold water when he is dry, and not pour burning liquor down his throat? The one would refresh and satisfy him, while the other quenches his thirst only for a little while, and makes it stronger when it returns. I've thought, more than once, of meeting him with a cool glass of water as he came by, in the hope that, on drinking it, he would turn back to his shop and not keep on to Huber's tavern."

"That would be too pointed," said the sister.

"It might do good," Mrs. Lee went on. "Suppose he did feel a little annoyed, he would hardly refuse the cool drink, and that once taken he might not feel so strongly drawn toward Huber's; might, in fact, go back to his work instead of keeping on to the tavern. The next time I saw him coming, I could offer the drink again, and with it a pleasant word. I could ask about his wife and children, and show that I felt an interest in him. I'm sure, sister, good would come of it."

The sister did not feel so hopeful. "It will take more than a glass of water to satisfy his fiery thirst," she answered. "And then, you know," she added, "that Barclay is easily offended. He would understand just what you meant, I fear, and grow angry and abusive."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mrs. Lee. "We're alone here all day, and it would hardly be safe to provoke the anger of a drunken man."

"Not at all safe," was their sister's reply. "It's a great pity for him and his family, but something that we can't help."

"I don't believe it would make him angry to offer him a cool drink of water." The child, who had been listening to her mother and aunt, said this quite earnestly.

The two women looked at each other, but did not answer the child.

Mr. Barclay was a carpenter, and his shop stood on the road not far distant from the home of Mrs. Lee. He had, at one time, been very well off, but, like too many others, he would take a glass of liquor now and then. This led him into the company of those who visit taverns and alehouses, and by them he was too often drawn away from his shop or his home. So neglect of business was added to the vice of drinking, and the carpenter's way in the world turned downward instead of upward.

Mr. Barclay had several children. The youngest of these was named Fanny; and she was just four years old. He was very fond of her, and often had struggles with his appetite for liquor on her account. Many times had he gone backward and forward before the tavern door, love for Fanny pleading against love of liquor, and urging him to

spend the few pennies in his pocket for a toy, or some caudies, instead of for beer or spirits. But the dreadful thirst for drink almost always got the mastery. Poor man! He was in a very sorrowful condition.

On the morning after the day on which Mrs. Lee and her sister were talking about him, it happened that Mr. Barclay was without a cent in his purse. What was he to do? Not a single glass of liquor could be had at Huber's tavern, for he was already in debt there, and they had refused to trust him until the old score was paid off. But how was he to go through all that day without a single drink of beer or whisky? The very thought made his lips feel dry and quickened his craving thirst.

He opened the bureau drawer to get a handkerchief, when something met his eyes that made him pause with a strange, eager, yet pained expression of face. At first, a light had flashed over his countenance? but this faded out quickly. He stood gazing at the object with an irresolute air, and then shutting the drawer quickly and hard, he turned away and walked to the other side of the room. For some time he remained there quite still, his back to the drawers. A very bitter struggle was going on in his mind. Alas! he was not strong enough for his conflict.

Slowly, step by step, listening as he moved across the room, looking just like a thief, Mr. Barclay returned to the bureau, and opening the drawer he had closed so quickly a little while before, thrust in his hand.

What did he bring forth? I grieve to say it was a little wooden box, only a few inches square; he had made it himself of fine dark wood for his dear little Fanny. There was a small hole cut in the lid, which was fastened on with screws. Fanny's money-box! Yes, even so. It was Fanny's money-box. The pennies were very few that came into the child's hands; but all she had received for many months were in this box. She was saving them to buy a present for her father at Christmas.

A desperate look was on Mr. Barclay's face as he clutched this box. Hurriedly he took from his pocket a small screw-driver, and in a moment or two the lid was off. Half the pennies were emptied into his pocket, and then the lid replaced and the box returned to the drawer.

He had scarcely taken a breath while the box was in his hand. Now he sat down, like one suddenly robbed of strength, and panted. The dark flush went off of his face, and he looked pale and guilty.

"Papa!" It was Fanny herself. The loving child came in and put her arms about his neck. He felt as if clasped in a vice. It

was as much as he could do to keep from pushing her with strong arms away.

"Are you sick, papa?" The child had caught a glimpse of his pale, disturbed countenance.

"I don't feel very well," he answered. His voice had so strange a sound to his own ears that it seemed as if some one else were speaking.

"I'm so sorry," and Fanny drew her arms tighter about his neck, kissing him.

This was more than the wretched man could bear. Rising hurriedly, and almost shaking off his child, he left the house and started for his shop that stood nearly a quarter of a mile distant. He did not go to work immediately, but sat down on his bench. He had no heart for work just then.

"Oh, Jim Barclay!" he cried out at last, in a tone of mingled shame and anguish. "That you should come to this!"

He got up and walked about like one bewildered. Just then a man rode up to the door of his shop.

"Is that shutter ready for me?" he asked.

"It will be done to-morrow," answered the carpenter.

"Just what you told me yesterday," said the man, roughly. "The fact is, Jim Barclay," he added, "there's no dependence on you any longer, and I shall take my work somewhere else."

The carpenter was in no mood to bear patiently a hard speech from any one; so he replied as roughly as he had been spoken to, and the customer rode off in anger. Barclay stood looking after him, as he moved down the road, his excitement gradually cooling until the blindness of passion was gone.

"Fool every way!" he muttered, turning slowly to his work-bench and taking up a plane. "It wasn't so once. No dependence on Jim Barclay!"

He was hurt by the accusation. The time was when no mechanic in the neighbourhood could be more depended on. If Barclay promised a piece of work it was sure to be ready. Alas, how changed! He was just as fair in promise now—just as sincere, perhaps, when his word was given—but in performance how slow! He would start in earnest every day, and get on very well, until the desire for liquor grew strong enough to tempt him off to Huber's tavern for a drink. After that, no one could count on him. When he returned to his shop he would be a changed man. Instead of going on steadily with the job he had begun, and finishing it, he would put it aside for something neglected on the day before; work at this for a short time, and then go to something else—at last growing so bewildered that he would drop his tools and

go off to the tavern again, often not returning to his shop that day.

Some panels of the unfinished shutter lay on Barclay's work-bench. He took them in his hands, turned them over, ran his eye along the edges, and then stood hesitating what to do. This shutter was not the only job that should have been ready, according to promise, days before. He began to grow worried, just as it had been with him so many times. But where to begin his day's work—which of his neglected customers to serve first, he did not know. His hands were unsteady; a sense of heaviness weighed down his limbs—in body and mind he felt wretched. He thought of Huber's and a refreshing glass. Just one drink, and his shattered nerves would be steadier for the day's work. Then he thought of the pennies in his pocket—the carefully saved treasure of his dear little Fanny, stolen from her that morning; and such shame fell upon his heart that he sat down on his work-bench and groaned in pain.

"I'll get one glass," he said, starting up; "for I must have something to put life into me. The pennies are only borrowed; and I'll return them, two for one."

This thought, that he had only borrowed the pennies, lessened the pain at his heart. "Just one glass to make me all right." And off he started for the tavern, which stood on the road-side some distance away.

Between the shop and tavern was a pleasant cottage. Mr. Barclay was nearly opposite this cottage when out ran a child, holding in her little hands a small glass pitcher full of water, her golden hair tossing in the wind. She was about Fanny's age, and beautiful as a cherub.

"Won't you have a cool drink, Mr. Barclay?" said the child, stopping before him and offering her pitcher, while here earnest, tender eyes, blue as violets, were lifted to his face.

Surprised and startled by this sudden vision of innocence and beauty, Mr. Barclay did not hesitate for an instant, but took the pitcher and drank almost at a single draught every drop of the cool, pure water.

"Thank you, my dear!" dropped from his lips, as he handed back the empty vessel; and then he stooped and kissed the child. She did not turn from him and go back into the house, but stood between him and the tavern, gazing up into his face. He took a step forward. The child caught his hand.

"Oh don't, Mr. Barclay!" she cried eagerly, and in such a pleading voice that her tones went farther down into his heart than human tones had gone for a long, long time.

"Don't what, little darling?" he asked, bending toward her in new surprise.

"Don't go to Huber's any more," answered the child.

Mr. Barclay drew himself up and stood for many seconds just as still as a statue. The child looked at him with a half-scared expression on her countenance, but she kept firmly hold of his hand. Suddenly catching his breath, like one who had been deprived of air, he stooped quickly and touched the child's pure forehead with his lips. He said not a word, but stood up straight again, turned resolutely, and went striding down the road in the direction of his shop.

From the window of the cottage mother and aunt looked on this scene in surprise, half-trembling in fear lest the man should do some violence to the child, yet rebuked for their own lack of confidence in the means her simple faith had made so strong for good. The act was her own. They had no hint of her purpose until they saw her crossing the road with the pitcher of water in her hand. Her own act, did I say? Let me lift your thoughts higher, who read this. God's love and pity for the poor drunkard had flowed into the child's heart and moved her to do just what she did. So it was God acting through her! just as He acts through every one of us when we try to do good to others. Think of this. God working through us—making us the agents of His divine purposes—ministers of His loving-kindness—angels of mercy!

Mr. Barclay returned to his shop, took off his coat and went to work. The cool water, but more the good resolutions the child had awakened in his mind, gave tone and refreshment to body and mind. His nerves, all unstrung when he started for the tavern, were steady now. No tremor ran through his hand as he grasped chisel, mallet, or plane. He wrought with a sense of pleasure in his work he had not felt for a long time.

After an hour this feeling began to wear off; and the old heaviness and thirst for liquor returned. His thought went to Huber's tavern and the tempting liquor to be had there. But there was something in the way that he could not pass—not fierce lions, such as frightened poor Christian; but a pure and innocent child! He felt sure that when she saw him coming along the road she would meet him with her sweet, pleading face and pitcher of water, and that to pass by would be impossible.

"Go round by the old mill," said a tempting spirit in his thought, "and the child will not see you."

He hearkened for a moment to this suggestion, and then with an almost angry tone, as if rebuking the tempter, said,

"No! no! no! God's angel met me in an evil path and turned me back. I will not go round by any other way."

There was a spring not far from his shop. He drank freely at this, and then, refreshed,

took up his work again. How clear his mind was! clearer than it had been for a long time. Like a beautiful picture framed in his thought and holding his gaze with a kind of fascination, was the image of that lovely child, meeting him in the road and offering her pitcher of cool water. It was perpetually before him, and the longer he looked upon it, the softer his heart became, and the stronger his good resolutions.

For the first time in months—it might almost be said years—Mr. Barclay came home that evening clothed with sobriety and in his right mind. What a great throb of joy his pulse gave, as he saw the look of happy surprise in his poor wife's face, and felt the delight of dear little Fanny's heart as she sprang into his arms and hugged him in a way that told what a new gladness was in her soul. Not until he had, unseen by any one, returned the pennies to her box, did a red spot of shame fade off from his manly cheeks.

Mr. Barclay was never seen in Huber's tavern again, nor in any other tavern.

"If," he said to a friend, years afterward, in referring to this period of his life, "the old desire came back, and my thought went off toward Huber's tavern, it never got past the white cottage; for out from its porch I would always see coming to meet me, pitcher in hand, that heaven-sent angel child, and to have passed her would have been impossible."

"By taking a man's bottle away," says the Dean of Carlisle, "you don't make him a Christian, but you improve his chances of becoming one."

THE Temperance Movement has a two-fold object; the one is to keep the people from the drink, and the other is to keep the drink from the people.

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

CONSIDER the moral-suasion or total-abstinence view of this question. This we believe to rest upon an impregnable scientific basis, which is this: "That total and universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors and intoxicating beverages of every kind would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race." So say 2,000 of our most eminent medical men; and so say hundreds of thousands of total abstainers, who can bear their weighty testimony to this truth from many years of actual experience, in all ranks and under all the various circumstances of life. The

Temperance and General Provident Institution finds, after an experience of more than a quarter of a century, that the total abstainer is entitled to from 18 to 20 per cent. more bonus than the moderate drinker. The average of deaths for all England is 22 in a thousand, amongst brewers' draymen it is 34, and amongst prisoners in our gaols there were only 200 deaths in 1868 out of 158,480 commitments, the daily average number in gaol being 18,677. In 1866 the annual taxation per head on spirits, wine, and malt, was 14s. 5½d.; on tobacco 4s. 2d.; on tea, coffee, and sugar, 5s. 10½d. We spend, therefore, three times as much on drink and tobacco as we do on our tea, coffee, and sugar! We cannot say that we thus spend our strength for nothing, for it is a great deal worse than nothing, for we get vice and crime, and poverty and premature death in return. "But for intemperance," says Mr. Buxton, "pauperism would be almost extinct in England." And the judges of the land are constantly reminding us that, but for drink-caused crime, their office would be reduced almost to a sinecure.

OUR GUTTER CHILDREN.

THERE are tens of thousands of neglected children more in our streets to-day than there were a century ago, when Raikes began to gather the worst of this class in the streets of Gloucester into schools. Granted, that the schools for this class multiplied—may they soon be doubled in number and usefulness!—but "but what are these among so many?" The evil gigantic, the remedy must be proportionate thereto. Bands of hope and temperance societies have done much, but there are 150,000 ginshops and beershops in Great Britain. It is, we believe, an ascertained fact that amongst the abstaining portion of the population, amounting to about 3,300,000 in the United Kingdom, there are no thieves, no roughs, no tramps, no paupers, but few lunatics, and not one deserted or neglected child.—*Methodist Recorder*.

THE LITTLE SOAP-DEALER.

LITTLE Mary sold cakes of soap for a living. All day she wandered up and down the streets, holding up her small wares and calling out their different names. A great many people bought of her, yet sometimes she would have a dull day, and then her little heart sank down like lead, for she thought of the sick mother and puny baby at home, and feared they would have no supper. "But I will not say anything about them," she thought; "all poor little girls, like me, say they have sick mothers, and sometimes it isn't true. I wish

mine wasn't. Soap, soap—nice soap for sale here!"

One day she had scarcely any customers; it was a cold day too, and the poor baby had looked so cold and thin that Mary feared she would die. She wandered down the avenue, passed all the great grand houses, that seemed to lift themselves up to the sky.

"I wonder if God lives in some of them," she thought to herself, "they are so very grand;" and just then she passed before one from which some persons were coming out. A carriage, decked with silver, and drawn by four splendid horses, stood in front of the door, and a stately personage in purple velvet robes descended the steps and got into the carriage. He wore a strange hat on his head, and Mary knew that those who were with him were priests. "That must be God," thought the poor ignorant child, and she fell on her knees, and remained there until the carriage was out of sight.

"Let me have a cake of brown Windsor!" said a voice at her elbow; and Mary hurried to serve her new customer, who was a gentleman going home to supper. He was in a hurry, for his mind was in a state of perplexity. He kept a liquor-store, but he had somehow lately had some scruples about selling such commodities, and he was half inclined to give up his part of the business, and go into some more respectable traffic. He was in this uncertain state of mind when he met the little soap-dealer. As she counted the change for him, he noticed how miserably she was clad, and how pinched her features were.

"Is it the old story?" he asked lightly—"a sick mother and lots of starving little ones?"

"Yes, sir," said the child seriously; "mother's always sick, but there's only Nellie and me."

"Is your father dead?"

"No, sir; but he doesn't give us anything."

"What is he?" he asked mockingly, though without any intention of hurting the child's feelings, if such a child could be supposed to have feelings. "Is he a professional man?"

"A what, sir?"

"O," winking to a friend who had come up, "a lawyer or doctor?"

"No, sir, he's none of them."

"A minister, may be, then?"

"I guess not," said Mary, doubtfully.

"Well, what is he, then? He must be something. May be he's a bricklayer, or a member of the Ancient Masons."

"No, sir, he's not that; he's a——."

"Well, what?"

"He's a drunkard, sir."

The child shrunk instinctively as she said

it. The shame of such an assertion seemed to envelop her in a moment. The gentleman handed her back her change. "Keep it," he said in a serious voice, "and tell me where your father works."

"He don't work now; he only drinks for a living, but he used to be porter for Craig and Barbers."

The questioner was Mr. Craig. He took down the child's address, and went home. When he walked into his parlour, his wife sat alone by a cheerful coal fire.

"See here, Kate," he said, "do you remember old Jake, our porter?"

"Of course I do. A good-natured, easy soul, but too fond of liquor. I told you—"

"There don't lecture me. I'm going to sell out to-morrow. I want you to find out Jake's family and help them on their feet again. Maybe I can do something for Ann, it's not too late."

"I should think you would feel a responsibility about his family, if he has drank himself to death in your service. Oh, Herman I feel sometimes as if every dollar of my money would some day bring a curse."

"Well, I'm out of the business now, and shall stay out, and make all the reparation I can."

Mrs. Craig lifted Jake's wife and children out of the depths of poverty, and made them comfortable and self-supporting, but she could not undo the past bitter suffering they had endured. As for Jake, he died of delirium tremens the other day, in the city Bridewell. —*American North-Western Presbyterian.*

INTEMPERANCE exists in proportion to the facilities for its encouragement. It is quite natural that this should be so. The quantity of fruit is supposed to be regulated by the number of trees which produce it. The old adage says, "The more snares, the more hares." And our common sense endorses the truth of this.

Dr. Miller, the Vicar of Greenwich, remarks that "we have generally left it to the devil and the publican to find amusements for the people, and they have done so to their ruin. It is notorious that the public-house is the bane and blight of all our popular amusements."

STRONG DRINK NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

A SON of an ex-President of the United States from Virginia, who has become utterly debased by indulgence in strong drink, was a few days ago admitted to a charity ward in one of the hospitals of New York. —*Morning Star's American Correspondent.*

A TRUTH.

A poor woman said sorrowfully, "Our grocery bill every month for my husband, myself, and three children, is less than the beer bill of my husband." Think of it! A man spending more every month for dirty beer, than is required for the groceries of the whole family! Should a man throw, every month, so much money into the lake, he would be doing wrong, but not so great a wrong as to poison his own blood and even his health, as well as rob his wife of the comforts of life.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK AT THE WORKING MEN'S MEETING.

At a very large meeting of working men, held on October the 7th, in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, the Archbishop of York said:—"I doubt whether the clergy of the Church of England have not come short in one respect. There are great social questions which involve sin; and I think the clergy—and laity more especially—seem to have been rather drawing away from the social questions and rather shutting themselves up in a theological circle only, and it grieves me when I hear, as I have heard lately, a question put to me like this:—"Why is it that the clergy of the Church of England stand aloof from a movement in favour of temperance—(loud applause)—and other like movements?" and I am unable altogether to deny the justice of this charge. I respect, at the same time, the feelings which guide the clergy. I think they stand aloof because they think they have no strength or skill to deal with politics, and they leave these questions to the Legislature. But this particular question of temperance, I humbly submit, ought to be the very province of the minister of Christ—(loud applause)—for you know as well as I do that when I am saying these things I am not saying anything that threatens your freedom. You know as well as I do that the curse of this great country is the vice of drinking. (Applause.) You pay £21,000,000 a year to the revenue as a tax upon drink alone, and that represents a consumption upon drink of £80,000,000 a year. (A voice: "Ninety millions.") Some one says 90 millions. I won't quarrel with the figures, but at all events I am safe with 80 millions a year, and, mind you, that comes in far too large a proportion out of the earnings of the working classes. (Hear, hear.) And what does it mean? Why, it means everything that is evil. It means that the working man having £2 or £3 to take home every Friday or Saturday divides it into two portions—say £2 10s. for himself and 10s. for his wife and

family (A voice: "Even not so much as that.") Somebody says "Even not so much as that." Bear in mind that remark, for I wish to come to it presently. It means, besides that, misery to the wife, starvation and wretchedness to the poor children; it means discontent of the worst kind engendered in the man; it means that the noble class of working men, of which you are, I believe, the favourable part—the noble class of them is wrecked and ruined by this abominable work. (Applause.) Now, I am often told that freedom must not be interfered with, which means that a man may get drunk if he likes; but I come back to my remark, and I say what about the freedom of the woman? (Cheers.)—Talk of justice and liberty when things are divided and adjusted upon such a scale as that! Why, you see it won't stand for a moment. The law perpetually interferes when men are doing foolish things against public policy, and the law has a right to interfere in this case; and, moreover, the law has lately interfered in a most beneficial manner in the last session of Parliament by putting restraint upon the indefinite multiplication of those abominable beershops. (Applause.) You may call it an interference with justice and freedom: I call it a limitation on the power to set traps for the unwary by which their souls are ensnared. Well, then, I am glad to think that now this great question has been taken up by the working classes themselves. From what has passed during the last year—I see abundant signs of it—I believe that will remove the one difficulty which the clergy have felt, and that they will go along with you in that movement as in all others of a similar kind; for indeed we have but one common object, and that object, as I said, is the removal of those things which hurt men, body and soul, so that evil may be put down and the happiness of all be promoted.—*The Weekly Record.*

NUTS FOR THE TEETOTALERS.

Mr. Charles Winter, of Brompton Ralph, wishing to test the enduring powers of teetotalers at harvest work, employed two sets of workmen to reap his corn—the one teetotalers, the other cider-drinkers. The abstainers did their work better, equally as quick, and were particularly much quieter and more orderly, and received 1s. per acre in lieu of the cider. Being so pleased with the result, he on Saturday last gave every abstainer of six months' standing, and above eight years of age, a quarter pound of tea each. The number of recipients was forty-one. We understand that Mr. Elworthy was obliged to put three or four men to pitch to the load while two Langley Marsh abstainers

from the Okehampton slate quarries pitched to the rick.—*Devon Weekly Times.*

CAUTION TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.

WE do not wish to moralise, but many instances have come under our notice, where high abilities, excellent prospects, and a generous disposition have all been made shipwreck of by the selection of unprincipled friends. The billiard-room, the cards, cigars, and beer, have been the first steps to ruin of not a few with whom we once associated on equal terms, and who are now either dead, killed by their own vices and follies, or are the veriest outcasts on the face of the earth, broken in fortune, in health, and in reputation.—*Lancet.*

A GREAT FANATIC.

CHANCELLOR Kent said to me at Saratoga, "Ah! Mr. Delavan, you are a great fanatic, a great fanatic, but don't tell me I shan't drink a glass of wine. Your principles are right, but I won't adopt your practice." Said I, "If the great Chancellor tells me my principles are right, he may call me a fanatic as much as he has a mind to." A few days after I met his only son, Judge Kent, in New York. He stopped me, and observed, "I don't believe in your *principles*, but I'm obliged to adopt your habits on account of the *gout*."—*E. C. Delavan.*

A HINT TO CLERGYMEN.

A CLERGYMAN says—

"Make the evils of drunkenness the subject of teaching in schools, lectures, and sermons. Spread information and call attention to well-ascertained statistics, and facts."

SMOKING AND DRINKING MINISTERS.

AN attempt was made at one of the closing sittings of the Wesleyan Conference to abolish the practice of putting a question relating to smoking to candidates for ordination. As an amendment, the Rev. William Arthur moved that "at the annual district meeting every probationer shall each year of his probation have the question put to him 'Do you use drams, tobacco, or snuff?'" Mr. Rattenbury seconded the amendment, which was adopted.

JOHN CROSSLEY.

A FEW years ago it fell to the lot of Mr. John Crossley to entertain the heir apparent to the throne at his princely mansion of Manor Heath. One evening, after his guests had been shown over the magnificent house and grounds, some of them sat conversing with him respecting his early days. And concerning his mother, he answered thus:—"Oh, my mother was a remarkable woman; she was once a farm servant; she lived fourteen years in the same family; she had to milk the cows, and churn the butter, and carry it to market. She had for a long time only £6 a year wages, and yet she managed to save a nice sum; and her leisure hours were filled up with spinning wool, her mistress allowing her a fourth of the profits for herself." "Ah," said a friend who was present, "perhaps you are indebted to your mother for some of your success in the spinning wool?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "under God's blessing, *I owe everything to my mother.*"

THE SONG OF THE DECANter.

"THERE was an old decanter,
And its mouth was gaping wide,
The rosy wine had ebbed away,
And left its crystal side
And the wind went humming—humming—
Up and down the sides it flew,
And through the reed-like hollow neck
The wildest notes it blew.

"I placed it in the window
Where the blast was blowing free,
And fancied that its pale mouth sang
The queerest strains to me:
'They say that puny conqueror,
The Plague, has slain his ten,
And War, his hundred thousands
Of the very best of men;

"'But I,'—'twas thus the bottle spoke—
'But I have mastered more
Than all your famous conquerors,
So feared and famed of yore.
Then come, ye youths and maidens all,
Come, drink from out my cup,
The beverage that dulls the brain,
And burns the spirit up;

"'That puts to shame the conquerors
That slays their scores below,
For this has deluged millions
With the lava tide of woe.
Though in the tide of battle
Waves of human blood may roll,
Yet while I've killed the body,
I've slain the very soul.

"'Pierce Famine, Cholera, and Sword,
Such ruin never wrought,
As I in mirth or malice,
On the innocent have brought.
And still I breathe upon them,
And they shrink before my breath;
And year by year in thousands
Tread the dismal road to Death.'"

From A Lecture by J. L. Gane.

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Public Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Tuesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1869.

The usual meeting will be held on Wednesday, Dec. 1st, when the Singing Class will give a Concert. On Sunday, Dec. 19th, the Annual Sermon will be preached by the Rev. E. D. Green, of Over Darwin, at 6.30. A collection in aid of the Funds. On Tuesday, December 28th, the Annual Tea-party and Meeting, Tea at 6.30. At the meeting, prizes will be given to the distributors of Periodicals. Addresses, Recitations, and Singing will also be provided. All the above in the Temperance Hall. For particulars, see bills.

THE COLLIER'S WIDOW.

BY A. PEERS.

A Story for the Coal Country.

"YOU'LL find Widow Wilson the third house round the next corner,"—That was the direction I received from a coal-begrimed strong-built man as I turned down one of the lanes in the coal-work section of the "Black Country."

Knocking at the door, a voice bid me "come in." At first I could see no one when I entered the house—looking round I saw what looked like a large straw bee-hive—but nothing living could be seen. On my tapping with my stick on a table, a face looked round from behind the "bee-hive," and said, "What do you want?" Stepping forward, I saw that the straw edifice was a snug arm chair, made of plaited straw, and inside (for it covered the person in full like a sentry box,) was a little cheerful old body, who quickly told me she was Widow Wilson. After telling her who the friend was who had commissioned me to call upon her, she became at once communicative—"Sit down, sit down," she said—"Yes—yes—you may say 'Friend,' though they are few to poor bodies, yet *he* is truly a friend. I'm 84," she said, "and the Lord will soon call me, I know that, and I hope it will be soon, for I've waited a long time now—a long time. Yet time was when I didn't feel weary o' waitin', when the world went as glibly as could be with me—with health and money and bairns and a good man to cheer one; but that's long, long ago. You never saw a finer lad than my Watty was—Walter Wilson was my husband's name, but everybody called him Watty, and when

we were married and had got into our own little home, there was no woman in England prouder than I was. He had never been what you would call a wicked man, but he had health and spirits, and sometimes would go to a race or foot-ball play, just for the excitement like. Before we were married he had left all that off; for one night in coming home from the pit, he stopped to hear a gentleman preach on the green. Though some laughed at him, and one or two wanted to pull him off the chair, yet Watty stood firm. 'No, no,' he said, 'the man's doing no harm, and listen to him or leave him, lads, just as you like, but hands off is fair play.' They all knew that what he said in that firm solemn way he meant, and they knew too that if any had interfered with the preacher, though Watty did not like fighting, yet he could not only take his own part but anybody else's he wished, especially when any unfairness was going on.

"In the long winter nights, when the fire was burning bright, and all the world was shut out, and only Watty and me were there,—him to read and me to listen with my head resting on his shoulder, and sometimes the regular drip, drip of the falling rain on our roof, how thankful to God I used to feel for such a home and such a husband. When he left home for his work I was anxious, for there are always accidents happening both in going down the pit and in coming up—but more especially when down in the underground workings. But I knew how careful he always was, and that calmed my anxiety. Years rolled on, and our two children were growing big girls, comforts to us—everything prospered, because we were careful and thankful to God, who gave health and work and every good.

"Watty went to work at six in the morning, but he arose about five, as he never liked to be behind time in anything, but one Monday morning he said he felt as he said half-hearted about going. I persuaded him to stop at home for that once, for you see we were able to stand a few days' holiday, being careful. 'Oh no,' he said, 'why should he stop away? it was only a whim—only a whim,' he said.

"It was November, and the rain was coming down in a fine mist, but it was very warm for the time o' year, quite 'muggy' as we say about here. I don't know how it was, but I felt very anxious, and from time to time went up the garden and looked toward the pit. It was about nine o'clock, I had just come back to the house, when there was a shouting among my neighbours, and one after another ran toward the pit-bank.

"I listened a minute and then I ran too, for I knew that something dreadful had happened. There was a crowd assembled when I got there, but no one dare go near the pit, for volumes of smoke were pouring up, and some said, that another explosion would take place. There we stood—strong men with faces white as ashes eager to do anything and as yet nothing could be done—women crying and wringing their hands, while little children ran from one to another and with streaming eyes asked news of their 'daddy.'

"It was a few hours before any one could go down to see after the dead and dying. It was no use to be impatient, yet the minutes seemed hours; at last two men were brought up—dead, yes, dead, and the flesh shrivelled from their bones. I shut my eyes, for I expected that one was my Watty. No, I was spared; but they were husbands and fathers, and had left families to deplore their loss. It was hours before all were brought up, and then there were thirteen killed and four badly burnt, and one of the four was my Watty. Oh the change! when he went away from me a few hours before he was strong and tall, with muscles like iron and a voice like a bell; but now he was a poor shrivelled-up piece of humanity; his hands were powerless and his eyes were burnt out of their sockets. I was on the bank to receive him when they brought him up. I screamed when I saw him, I could not help it, for I was glad to see him alive, though so much altered. He said, 'Is that Mary?' 'Yes, yes,' I cried, 'it's thy Mary, Watty,' but he spoke no more and fainted away.

"For days I watched him, only snatching a little sleep in a chair by the bedside when and how I could; but he was more than a week before he spoke again. The owner of the colliery was anxious to know how the destruction to life and property came about.

"'Where's Sam Silvy?' was one of the first questions asked by my husband. 'Dead,' yes, he was dead and so blown to pieces that his clothes did as much as anything towards his recognition. When he knew Sam was dead, he told all he knew, but it was not all at once; for some days he was too ill to speak but it all came to this—When they went to work, the doggy told them to be careful, for he didn't like the morning, nor did he like one corner of the workings, 'but be careful, lads, and then I think it will be all right.' So saying he left them.

"When he had gone, Sam said he would have a pipe of bacca, damp or no damp: many were eager to prevent him, but it was of no avail. He had been to some wake, and had been drinking all night, and then he was far from sober; my husband begged of him not to open his lamp, but was told to mind his own business or he would be made: from words they almost came to blows.

"'You shan't open your lamp while I'm by,' said Watty.

"'I'll open it for all you,' said Sam.

"Others begged of him to mind what he was about, as there was danger. He went up a working away from them and in a few minutes came a hurricane of fire which swept all before it; horses and men both were killed; and when Sam's body was found, by its side was his tobacco pipe filled ready for smoking, and his lamp was open as though he was getting a light when the gas caught fire. Poor Sam! there were five children left to deplore his foolishness and their own poverty.

"Day after day my poor husband lay; at first he felt but little pain, but after a time we could scarcely keep him in bed, such was his agony. Sometimes he would be delirious and would shout out 'Take that lamp from him! What! you foolish man, will ye blow us all up?' And then after lying quiet for a time he would shout again 'He's drunk!' he's drunk! now you see, lads, what the drink does, it's the devil itself is drink, and it does the devil's work.'

"When the inquest was held upon those who were killed, the coroner and gentlemen came to see my Watty.

"'You'll tell the truth, my good man,' the Coroner said—

"'I always do,' said Watty.

"'Yes, yes, I know that,' said the gentleman—'but we want to know the full and true account now, you see.'

"'Well,' said Watty, 'the man's dead who caused it, or perhaps I should not have liked to have got him into trouble; but he has got hisself and we too into trouble enough, but I did not like the morning, and I almost wished I had staid at home, when I got to the bank and see'd two or three on 'em who had

been up all night drinking at the wake; they were full of tomfoolery, the drink was strong within. When we got into the skip to go down, the doggy said 'Steady lads, and take care, for I don't like the looks of some of the out-workings; but with great care there will be no danger.' We got down safe and went to the workings; one had got a bottle of rum in his pocket, and it was handed round to those who wished to drink. I didn't want any, and I told them so.

"Take a sip, Watty!" one said, but I had none. They then began to talk of the amusements of the wake.

"I only wished we'd a' stopped longer, lads, it was a jolly spree."

"Didn't see 'em black oud Ted's face wi' soot? it was a game!"

"Thus talking, they got careless of where they were, and one after another took out their tobacco pipes.

"Put them up, I said, 'lads, for there is danger about,' for I knew when I saw the pipes that the next want would be a light to commence smoking. Some put them back into their pockets, but Sam Silvy said with an oath that he would smoke in spite of the devil.

"Nay, lad," I said, 'thee'd better not smoke, because the danger is not only to thee but to all of us; but he would hear no reason, and threatened to strike me if I interfered.

"I went to my work with a sorrowful heart, for I did not know what a half-drunken man might do. He had not worked long when there was a blast of fire came sweeping along the workings, hoarse voices shouted loudly, but almost before their words were uttered, some who shouted would never do so more. I heard the noise of loose coal and dirt falling from the roof and then I knew nothing more. Only to think that so many lives should be lost and so many people injured because one man would not do without his 'pipe of tobacco,' and very often such accidents do happen from the same selfish cause. Tell the men as they love their wives and children to leave their pipes and matches at the top of the pit, never to take them down, and I'm sure if they will do so that where thousands are now killed or maimed, there only hundreds will be injured.

"The gentlemen left him, but the surgeon turned back, and taking Watty's hand, he said, 'Look on me as a friend, my man, when I tell you the truth; for I see that you are a man who loves the truth.

"I am, sir," Watty said.

"Then let me tell you that your stay on earth is but short, for you are gradually sinking, and nature cannot withstand the great shock. In a few hours at most you will have

to leave us; I know you have been a good man in your life, steady and regular, but this is a solemn time, and I will send the minister to you.'

"Don't say I've been 'good' sir," said Watty, 'for there is none good only one.'

"Well, well," said the surgeon, 'good bye and God bless you.'

"In a short time my poor husband began to wander in his mind, he thought he was in the mine, he shouted out 'Don't, Sam, you'll kill us all—put that pipe away—and then he talked about his old grandmother who had been dead many years ago—'Yes, gran,' he said, 'I'll read you another chapter, and then you must tell me about the angels singing in the air when the child Jesus was born, and about the wicked men who went about to kill him,' and then he sang little bits of hymns he and I had often sang together—

'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.'

"After a time he began again to talk to himself, and I could tell that he fancied that he and I were keeping company again, 'We'll live happy and we'll live godly, lass,' he said.

"When the Rev. Mr. Burgess came he could not recognize him, though the good man knelt down and prayed for him in passing through the dark valley. Again he began to sing—

'Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.'

And so the night passed away.

"Many who knew him had stept into the house to ask after him; many with tears, and if true love and honest wishes could have saved his life, it would have been saved.

"The owner of the works called on his way from the inquest, but Watty did not know him. Before he went away he said, 'Spare nothing; tell the doctor that I'll give him a hundred guineas if he'll save Watty;' but it was all of no use. We stood watching around his bed, when he almost sprang upright screaming out, 'Put that pipe out, Sam, you'll kill us all!'

"After that he was quiet till the night had well wasted away; then he said in a voice hardly above a whisper, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.' He said no more, and when in a few minutes after the minister stooped over him he said, 'Yes, poor fellow, He is thy father, now thou hast gone home.' Yes, he was dead, and I was a widow with no one to battle with the world for me and the children.

"I have had friends, many of them very kind, but none equal to the poor man who was murdered by a foolish man who loved his

pipe better than anything. I only wish that those men who have the power would be severe when they find that men will be so foolish and so wicked as to risk their own lives and the lives of their fellows."

Yes, it is true, at the present time there are hundreds of foolish men who from day to day carry down into our coal pits their pipes and the means of getting a light, when they, if they think at all, must know how near they stand to death. If such men would only take one word of advice for the future they would not run the risk of doing as Sam Silvy did when he MURDERED POOR WATTY.

MORE FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF SMOKING TOBACCO.

It is deeply to be regretted that the recent explosion in Newbury Colliery, near Frome, whereby nine men and boys were killed, and seven others seriously injured, is ascribable to one of the reckless workmen lighting his pipe in the mine. Would that more rigorous measures were adopted to put an effectual stop to such tragedies!—*Daily News*.

PUBLIC-HOUSE SIGNS.

HE often wondered that the very signs of the public-houses did not prove beacons of warning to working men. He looked up and saw "The Green Man." (Laughter.) Again, and he saw "The Fox and Goose." (Renewed laughter.) We need not tell them who was the goose. (Hear, hear.) And then, again, he read "The Pig and Whistle." He never knew the true meaning of this last-named sign until the other day, when he heard it defined by a little boy. A man was just starting from home one evening for his nightly visit to the "Pig and Whistle," when his son, a bright-eyed little fellow, said, "Father, I know why they call your public-house the 'Pig and Whistle.'" "Do you?" said the father, "why?" "Because," replied the child, "you feed the publican's pig, and leave us to whistle for the bacon." (Loud and continued laughter, and much cheering.) He would say to the working men present—feed your own pig—(Hear, hear)—and save your own bacon. (Renewed laughter, and Hear, hear.)—*Speech of Rev. H. Tarrant, at Agricultural Hall, Islington. 2000 working men present.*

CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS AT MILDMA Y PARK.

A CONFERENCE of Christian workers, attended by about 1,200 persons, was held last week at Mildmay Park, in connection with the Rev. W. Pennefather's church. The prayers of those present were asked on behalf

of a number of communities and individuals, and amongst others were the following:—

"A servant in the Lord's Vineyard earnestly desires the prayers of the Church on behalf of his partner in life, terribly addicted to strong drink. She is the mother of a large family, and one who has been brought under deep convictions more than once. Pray also for the dear children of that servant of Christ, some of whom have grown up unconverted."

"Dear friends," said a clergyman, "before we pray for this case, let me say to you that there are multitudes of men and women in what are called the upper classes of society, that are bound in the fetters of drink. We are too apt when speaking of the poor enslaved drunkard to think of the man of toil, or of his wife that we may see pushing open when they can scarcely stand the doors of the gin palace, but alas! the power of sin is the same in every heart, and unless we have God's grace in us, some may fall under one temptation, and some under another. You and I are as likely to fall if we have not God's grace, although we may turn from such sins as intemperance with all the disgust possible. There is not a class in the whole human race more fettered by the galling chain of sin, than the intemperate. Pray for this poor woman, and pray for the children, and pray for the particular class mentioned!" The Christians who met in this assembly, should aid the temperance movement not only by their prayers, but by their abstaining example.

THE WONDERFUL ADVANTAGES OF DRUNKENNESS.

IF you wish to be always thirsty, be a drunkard; for the oftener and more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be. If you wish to prevent your friends from raising you in the world, be a drunkard; and that will defeat all their efforts. If you would effectually counteract your own attempts to do well, be a drunkard; and you will not be disappointed. If you wish to repel the endeavours of the whole human race, to raise you to character, credit, and prosperity, be a drunkard; and you will most assuredly triumph. If you are determined to be poor, be a drunkard; and you will be ragged and penniless to your heart's content. If you wish to starve your family, be a drunkard; and then you will consume the means of their support. If you would be imposed upon by knaves, be a drunkard; for that will make their task easy. If you would wish to be robbed, be a drunkard; and the thief will do it with greater safety. If you wish to deaden your senses, be a drunkard; and you will soon be more stupid than an ass. If you are resolved to kill yourself, be a drunkard; and

you will hit upon a sure means of self-destruction. If you would expose both your folly and your secrets, be a drunkard; and they will soon run out as the liquor runs in. If you think you are too strong, be a drunkard; and you will soon find yourself subdued by so powerful an enemy. If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a drunkard; and it will vanish insensibly. If you would have no resource, when unable to labour, save a workhouse, be a drunkard; and you will be incompetent to provide any. If you are determined to expel all comfort from your house, be a drunkard; and you will do it effectually. If you would be hated by your family and friends, be a drunkard; and you will soon be more than disagreeable. If you would be a pest to society, be a drunkard; and you will be avoided as an infection. If you would smash windows, break the peace, get your bones broken, tumble under horses and carts, and be locked up in a station house, be a drunkard; and it will be strange if you do not succeed. If you wish all your prospects in life to be clouded, be a drunkard; and they will soon be dark enough. If you would destroy your body, be a drunkard; as drunkenness is the mother of disease. If you wish to ruin your soul, be a drunkard; that you may be excluded from heaven.

THE ONLY CURE FOR THE ABOVE EVIL IS
TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

WHAT FILLS THE GAOLS.

THE week before last I went into the Manchester gaol. We have got a new and magnificent one, and as long as you license drunkard-makers you will have to build prisons to hold the drunkards that they make. I went into that prison, and I stood on one spot, where, with one glance, I could command 1,000 cells. Picture that, 1,000 cells, and every one tenanted. I went from door to door down those terrible aisles with a warder and the chaplain, and as door after door was opened, and I put the question, "How came you here?" the answer that met me in almost every case was "Drink." On, on, on we went down the gloomy aisle, and it came like a funeral knell Drink! Drink! Drink!—the Protestant, the Catholic, the educated, the uneducated, the young and the old, till my heart ached, and my brain seemed on fire. The chaplain said, "You have had enough, let us go to the treadmill." I went, and shall never forget it. Before me were, perhaps, fifty men with the dismal yellow covering, and with black squares upon them. There was the everlasting tread, tread, tread; nothing before them but the wall, and nothing to do but to tread the gloomy wheel. I spoke to one of them, and

asked him, "Are you a Protestant?" "Yes, sir," he replied, apparently glad of being relieved from treadmill toil. "What place of worship did you attend?" I had two clergymen with me, and you may imagine how they looked at me when the man replied, "Gravel Lane Chapel." "That is my own chapel!" I said. "Have you been in any Sunday-school?" He replied, "Yes; twelve years, sir." "Have you a family?" "Yes, sir." "Where are they?" "Don't know, sir." "What has brought you here?" "Drink, sir. I wish it had been a guinea a gallon before I had ever touched a drop." Again came the monotony of that funeral knell, "Drink! Drink! Drink!" Dragging down the young; dragging down the aged; dragging down the educated, the uneducated; no respecter of persons; bringing them first to the gaol, and ultimately hurling them down to hell. I say, let us stand before the evils of our country, and try to ascertain their cause. Let our Christian ministers do it. We are bound to do it. We are bound by our loyalty to our country, and above all by loyalty to our common Father, God. I go then to the prisons, and I ask of those who are there, "What brought you here?" and there comes the old answer, "Drink." I go into the workhouse, and I ask, "What brought you here?" Out comes the answer, "Drink." I go to the lunatic asylum; still it is, "Drink!" I look down into the damnation of hell, and from millions of voices comes the response, "Drink." I am no philosopher. I am no orator. I am a plain, blunt man. But I have common sense enough to see that if you remove the cause the effect must cease.—Rev. C. Garrett.

TEETOTALISM AND THE GOSPEL; OR, DRINK AND THE GOSPEL.

I PROTEST against the slander which has been hurled at us again and again "that we want to put teetotalism in the place of the gospel." I protest, in the presence of my brethren, against this slander. No, my friends; the question is not teetotalism *versus* the gospel; it is *teetotalism and the gospel*; or *drink and the gospel*. I am on the side of teetotalism and the gospel, and I ask you to be the same. It seems to me that our country is very much in the state of that man who came to Christ when his son was grievously possessed of the devil. The disciples had been trying to cast out the devil, but they could not do it, and he came to the Master and said, "Master, my son is sore vexed with the devil." Ah! do we not hear voices saying the same, "Our country is sore vexed with a devil;" and the disciples have

been asked to cast out this devil, and have they not failed? Why could not they cast him out? Did they not try? They did. But they used imperfect means. Christ gave them the remedy. Christ said "this kind goeth not out except by prayer and fasting." Not prayer alone, not fasting alone, but prayer and fasting. Our teetotal friends have tried the fasting alone, but the devil has laughed them to scorn. The disciples have tried prayer alone, but this also has failed. The Master says, try "*prayer and fasting*." That is the holy alliance. They have been separated too long. Would to God they would join hands to-night. Would to God that the teetotalers who tried fasting and not prayer, and our Christian friends who tried prayer and not fasting, would now shake hands. They would soon cast out the spirit, even though its name is legion.—*Rev. C. Garrett.*

POOR JOE.

MARY LEE was as decent a woman as the village could produce, but she had a brute of a husband. Not content with starving her and her child with hunger and cold, he added insult to injury, and cowardly blows to desertion and neglect. Most of his money was spent at the public-house. And those whom nature, and solemn vows, would prompt him to cherish, were left to starve or beg. But it was not long, for Mary was not strong at the best, and all this told powerfully on her slender frame, and brought her to the gates of death; happily for her, they were also the gates of heaven. But it was a terrible struggle for her to part with her darling boy, for Joe had been the constant companion of all her griefs, and shared in all her woes; in fact they were to each other the only oases that earth possessed, all besides was sterile wilderness and barren sand. Their work during the day was to do anything to earn a crust of bread, to keep them from utter starvation, and at night to sit in a dark, damp, dismal room, and watch the flickering embers in the grate till they died away, and then to creep to an old straw mattress that lay in a corner, and await the coming of him, whose very foot should have had "Music in't a coming up the stairs." But oh! the coming, the sad coming! woes, for the coming! They could bear the surly blast as it howled around the house, like a hungry wolf; they could bear the snow as it drifted in through the broken window, and wound around them like a winding sheet; they could bear gaunt hunger that gnaw'd at their hearts like a greedy bear; but the foot-fall of an incarnate devil, maddened with drink, sent a thrill of horror through and through

them, like an intensified agony, and they clung closer together, drew the thin bed-clothes tighter around them, and awaited the fiery ordeal. But the blackest cloud will burst, and the darkest night will give place to the dawning day. But the parting! How could she go, and leave her darling child to bear it all himself, with no hand to shield him, and no tender eye to watch over him? Ah! she would gladly have stayed, but could not, for life was fast ebbing away, and the mortal struggle was at hand. The only thought that consoled her was, that he would soon follow; and the hollow cheek, and sunk eye, that caused her so much sorrow before, she now looked at with complacency and pleasure. And yet the thought haunted her, that perhaps he might die alone, with no one to hold his aching head, or close his sightless eyes. The struggle came at last, and there she lay on a pallet of straw and Joe by her side. He overheard her whispering something, and laying his ear closer to her, he heard the words, "I'm coming, coming, coming!"

"Where are you going, mother?" he said.

"To heaven, my boy."

"Please let me go with you."

"I would take you in my arms if I could, but God loves you and will send an angel for you soon." And she convulsively pressed him to her bosom and died.

And when the husband came home, drunk as usual, the horrible picture presented itself to him, of a dead mother, embracing a living child. The scene sobered him, and he vowed to do better, but alas! so much had the demon drink got the mastery of him, that all his resolutions were like ropes of sand, and a few weeks found him at the inevitable alehouse; and so thoroughly insensate did he become, that he even sold the straw mattress for a copper or two to buy drink.

Poor Joe! the old vigils were renewed, and then he felt what it was to have no mother. Sometimes he was overheard saying to himself, "I wish God would send the angel to take me to heaven where mother is, for the fire is nearly out, and I'm afraid to stay in the dark, and it's so cold." Occasionally the neighbours took him in, and at other times he would hover about the doors of public-houses, waiting for his father.

* * * * *

It was a fearful night! The frost was keen and biting, the north wind drove the drifting snow before it like a maddened fury, mothers drew the window blinds closer, children huddled together in bed and pitied man or beast that might be out in the blast.

Two gentlemen, going for the village doctor, with lamps in their hands, happened to shed a ray of light on something like a boy, sitting cowering against the doorstep of an ale-house; there was the voice of revelry and noise within, and high over all was heard the well-known shout of Blackey Lee; the boy was Joe! The gentlemen knew him well; a stranger came up at the time, poked him gently with the stick, and said, "Go home to your mother, my lad."

"His mother is dead, sir," said the gentlemen.

"And where is his father?"

"That's him shouting so and singing."

"Poor boy," said the stranger, "well for him if he were dead too."

They took hold of his hand; it was stiff and cold; they touch'd his face, it was like ice; they took him up, *he was dead!*

He sat beside the ale-house door,
The night was bleak, and cold, and wild;
His clothes were few, and thin, and poor,
His feet were horn'd, his head was bare,
Say, did an angel hover there
Over that child?

His torn robes flap'd before the blast,
He spake no word, nor wept, nor smiled;
The snow-flakes kissed him as they pass'd,
His hair hung o'er his half-closed eyes;
And still he look'd towards the skies,
The poor lost child.

The skies—where she had gone erewhile,
With hands so soft, and eyes so mild;
And none was left to weep or smile.
He bore the blast alone, alone,
The room was dark, the bed was gone
For drink. Poor child!

"Oh! who will shield my darling now?
Oh! who will break the wintry wild?"
Dying, she said, and kiss'd his brow;
"Please let me go with you," he pray'd,
"You're coming soon my boy," she said;
"God loves my child."

We touch'd his hand, 'twas cold and chill;
He spake no word, nor wept, nor smil'd;
We touch'd his cheek, 'twas colder still,
"Go home, go home," the stranger said,
He'd gone, dear boy, for he was dead!
The drunkard's child.

A NORTHERN LAD.

THE CAUSE OF BAD TRADE.

It is a very popular cry of the wage-receiving class, in explanation of this state of things that they have not got the money to spend. How stands the matter? Mr. Baxter has gone fully into the question of wages, and the correctness of the general results at which he arrives has not been questioned. Mr. Baxter estimated the total yearly amount received in wages at about £400,000,000. It is notorious and palpable that a large portion of our population is in rags, and multitudes we know stand sorely in want of a new shirt, or sheet to their beds.

The millions received in wages must, then, be spent on other things! Intoxicating drinks are the other things upon which the wages are spent which, if reasonably laid out, would very soon supply the home demand for manufactures which Manchester misses from her books—and Birmingham, too, for the matter of that.—*Railway Gazette.*

WHAT MAKES DEAR BREAD?

SOME say it is the millers, others declare it is the bakers, while the majority assert it to be the work of the corn-dealers. But are there no other causes assignable? A few days since there was an abundance of grain in a foreign port, and prices ruled low. Suddenly there came an order from an English brewery for 30,000 quarters of grain, and prices shot up immediately. It is the brewers and distillers, not the dealers, millers, or bakers, who really influence the price of bread. Working men would do well to remember this.

DRESS AND DRINK.—By P. Harrison.

Dress for the women and drink for the men!
Build a great sign-post and buy a great pen,
And write up these words in blood-red ink,
On the women's side—DRESS; on the men's side—
DRINK.

This is the road to sin and shame,
To ruin and everlasting flame;
Bodies and souls are bartered here
For a little red rose, or a pint of beer.

The pretty young girl wants feathers and lace,
And false hair and flowers to spoil her fair face,
And the tempter whispers, "The wages of sin
Will make you smarter than ever you've been."

The young man thinks it fine to go
Where other men drink for an hour or so;
And the tempter whispers, "The wages of sin,
Is the pleasure that lurks in a bottle of gin."

If they marry, the wife has her lace and her flowers,
While the husband in rags may be seen at all hours;
Or the man sits drinking and muddling his head,
While the wife has no money for tea or for bread.

And soon they quarrel and fight, and at times
They are hurried on to more fearful crimes;
A hatchet is lifted, a knife is flung,
And one is murdered, and one is hung.

There's a pit we know of, and souls therein
Are punished for ever because of sin;
And men and women fall over the brink,
Women in finery, men in drink.

My brother's so strong, and my sister's fair,
Think what a perilous fate they dare!
Where our fellow-creatures thus fall and sink,
The women through dress, and the men through
drink.

From "The Church of England Temperance Magazine" for October, 1869.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Temporary Premises—THE TEMPERANCE HALL.

Public Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Tuesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

On Christmas Day, the Annual Meeting of the Sunday School will be held. Tea at Five o'clock. Tickets 8d. each, can be had of the Teachers. The attendance of Friends of the School is requested.

Try DAVIES'S noted CHEAP SHOP,

(Next to Mr. Austin, Locksmith, &c.,)

SWINE MARKET, HALIFAX,

For Fashionable Silk Hats adapted for winter wear. Prices 4/6, 5/6, 6/6. Best French Hats made to order.

Christmas Presents and New Year's Gifts.

E. MORTIMER,
22, Crown Street,
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Has on hand a large stock of Books and
Fancy Articles suitable for Presents.

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J. H. HELLIWELL,

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Tin goods
of every description, Iron Pans and Kettles,
Copper Kettles, Frying Pans, Shovels, Bel-
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Jobbing work promptly attended to.

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NEURALGIA & TIC-DOULOUREUX!

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new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.
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MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 4.

JANUARY, 1870.

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DAINTY DAVIE'S HAPPY NEW YEAR.

By A. PEERS.

A True New Year's Story.

THERE were great preparations at "Highland House" to welcome the New Year in, and both Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald were busy on the last night of the Old Year preparing for their expected friends.

A ring at the door-bell, and a loud voice in the hall, caused Mr. Macdonald to go and see who the visitor could be.

At the first sight he shouted out "Why, Sandy, man, this is kind!—this is as it should be: old friends should ever meet at such times as these.—Come ben, man—come ben and see Margaret."

Sandy, or Mr. Alexander Macintosh, as we should call him, a portly man of about forty-five, followed his host into the room where Margaret, or Mrs. Macdonald, was giving the finishing touch to the preparations.—"Why, Sandy, man!" and "Why Peggy, woman!" were the exclamations which spoke them as old friends, and soon they were busy talking of old acquaintance and times gone by; ah! and of old places too, for they soon began to speak of the snug little valley far away in bonny Scotland, where all had spent their infancy.

They talked of one whom they had known, who was now far away in India; of another who was a largeland-owner, where "Canadian forests cast their shades" for miles; and of others who were now in the yule yard, and could sigh nor sorrow more.

"But it is for one of our old friends I am here to-night. You mind Davy Drummond, whom we lads called 'Doctor Davy,'" "and

whom we girls called 'Dainty Davie,'" said Mrs. Macdonald, "because he was so nice in his dress, and so clean in his person."

"Yes," said Mr. Macintosh, "that's poor Davie. Well, he went, you know, to Edinburgh to be made a surgeon, and after that we lost sight of him; but you know who he married, Jessy, old Cameron's daughter, of the 'Parks.'"—Oh, yes, they knew—Jessy had been a school-fellow of Mrs. Macdonald's. "He has been over a great part of the world, and now this night he and his are in this town of Birmingham, starving for food and fire."

"Starving!" said Mr. Macdonald.

"Yes, starving; and I could not sit down to enjoy myself till I had seen to the case, and as I knew you would like to be a partner with me, I have called for you."

In a few minutes Mr. Macdonald had got his coat and plaid, and was ready to start. "I have the direction here," said Mr. Macintosh, pulling out a paper, and reading 'No. 3 house, Second Court, Coventry Street.'

It was a sharp bitter night; the snow came in the blast frozen into sharp pellets, and the clouds coursed madly over the skies, and cast dark shadows over street and field. Half-clad wretches hurried past, anxious for any shelter, if only a lee wall. The public-houses were crammed as full as they would hold, and from one there came out the chorus of a Bacchanalian song to the intent—

"Though we have not a rag to cover our
backs,
We'll drink deep of the barley wine."

While they stopped to listen, a poor half-fed child craved charity.—"Only a copper" she said "for a few baked 'taters to warm

her." A coin was given to her, and she vanished in the darkness.

"Are ye sure ye're right, Dandy?" said Mr. Macdonald, "for this is a sinful place—poverty, poverty everywhere! and has it never struck you that the poorer a neighbourhood is, the greater the number of public-houses, and the more they seem to flourish? that is, the less they have, or should have to spend in waste, the more they *do* spend?" "It is the case all through our land at least," said Macintosh, "and I have often been sorely grieved to see the poor children hungry and gaunt, while their parents were spending in liquor the money which should have nourished them."

"But what is to be done? the poor misguided chiefs will not be charmed, charm ye ever so wisely!"

"Second court, yes, here it is," said Mr. Macdonald, addressing a woman who was coming down the entry. They inquired if she knew any one named Drummond.

"Knows 'em, Sir! indeed I does, and poor folks they be, but rather proud, and Mr. Drummond—we calls him the Doctor—is like a dictionary, and knows all the languages of the airth. Law! we heard him a-talking to the little hurdy-gurdy lad, and asking him how 'is mother was; and he talked one day to the poor French-woman who comes round here with the beautiful cut papers for the fire grates in the summer weather; and when they had talked a goodish bit, she made a kertsey to him and said '*Bon sovre*;' but I never heard him swear myself, so I don't know why the woman should say he did for. Yes, we all knows 'em, and they are poor. I suppose you gentlemen are the relieving officers, ar'n't yer?"

"Yes," they both said, with truth, they hoped they were.

"That's right," said the woman; and the smile of satisfaction on her face told that she rejoiced in any relief coming to her neighbours—"That's right! I'm glad, for I don't believe that they have had bite nor drop to-day."

"Shew us the house," said Mr. Macdonald, and pushing their way up the entry he rapped at the door pointed out.

"Who's there?" said a woman's voice inside.

"A friend," was the reply. "Open the door!"—but not till the rapping had been repeated was the door opened, and then the house was shown in perfect darkness.

"Have you no light?" said one gentleman.

"No, sir," was the reply in the same voice.

"Nor any fire?" said the other gentleman.

Again the same voice replied in the negative. The poor woman who had pointed out the house stood behind, and she was dis-

patched for light and fuel. The light soon came, and seldom had it been shed on a more comfortless home. A table, which had once been a three-legged deal circular one, was now bereft of two legs, and propped up against the wall. A broken chair, which was held together by bands of string; and these were the only articles of furniture. Several children lay in one corner huddled together for warmth; while one young girl of seventeen screened herself behind her mother's chair, for she had but an old gown to hide herself in—no other garment in the wide world had she. Her volume of hair hung around her shoulders in golden clusters—a dowry fit for a queen. Poor lass! when life to her should be the brightest, and all the opening scene one of gladness, she was imprisoned and starved. But where was the cause of all this work of woe? Close under the window on a pile of straw he was lying, his face hectic with fever—his long gaunt face, pinched by want and dissipation—while his large lustrous eyes were turned upon the new comers. "Why Davy, man!" one said, "is this thy home?"

"Nay, nay," he said, ill though he was, eager to have his joke. "It's only my bothy; I'm lying out among the hills."

The house rang with laughter for the first time in many months, for he had recognised his old friends and companions, and had spoken in the doric note they all so loved. In a short time food was prepared, and a surgeon fetched, and Mr. Macdonald had sent a man to his lady for some children's clothes. Meanwhile the fire burned brightly in the grate, and the flames flickered and danced up the chimney, and the poor children came closer, and looked with wonder, while they eagerly ate the food set before them. The surgeon said poor Davie was down with typhoid fever, and that he would be weeks before he would be strong, but still there was hope. The man soon returned with the clothes, but there was something he brought for which he was not sent; for, closely following him into the house, was Mrs. Macdonald with several warm blankets on her arm, and their weight, with the sharp walk, had given her such a colour, that it is a question whether her husband ever saw her look more lovely in her life. There was much to do when she and Jessy met—kissing of course, and then a small, very small bit of crying, and then such an amount of laughing that I am quite sure the neighbours were astonished. One was heard to say, "That it was a good thing to have friends, and he hoped that those as was friends, when friends was needed, would never need a friend the'rselves." Some one said that it was a sentiment he had learned many years before at a "free and easy:" be

that as it may, he was the most important man in the court for an hour or more; and Tomkins the shoemaker said that he "allus thought there *was* summat in that Hicky-bottom."

How gloriously the night wore on! The good women were never tired of telling over the time they were at school together; and then the men had to bring to mind the days when they, young wandering callants, were hemmed in with the advancing tide; and when they, fool-hardy, would climb the old castle ruins for an owl's nest, and how the crumbling walls came down with them in the debut—true, there were broken bones, but in a few months they were whole again. Oh! the remembrances of early childhood, there is nothing in the whole world so sweet! But while these friends reunited are making the dying hours of the old year wile away so pleasantly, let us just state *how* this family of the Drummonds came to be so poor.

David Drummond was the son of comparatively wealthy parents, and related to some of the most wealthy people in the land. Early in life, showing an aptitude and love for the physical sciences, he made up his mind to be a surgeon. Every thing was done for him that fond parents could do, and a good education was followed by several years of what is called walking the hospitals. Among his fellow-students at Edinburgh, David proved himself as fond of company as any, and strange it is that the young men who are brought up to minister to the accidents of the body are generally the most imprudent with their own. I could tell true stories of young men whom I have known in my time, who, giving up comparative wealth, respectability, and all the comforts of life, have gone down from the college to darkness and death; and yet one would think, that they, of all men, would shrink from evil, seeing as they do from day to day the fearful visitations visited upon wrong doers.

David could tell a good story, and it was said that few could excel him in singing "Auld Lang Syne." At first, youth and a strong constitution held him up. After a time his pallid check and halting breath told of the promised ruin; but six months at home, and a mother's care, set him up again. For a time he was more careful, and avoided late hours and loose company. But in a short time he was among his old friends, and the midnight debauch with moonlight frolics in the streets, were his delight. Some of his friends looked grave, while others said, "Let him alone, he will be all right when his wild oats are sown." Oh! those wild oats! it seems never to strike some that while they are being sown, the habits are forming which fashion the whole after life, and often warp for time and eternity the soul's destiny.

When the time came for examination and taking degrees, David stood first, and to many there seemed a long life of honour and usefulness before him. On the last night before he left Edinburgh, he gave a supper to his companions. Need we say before the morning dawned decency and right were forgotten, and the mothers and sisters of those young men would have blushed to have owned them?

David's first start was in a southern town of England—A surgeon had recently died, leaving his practice to be sold for his children's benefit. The friends of David thought it a good chance, and so it was—for a short time he was everything that could be wished; then came the old cruel habit; cruel to himself, cruel to his patients, and cruel to the young wife he had married. About eighteen months after he had been settled there he was just (as he hoped) sitting down for the night with his pipe and a stiff glass of brandy-and-water before him, when a mounted messenger came for him to attend an old maiden lady, at a short distance from town. To tell the truth, the glass of brandy he was drinking was not the first he had taken that night by many; but, dipping his head into cold water and then rubbing it with a rough towel, he felt better, and followed the messenger speedily to the sick woman. When there, unfortunately he had to wait in a room where the decanters stood upon the side-board. Moderation and himself had long dissolved partnership, then why wonder at his drinking deeply?

After seeing his patient and bidding the man follow him for medicine, he started home; but the door of the Swan Hotel stood open on the way, and the bright lights and cheerful fires looked so temptingly, that he could not resist a call, and there he staid till, whoever met him, could not tell where the man ended and the brute began.

The servant was waiting for his mistress's medicine. It was soon prepared, and the man started with injunctions for its being immediately taken. Scarcely had he gone when Jessy looked into the surgery, "Is it all right, Davy dear? sure you've made no mistake?" but this put her husband in a furious rage.

"Just like you women," he said, "always meddling. Go along, go along!" And go along she did, but with aching heart and fearful forebodings.

Early next morning the doctor visited his patient, but she did not want any more medicine. It was all over. The servant-woman said that she gave her mistress the physic, and that she laid down and went to sleep, and slept soundly for some time, that then she made a noise in her throat, and "went off like a lamb."

There was no one there to mark that guilty man's face; but it was blanched with terror, for he had the bottle in his hand, and was smelling its contents. Yes, there was no mistake *now*; the mistake had been made hours before, and one more of his fellow-creatures had been hurried into the presence of her Maker. In due time the funeral took place, and no one questioned but that the doctor had done right. He knew better himself, and one other knew too, for Jessy had looked up into his scared tell-tale face when he came home, and though he spake never a word, she knew all his soul's heaviness. For a short time he was steady, and then he went down—down—down—till his creditors sold up his household effects. From town to town he wandered with the woman of his love, and several children, getting lower day by day, till he arrived in Birmingham, and there in a great town he and his were lost among the crowd of poor broken-down wretches, whom no one cares for; and had not a good soul taken the news to a fellow-countryman who had known him in better times, death might have ensued from starvation.

Poor Davie felt better now—the cheerful warmth, the gush of friendship and the various comforts by which he was so suddenly surrounded, helped to cheer him.

"You'll soon be better, man, now," said one of his friends.

"I hope so," was the reply.

"But will ye never tumble again, mon?" said his other friend.

After a pause, Davie spoke with a solemn voice—"I hope not, for as I have lain here upon this poor straw bed, I have had time to think. I know now what has been my enemy, and what has robbed me of strength; and I know too what has taken the roses out of poor Jessy's cheeks, and has placed the poor pale lilies there. I know now what has kept my children poor and hungry; it is *Drink!* and that I will give up."

"Hoot, mon! that's nothing, for I've just given it up this twenty year; and you just join my regiment, and I'll see whether you'll not stand on your legs again!"

Oh, yes, it was a joyous night; and when the friends went away, taking two children with them, and promising to be early in the morning for mother and father and the rest, their hearts were full of hope for the poor sorrowing sinner.

As they left the door, some little children were singing at a little distance a carol, some part they could hear:—

"Jesus came, not to call the godly,
But the sinner to His face;
Welcome then, however lowly,
Come and share His boundless grace."

The bright stars shone out, and the church

bells were pealing high up in the belfrys, and in that lowly house poor Davie and his wife were locked in each other's arms, praying for strength for the future; and God gave it, for it was the beginning of a life of usefulness, and it was in deed and truth A Happy New Year to "*Dainty Davie.*"

THE BREWER'S CONSCIENCE.

At a meeting held in London lately, Mr. T. B. Smithies said—He did not think a family existed in which one of its members had not succumbed to the vice of intemperance. Next to the drunkards, he firmly believed that those who sold the drink suffered most. (Hear, hear.) Talking some time ago with one of the great London brewers, he (the speaker) said "Oh, sir, if you had seen one-half of what I have seen in London of what drink is doing, brewer as you are, I think you would say, 'I wish no more drink were sold in the land.'" He further advised the brewer to walk the streets late at night and in the early hours of the morning, and he would behold a state of things such as would baffle description. The brewer did so. Some time after he met him (the speaker) and told him that he had examined the doings of drink late at night until three o'clock in the morning, and had then exclaimed, "Let me go home; I can stand it no longer." He (the speaker) rejoiced to say that in one night, that brewer saw in one of the worst and vilest places in London what roused his spirit of indignation to such an extent that within a few months the hotel "Judge and Jury" place was closed, and mainly through that brewer. (Cheers.) In connection with brewers and publicans, he might add, that the number of sons and daughters and other relatives engaged in the traffic who had themselves fallen, was something sad. So great was the mortality amongst them that insurance companies would not grant a policy on a publican's life on any terms. The mortality amongst this class, between the ages of thirty and forty, was probably greater than that of any other class in the land.

A HINDOO'S LETTER—PURE WATER.

THE following is an extract from a letter, written by a young Hindoo to his father, published in the *Hindoo Prakash*. It is dated from Bayswater, September 10, 1869:—"There are many people here who seldom, if ever, taste the *best of drinks*—cold pure water. They almost always allay their thirst by draughts of a bitter fluid called beer. We do not however, suffer in the least, although we drink water as plentifully as we did in India."—*Daily News*, Nov. 19.

FEED THE CHILDREN.

How the popular craving for beer and gin tends indirectly to defeat almost every plan having for its object the mitigation of the prevailing distress among our labouring poor, is illustrated by a letter in which Dr. Cumming says:—"Relapsing and scarlet fever have appeared in parts of London, and this makes us anxious to employ such prophylactic forces as good meat dinners supply. We have found that what we did in former times for the parents served only to increase the number of paupers. But the dinner eaten by hungry children can neither be pawned nor sold for a glass of gin by their parents. From a wide and long experience we have discovered that the most successful way of doing good is not that of direct action on the poverty of the parents, but of indirect influence on and through their children." What a sad revelation is this. The idea of unfeeling parents bartering for beer and gin the relief intended for their ill-clad and famished offspring! Yet Dr. Cumming's experience is no new one. Recently a benevolent lady in East London distributed a quantity of good warm clothing among several destitute families. In less than three days the greater part was in the hands of the pawnbroker, the proceeds going in drink. Thus it is that the love of beer and gin not only makes people poor, but keeps them so.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IN LIFE.

THE Rev. Alexander Hannay said—He wanted young men and young women to have nothing to do with intoxicating liquors. Many men had been made by the temperance cause; they owed to it all the manhood they possessed. As an illustration of this he mentioned the following interesting fact. Some years ago five young men, born to be sons of toil, used to meet together for the purpose of talking about their future career. Strange to say, they all became editors of newspapers. They all became total abstinents. Many years had passed away and what was the history of these young men? One died a few days ago. He was the editor of the *Morning Star*; two of them were at the present time editors of newspapers—one ran away to sea, became a sailor; and now he was Sir James Anderson, the late commander of the Great Eastern steamship. The fifth was the humble individual who was now addressing them. All these owed their success in life to total abstinence. It threw them upon their manhood—and it formed, within all, a power to swim along the current of life, to resist evil, and to do what was right. If this thought was engraved upon only one mind, this meeting would

not have been held in vain. Some present have gone beyond youth, and had entered upon manhood. From them sprang up influences which were determining the character of those around them. Their assistance was required to stem the tide of drunkenness. There was nothing he disliked so much as to be patted on the back by some friend who told him he was engaged in a good cause, and wished he might meet with success, and then went home to drink his toddy. He admitted the force of his arguments, and believed in the beneficial influence of the temperance cause, but would not give it his support. If he felt he could do good by abstaining, why not act accordingly? The greater number of us did not understand the debt we owed to our fellow-creatures. The true principle was, "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men." "Then (concluded Mr. Hannay) give us your countenance, your help, your prayers. We want, above all, to get Christian enlightenment and Christian influence on our side."—*Croydon*.

TEMPERANCE REVIVAL IN CORK.

A GREAT temperance meeting was held in Cork on Sunday, the 19th September. It was the result of a conference held on the previous day, and presided over by the Right Rev. Dr. Delaney, Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese, at which it was decided to take effective measures to arrest the progress of intemperance in the city. The various newspapers in Cork gave lengthened reports of the demonstration. The *Daily Herald* "doubts if even when Father Mathew's labours were rallying the people on every side under the banner of teetotalism there ever was a meeting in this city exceeding that which assembled yesterday at the call of the Passionist Fathers." The procession was formed at Father's Mathew's statue, and marched to the Cathedral, where the Mayor took the chair, and the Rev. Father Alphonsus delivered an impassioned and effective address. The *Herald* says:—"The scene along the route was certainly a very pleasing one. Fully 12,000 men moved on at a steady pace. The arrangements in the Cathedral were perfect, and were carried out under the personal superintendence of the bishop. Every available spot was filled, and even on the altar steps there was a throng, whilst outside there were several thousands, for none of whom was there a chance of entrance." After the address Father Alphonsus repeated the pledge, and asked the congregation to join him. "The entire congregation repeated the words; and on being asked to hold up their hands to show that they had repeated the

words, every hand in the cathedral was held up." The pledge was also given outside.

AN EFFECTIVE LECTURE.

A DRUNKEN father once sold the Testament of a sick child to obtain a drink of whisky. When dying she said, "Father, I am going to see Jesus, what shall I tell him that you did with my Testament?" From that hour the father gave up his cup.

A HEAVY BEER BILL.

THE new Lord Derby, in re-arranging his household staff, is said to have discovered that the house beer bill reached £5,000 a year.

CHAMPAGNE AT WEDDING BREAKFASTS.

GEORGE MULLER, of Bristol, in his last report of the Orphan Houses on Ashley Down, acknowledges, "From Staffordshire £1 10s, instead of Champagne for the Wedding Breakfast." On which Mr. Muller observes:—"It is scarcely necessary to comment on this. Truly, if any step in life ought to be taken in the fear of God, according to His mind, and in the greatest sobriety, it is when entering upon the conjugal life. The not having champagne at the wedding breakfast would provide 200 orphans with a breakfast."—*Western Temperance Herald*.

HOW THIEVES ARE MADE.

ABOUT five minutes' walk from Mrs. Barlow's cottage stood a small road-side public-house, which did not bear the best of characters. It was known to be the resort of all the idle and unsteady young men in the neighbourhood; and one of the first places visited by the police, when on the look-out for a suspected person, was the Chalk Pit public-house. The tap-room was the resort of all the bad characters in Fordbridge and its vicinity; and, on the night in question, whilst Isaac Blake and his little son Harry were unpacking the cart, a noisy, drunken group was assembled there. Young lads, too, were there also, early beginning that dreadful downward course which leads to shame and disgrace. Many a thief, hardened by years of crime—many a gray-haired drunkard, could date his first step in the open path of sin from the day when, as a boy, he was first tempted to enter the tap of the Chalk Pit public-house.

The room that evening was fuller than usual. Dense volumes of tobacco smoke rendered it almost impossible to distinguish the features of those present. There was a large group seated round the fire, whilst others

were busily engaged at a table covered with pipes, glasses, and jugs, and stained with beer. At another smaller table a party of lads were playing with a pack of greasy cards; whilst standing by were some grown-up men intently watching the players.

"I'll play no more to night!" cried a boy about sixteen years of age, as with flushed cheek and blood-shot eyes he flung the cards down upon the table. The game had gone against him.

"That makes nine shillings you owe me," said a voice in his ear.

The lad started round and looked angrily at the speaker, who was a young man some years older than he was.

"I'm likely to owe it you, too, Luke," said the boy, "for I have not a farthing in the world."

"That's fine talking, youngster," answered his companion, "but I'd have you to know that I must have the money, or part of it to-morrow morning—so, by fair means or by foul, you'd better see about having it ready for me."

The boy turned a half-defiant look towards the last speaker.

"Come, come, none of that, Fred; you wouldn't like me to tell all I know, and I don't want to be hard upon you; only you see I'm rather in want myself of money just now, so I *must* have some by to-morrow, or else—you understand," he added, as he turned away with a sneering laugh.

"Come away, Ben," growled Fred, to a somewhat younger lad who was sitting at the same table; "come away, d'ye hear?"

Ben rose sulkily to obey, and the two boys moved towards the door.

"Mind, to-morrow morning, in the old place, I'll be waiting for the money," whispered the same voice as Fred left the room. Fred pushed past him into the night air. It was still snowing fast. The cold wind seemed to refresh the boy, and he breathed more freely. Then he put his hand to his head as the one overwhelming thought came back to his mind, "Where shall I get the money?"

One word of warning to all young lads just beginning life. Beware of the first glass in the tap-room! beware of the first game of cards! They are snares for your soul as well as your body; and the young man who has once allowed himself to be seduced by the offer of a "friendly glass," (what a mockery so to call it!) has given Satan a hold upon him which he will not fail to improve upon another occasion.

"Where shall I get the money?"—such is the despairing cry of many a youth who has thrown away opportunity after opportunity of earning an honest livelihood by industry, and who finds himself reduced to the mean

and discreditable shifts of the drunkard and the gambler. And then comes the tempter, hissing in his ears evil suggestions which, listened to, often convert the idle drunkard into the thief. Oh, beware of the first "beginnings of evil!"

We need not add more, than that the youth, ascertaining that a poor lonely widow had received a few shillings from a dutiful son, to purchase Christmas comforts, he broke open her window that night and took the money from the cup on her mantelpiece, where she had placed it, and the robbery being traced to Fred, he was apprehended and punished accordingly.—*From Harry Blake's Troubles.*

ONE DAY'S EXPERIENCE OF A FAITHFUL MINISTER.

I go out at ten o'clock; I am overtaken by a poor half-starved woman who utters my name from behind me. I turn round, and find one with whom I had conversed in my session house driven to this end by a drunken husband. She had been beaten black and blue by him, and was now in the street asking my earnest advice. She was a member of a church, but could not attend it for want of clothing, and from the appearance which she now made in consequence of the brutality of her husband. I give her the best advice I can, and tell her to see me again. I go along, and enter a house where I see a mother dying, and her bairns gathered around. She asks me if she can see her husband before she departs for another world. He is in a neighbouring room in a fit of *delirium tremens*. I consult the doctor, who says he may go in. The room is filled with smoke almost to suffocation. The poor maudlin wretch I lead by the hand to the bed of his dying wife. She throws her arms around his neck, and utters his name—a name still loved in death, and implores him to give a pledge, for her sake and for the sake of their poor weeping children, to abstain in future from strong drink. He promises with sobs and tears. She dies in a few hours afterwards. One would have thought that that pledge so solemnly given would have been enough to have cured any one of the habit of drinking. Well, the poor man, who had a most prosperous business at one time, and who was also most industrious, but on account of his intemperance, sent his wife to a premature grave, followed her thither in less than twelve months, never having been cured of his habit of drinking. Coming out of that close, I met a most respectable man well known in this city. He asked me to go into a neighbouring room to sign a paper. I looked at the paper, which was to be forwarded to the Lord Advocate of Scotland. I find it has the signature of the

Sheriff of Lanarkshire, and those of the principal magistrates of the city. I append my name. Well, what does he wish? He wishes that the Lord Advocate would use his efforts in Parliament to secure an asylum in this country, such as there is in America, for inebriate women, especially mothers! Their condition is that in which his own wife is placed. She has been many many times convicted in a police-court for disorderly conduct, when under the influence of strong drink. It is a roll "written within and without, and there was written therein, lamentations and mourning and woe." In the course of that visitation, I reached a stair-head, and I am appalled by the shouts of murder from one of the doors. The cries cease for a moment and commence again. My church officer, who accompanies me, puts his foot to the door, and in we enter. There we find a man and wife bleeding and struggling for an article to take to the pawn for drink. I tried to throw oil upon the troubled waters, and after having succeeded, I take them both by the hand, and in the presence of my church officer, kneel down with them and pray that God would direct them to a better course. I pass on. I could give you half a dozen of such cases which occurred in the course of a forenoon's visit in our city. I come home worn out, God knows, jaded and weary. I take up a newspaper at my own fireside. It is the *Glasgow Herald*, the exact date I forget. I read, when my eye falls upon an advertisement—"A wet nurse wanted immediately for a child whose mother is given to intemperate habits." That is but a specimen of what a minister of the Gospel, if his eyes are open to the sin of intemperance, may witness any day in the streets of our city, and although oftentimes told by men from whom you might expect different things, "you must let this question alone, you must not speak so frequently upon it," I can't let it alone, for after my long experience in connection with the movement, I feel a more urgent need to speak out plainly whether people will hear or whether they will forbear, so long as this cursed, crushing iniquity is so rampant amongst us.—*Rev. Dr. Wallace, Glasgow.*

TEETOTAL LAUNCH IN THE ROYAL DOCKYARD OF PORTSMOUTH.

A FEW weeks since, a fine vessel, the *Dido*, was launched from this port amidst thousands of spectators. Miss Key, sister of Admiral Key, dashed a bottle of pure water on the bows of the vessel, and from first to last there was nothing to mar the perfect success of the first teetotal launch ever witnessed in the Royal Dockyard of Portsmouth.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Temporary Premises—THE TEMPERANCE HALL.

Public Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Tuesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

On Christmas Day, the Annual Meeting of the Sunday School will be held. Tea at Five o'clock. Tickets 8d. each, can be had of the Teachers. The attendance of Friends of the School is requested.

JUST ARRIVED, AT DAVIES'S CHEAP HAT & CAP SHOP,

(Next to Mr. Austin, Locksmith, &c.,)

SWINE MARKET, HALIFAX,

The new Alpine, Tyrolese, and Oxonian Felt Hats; price, first-class quality, 4/6. Also the new Edgar Hat, price 3/-. Fashionable French Beaver Hats, price 4/6, 5/6, & 6/6.

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

of superior make at moderate prices.

BEST GOLD JEWELLERY,

new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.

SOLID SILVER & ELECTRO PLATE,

both useful and ornamental, in best quality.

E. S. PEGLAR,

Watchmaker, Jeweller, & Silversmith,

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A Large and Choice Stock of

DINING and

DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS

AT

C. HORNER'S,

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Christmas Presents and New Year's Gifts.

E. MORTIMER,

22, Crown Street,
Halifax,

Has on hand a large stock of Books and
Fancy Articles suitable for Presents.

An inspection is requested.

THE CHEAP

Millinery & Drapery Establishment.

A large and well-assorted Stock of

BONNETS & HATS

For the coming Season, in the newest styles, marked
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*A choice Stock of Flowers, Feathers,
Ribbons, Laces, Velvets, &c.*

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

Observe the Address—

24, NORTHGATE, HALIFAX.

H. BUTTON.

NEURALGIA & TIC-DOULOUREUX!

This painful affection immediately
relieved and in most cases permanently
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"FARR'S NERVINE."

Sold in Bottles at 7½d. and 13½d., by

JAMES FARR,

DISPENSING & FAMILY DRUGGIST,

CROWN STREET, HALIFAX.

HALIFAX CLOTHING HOUSE,

70, Top of Woolshops.

Clothing for all Classes—Good,
Cheap, and Stylish.

J. WRIGHT AND SON,
Proprietors.

STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 5.

FEBRUARY, 1870.

The usual Monthly meeting will be held in the Temperance Hall on Wednesday, Feb. 2nd, Addresses and Recitations will be given, to commence at half-past 7 o'clock. The Rev. W. E. Afleck will preach at the Temperance Hall, on Sundays, Jan. 30th, Feb. 6th, 13th, and 20th, each day at 10.30 morning, and 6.30 evening. Seats all free, no pew rents, anybody will be made welcome.

HOW THE RECTOR BECAME A TEETOTALER! AND THE "OLDFIELD ARMS" A TEMPERANCE HOUSE!

THE Reverend Bernard Oliphant, rector of Waterland, was a man of good family and moderate fortune. At the time when this tale opens he had held the living eighteen years. He had three sons and one daughter.

The parish extended two miles north and south of the church, a few farms and labourers' cottages at wide intervals containing nearly all the rest of the population that was not resident in the village.

There were once two public-houses in Waterland, but now there was but one. This was not owing to any want of success in the case of the one which had become extinct; on the contrary, the "Oldfield Arms" had been the more flourishing establishment of the two, and was situated in the centre of the village. Its sign, however, had long since disappeared; and it was now in the hands of the rector, its principal apartment having been transformed into a reading-room, and place for holding meetings. And how was this brought about? Simply thus. When Bernard Oliphant first came to Waterland, he found the "Oldfield Arms" doing a most excellent business; so far as *that* can be an excellent business which builds the prosperity of one upon the ruin of hundreds. People grumbled at the lowness of wages; wives were unable to procure money from their husbands for decent dress; children were half-starved and two-thirds naked; disease and dirt found a home almost everywhere; boys and girls grew up in ignorance, for their parents could not afford to send them to school; the men had no tidy clothes in

which to appear at church. Yet, somehow or other, the "Oldfield Arms" was never short of customers; and customers, too, who paid, and paid well, sooner or later, for what they consumed. So the rector went among the people, and told them plainly of the sin of drunkenness, and pointed out the misery it brought, as their own eyes could see. They confessed the truth—such as he could manage to get hold of—and drank on as before. He was getting heart-sick and miserable. Preach as he might—and he did preach the truth with all faithfulness and love—the notices of ale, porter, and spirits, set up in flaming colours in the windows and on the walls of the "Oldfield Arms," preached far more persuasively in the cause of intemperance.

One day he came upon a knot of men standing just at the entrance of the yard that led to the tap-room. They were none of them exactly drunk; and certainly none were exactly sober. There were some among them whom he never saw at church, and never found at home. He was grieved to see these men in high discussion and dispute, when they ought to have been busily engaged in some lawful calling. He stopped, and taking one of them aside whose home was specially miserable, he said,—

"James, I'm grieved to see you here, when I know how sadly your poor wife and children are in need of food and clothing."

The man looked half angry, half ashamed, but hung down his head, and made no reply. The rest were moving off.

"Nay, my friends," said the rector, kindly, "don't go. I just want a word with you all. I want to say a few words of love and warning to you, as your clergyman. God has sent

me here to teach and guide you ; and oh, do listen to me now ! ”

They all stood still, and looked at him respectfully. He went on :—

“ Don’t you see that drinking habits are bringing misery into the homes of the people in our parish—ay, into your own homes ? You must see it. You must see how drunkenness stores up misery for you here and hereafter. What will become of you when you die, if you go on as you are doing now ? What will become of your families ? What will—”

At this moment there was a loud shout of “ Hoy ! hoy ! ” from the lips of a carter who was coming with a brewer’s dray out of the inn-yard. The man had just been depositing several full casks, and was now returning with the empty ones. He did not see the rector at first ; but when the group made way for him, and his eyes fell on Mr. Oliphant, he touched his hat as he was passing, and said,—

“ I beg pardon, sir ; I did not know as you was there. ” Then suddenly pulling up his horse, he added—“ Oh, if you please, sir, master bid me say he’s very sorry he hasn’t any of the ale you’ve been drinking ready just now, but he hopes you’ll let me leave this barrel of stout. It’s in prime order, he says. ”

“ Very well, ” replied Mr. Oliphant ; “ you may leave it. ”

Then he turned again to the men : they were moving off. He would have taken up his earnest appeal where he left it ; but somehow or other he felt a difficulty in speaking, and the deep attention was evidently gone from his hearers. He hesitated. They were already dispersing : should he call them back ? He felt as if he could not. He turned sadly towards home, deeply vexed and chafed in his spirit. He blamed the ill-timed interruption of the carter ; and yet he felt that there was something else lurking in the background with which he felt dissatisfied—something which wanted dragging out into the light.

“ And yet it’s so foolish ! ” he said to himself, as he walked slowly up the street. “ My drinking in moderation has nothing in common with their drinking immoderately. Why should my use of intoxicating liquors fetter me in dissuading these poor creatures from their abuse ? They ought to see the difference. ” Then a voice, deeper in the heart, whispered—“ They ought ; but they do not, and their souls are perishing. They are your people : you must deal with them as they are, not as they ought to be. ”

That night the rector’s sleep was very troubled.

It was about a week later that he was again near the “ Oldfield Arms, ” when a spruce-looking man—his wine-merchant’s agent—came out of the inn door, and walked up the street. Two men were standing with their

backs to the rector just outside the yard. He was about to pass on, when he heard one say,—

“ What a sight of winesome of them parsons drink ! You fine gent couldn’t afford all them gold chains and pins if it warn’t for the parsons. ”

“ Ay, ” said the other, “ it’s the parsons as knows good wine from bad. I heerd yon chap say only this morning, ‘ Our very best customers is the clergy. ’ ”

“ Well, ” rejoined the other, “ I shouldn’t mind if they’d only leave us poor fellows alone, and let us get drunk when we’ve a mind. But it do seem a little hard that *they* may get drunk on their wine, but we mustn’t get drunk on our beer. ”

“ Oh, but you know, Bill, ” said the other, “ this here’s the difference. When they get drunk, it’s genteel drunk, and there’s no sin in that ; but when we poor fellows get drunk, it’s vulgar drunk, and that’s awful wicked. ”

Bernard Oliphant was deeply pained ; he shrank within himself.

“ It’s a cruel libel and a coarse slander, ” he muttered, and hastened on his way. “ Am I answerable, ” he asked himself, “ for the abuse which others may make of what I take moderately and innocently ? Absurd ! And yet it’s a pity, a grievous pity, that it should be possible for such poor ignorant creatures to speak thus of any of our holy calling, and so to justify themselves in sin. ”

Yes, he felt it to be so, and it preyed upon his mind more and more. He mentioned what he had heard to his wife.

“ Dear Bernard, ” she replied, “ I have thought a great deal lately on this subject, especially since you told me about your speaking to those men when you were interrupted by the drayman. I have prayed that you and I might be directed aright ; and we *shall* be. But do not let it be hasty. It does seem as though we were being called on to give up, for the sake of others, what does us personally no harm. But perhaps we may be wrong in this view. A great many excellent Christians, and ministers too, are moderate drinkers, and never exceed ; and we must not be carried away by a mistaken enthusiasm to brand their use of fermented drinks as sinful because such frightful evils are daily resulting from immoderate drinking. We must think and pray, and our path will be made plain ; and we must be prepared to walk in it, cost what it may. ”

“ Yes, ” said her husband ; “ I am getting more and more convinced that there is something exceptional in this matter—that we cannot deal with this sin of drunkenness as we deal with other sins. But we will wait a little longer for guidance ; yet not too long, for souls are perishing, and ruin is thickening all round us. ”

They had not to wait long; their path was soon made clear.

When returning late one cold evening from a distance, Mr. Oliphant stumbled over a half-frozen miserable man, whom he had carefully removed to be nursed at the "Oldfield Arms." On visiting him the next day, Mr. Oliphant was astonished to hear this apparent beggar, declaiming in a loud voice, passages of scripture, and from the book of Common Prayer. His heart grew sick. Could it be? Could this miserable creature be one of his own profession? Were these the ramblings of one who had been used to officiate as a Church Minister? And if so, what could have brought him to such utter destitution? The doctor reading his thoughts, shook his head sadly and said, "It's the drink; the smell of spirits is still strong on him."

After some days, when well enough to engage in conversation, the sick man gave him particulars of his past history, which he said might serve as a warning to others. He had been a popular preacher of the church of England. Crowds flocked to hear him. After a time, finding the exertions he made while preaching in a large church and so frequently very exhausting, he began to take an egg beaten up with brandy just before going into the pulpit, and by degrees, as it lost its power of stimulation more and more, malt liquors and spirits, substituting them almost entirely for solid food on the Sabbath, until suspicions were afloat in his congregation; and then, though warned by one faithful friend, he went on from bad to worse—desertion, disgrace, ruin followed; everything went—church, home, money, books, clothes—the drink had them all; his wife and child drooped and died from neglect and a broken heart, and he had for some years been the roaming beggar Mr. Oliphant picked up on the road. He spoke in such a hard callous tone, that Mr. Oliphant hid his face and groaned aloud; he had never conceived it possible that long habits of drunkenness could so unhumanize a man as to reduce him to such a state—with but one passion left—the passion for the poison which had ruined him, for he concluded his fearful tale by begging for spirits, without which he said he could not live, it was the only thing he lived for.

We cannot enter further into detail; suffice it to say, that though carefully nursed, and everything he desired granted except the drink, he in a few days contrived to elude the vigilance of the nurse, and in her absence, when Mr. Oliphant and Mrs. Barnes the landlady entered the room, they found him dead with an empty spirit bottle in his hand. By that bedside Mr. Oliphant resolved to be from that day an abstainer, the landlady and his family followed his example, and thus it

was that the rector became a total abstainer, and the "Oldfield Arms" a Temperance house.—*From Frank Oldfield; the £100 Temperance Prize Tale by the Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A., Rector of Smethcote, published by Nelson, which we cordially recommend to our readers.*

VERMONT.

THE Vermont Legislature has passed a bill holding liquor dealers responsible for the damage to person or property done by those obtaining liquors from them.

"I CANNOT GO HOME."

AFTER an evening meeting in Boston, Mass., where much tender and earnest prayer was offered, and the Holy Spirit seemed to have touched many hearts, the pastor on his way homeward found a lady leaning in the dark against an iron railing, under a tree, and weeping as if in pain or distress. Afraid that she had met with some hurt, he asked, "What is the matter?" "Oh," said she, "I cannot go home; almost every woman has a husband that prays, except me. Cannot God bless me?" The next morning the husband of that lady, under deep conviction of sin, declared his purpose to seek salvation for his soul. His chief stumbling-block had been his dependence upon the sale of intoxicating liquors as a part of his business as a grocer. He determined to give it up, though he should lose the rest of his trade. He became an ardent Christian, and bears now the testimony with joy, that his "business has increased threefold" since the stand he took for Christ and for Temperance. Several other grocers in the town have been influenced by his example to banish intoxicating liquors from their stores. Courage, praying wife!

BREWERS IN PARLIAMENT.

IN a recent number of the *Parochial Critic* attention is called to the fact that there are no fewer than *fifty-five* brewers in Parliament.

TEMPERANCE FRUITS.

TEMPERANCE not merely reformed the man, but it reformed the home, and gave to it peace and plenty, where there was nothing but strife and poverty before. Two little girls were one day walking along a street of an American town, the one having on a new pair of shoes, the other none. The first little girl looked at her shoes, and said, "Father has joined the temperance society, and I have got a new pair of shoes;" and the other little

girl said, "I only wish my father would do the same, so that I might get a new pair of shoes." (Cheers and laughter.) When he heard that, he felt it to be one of the highest tributes to the power of temperance that could be given. (Hear.) Forty-five children were taken from one of the orphan asylums in America, belonging to parents who were living, and who, by the instrumentality of the pledge, had been led to undertake the support of their own children instead of leaving them to the care of the State. One man was now supporting a wife and four children who, through his previously intemperate habits, was unable to do so, but had left the children in an orphan asylum. A little girl who used to go to a lady's house for cold victuals, suddenly gave up the practice. The lady was surprised, and asked how it was she did not come as usual. The reply was, "My father has joined the temperance society, and we have warm victuals now."

Speech of General Cary.

BOYS, LEARN A LESSON.

If you would be a happy youth, lead a sober life, and be a wealthy, influential man: instead of squandering your extra change, invest it in a library or savings bank.

MEAT *VERSUS* BEER.

SPEAKING at an agricultural meeting at Romney, on Wednesday, the Right Hon. W. Cowper-Temple, M.P. (stepson of the late Lord Palmerston), observed that everybody ought always to be learning something; and one thing was how to spend their money properly in food, and how not to spend it foolishly and carelessly. It was odd to see how a man who knew exactly the quantity of food which would produce strength in the animals under his care, knew very little of the way of providing it for himself. Many are, perhaps, hardly aware that a shilling's worth of meat and bread, will give a man more strength than a shilling's worth of beer. They did not see that bread and meat went to strengthen muscle and bone and sinew, whilst beer only tended to stimulate the nerves, and did not make a man a bit stronger than he was before. It might make him feel stronger at the moment, but he did not really become stronger. The result was that a man who worked on solid food and drank water instead of beer was often as strong as any other man. An illustration of this was mentioned some time ago by a gentleman in Dorsetshire, who had some large drainage works in hand. He engaged some men from Northumberland who had been accustomed to that kind of

work. They were able to earn about 18s. a week, and some of them a larger sum, whilst the Dorsetshire men were unable to earn more than half that amount. The Dorsetshire men thought that perhaps they did not drink sufficient beer, and then began to consume a large portion of their wages in that manner; but they found that the beer did not make them stronger in the arms or more active with the hands. It made them stronger in the head—(laughter)—but that was not what they required. They then tried cider; that did not get so rapidly to their heads, but it got to their stomachs in an uncomfortable way. (Laughter.) On making inquiry, they found that the Northumbrians spent their money in bread and meat, and drank no beer except occasionally. The Dorsetshire men acted upon the hint, and soon began to earn as good wages as the others, and when some of them went to the north they were able to do as much work as the Northumberland men. They were set to work in the parish of Swine, in Yorkshire, in which there were no public-houses at all, and where they had no opportunities of drinking. (Hear, hear.)

TWOPENCE AT DINNER AND SUPPER.

TWOPENCE at dinner, and twopence at supper for beer, amounts in one year to £6 1s. 8d. Now, if that money, instead of being thrown into the till of the beershop-keeper, were expended in useful articles, it might purchase the following:—26lbs. of bacon at 9d., 19s. 6d.; 26lbs. of cheese at 9d., 19s. 6d.; 4lbs. of tea at 3s., 12s.; 30lbs. of sugar at 4d., 10s. 2d.; three children's school at 2d. per week, £1 6s.; three pairs of boots for said children at 4s., 12s.; one pair of men's, and another pair of women's, £1 2s. 8d.; and all this would come exactly to £6 1s. 8d. We leave it to any man of common-sense to decide whether or not £6 1s. 8d. would not be better spent in this way, than in alcoholic liquors.

OUR CHIEF NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

Frazer's Magazine for August, in an article on "Education," says:—"The public-house is still our chief national institution, outnumbering churches, chapels, and schools, all put together; keeping the poor eternally poor; gathering those little hoards of industry—which might build dwellings and brighten them into homes—into ulcerous wens of vulgar opulence proclaiming at every street corner, and in every country road, that animalism still crushes down the spiritual principle and the intellectual life in the English multitude.

"BRASS," BEER, BRICKS, AND BUILDINGS.

MR. Taylor, of Birmingham, the founder of Freehold Land Societies, says: I persuaded a man to keep sober. I tell him that with every quart he consumes 25 bricks. I show him how in the course of two years, at one quart a day, he swallows as many bricks, as would make a nice cottage. My old grandfather died when nearly a hundred years old. He lived in one house nearly 80 years, and at the time of his death he had not so much as a brick or a chimney pot, although he had paid rent all his life. Now, had he belonged to a Building Society, his grandson might have been better off than he is. I have said that a quart of ale is equal to 25 bricks, and a paper of tobacco is the mortar to lay them with. There they are, the 25 bricks and the mortar, going from many a man's pocket over the public-house counter every day. Such men will never be freeholders. In Birmingham we have bought freehold land at the rate of 1s. 1d. per yard—two quarts of ale and a paper of tobacco, exactly! I remember some time ago telling the coal-heavers and the limestone quarrymen, in a meeting at Dudley, that every quart of ale was equal to half-a-yard of freehold land. One man got up at the far end of the room, and said, "What's that you say, mister?" I replied, "Why, my dear fellow, with every quart of ale you drink you swallow half-a-yard of land." "Well then," said he, "I have swallowed many a field in my time."

Upon a calculation, we find that the loss of money alone to a man spending 6d. a day in drink (a quart of ale for instance,) amounts, at the end of 27 years, (with compound interest at 5 per cent.) to the large and handsome sum of five hundred and nine pounds, sufficient to buy half-a-million of bricks, which would build say 25 houses; or at one shilling and a penny per square yard, it would purchase an Estate of two acres of building ground, or land enough for 40 respectable houses and gardens; or it would purchase 3 good houses, all complete. Working Men! is there not some inducement here to leave off drinking? Remember that in the above calculation there is nothing whatever put down for loss of time and health; this would amount to far more than the actual cost of the drink. Those who look to their own interest in this matter, will soon find that in doing this they are benefitting their country as well as themselves.

Reader! Save your "brass;" buy no more beer; buy bricks, and get a good builder of your own!

THE REASON WHY.

A GENTLEMAN in Washington, apparently in a decline, called in one of the most eminent physicians, but as he did not rapidly recover, he told the physician that whisky had been recommended to him, and asked if it would do any good. "Yes," said the doctor, "it would help you." "Why, then, do you not give it?" said the sick man. "Because," said the physician, "I have given it to a dozen gentlemen, and all have become drunkards."

THE ANTIPODES TEMPERANCE BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

THE Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste, of Sidney, writes to a friend: "When we have anything good to say about anyone or anything, it is pleasant to tell tales. You will be glad to find that temperance benefit societies are making considerable progress in this colony of New South Wales, and also in the sister Australian colonies. Confining my remarks on this occasion to New South Wales, I may tell you that three years ago we had not a single society, either of the Sons of Temperance, or the Daughters of Temperance, in the colony. We have now sixty-two divisions of the Sons of Temperance, embracing three thousand five hundred and seventy-eight members, and twenty-seven divisions of the Daughters of Temperance, embracing eleven hundred and forty-five members. Two patients, at one time, in one of the accident wards of our infirmary, I found were Sons of Temperance, and the pound per week allowed during sickness must have been very acceptable to the mouths that were left at home. What we require is a deeper baptism of vital piety in connection with the temperance movement here. God grant it for Christ's sake! These temperance benefit societies bid fair to become very popular, and if they only adhere to the financial regulations which they have laid down, it will be impossible for pecuniary *liasons* seriously to interfere with their solvency or stability."

MAJOR GREIG AND EDUCATION.

It had been said that education would cure intemperance, but fact and history alike disproved the assertion. Major Greig, of the Liverpool police, said in one of his reports, "Last year we arrested 20,000 people for being drunk, and amongst them were seventeen doctors, nine artists, three architects, and 8,000 women." In fact, an analysis of the cases would show that sixty per cent. were educated people.

OPIUM AND MISSIONARIES.

ACCORDING to the latest China Mail, Sir Rutherford Alcock, in bidding adieu to Prince Kung, was addressed by that functionary in these words—"Now you are going home, I wish you would take away with you your opium and missionaries." Two British importations, it seems, are intolerable to the Chinese prince,—the debauching poppy-juice, and the preachers of righteousness.

We are not surprised at this result. The nation that forces opium on reluctant China may well be suspected of evil design, even when it endeavours to add Christianity to its importations. To try to convert the Chinese to Christianity may well seem, in their eyes, like seeking to reduce them to a state of mind in which one of the most diabolical of traffics can be engaged in for the mere sake of gain. No wonder that the word of life is refused, whilst the hand that proffers it is thus stained with the drug of death.

The same nation which sends her vessels laden with missionaries and opium, sends to other quarters of the world her cargoes of missionaries and rum. She proffers at once, the means of spiritual life and of spirituous destruction. What wonder that her double gift achieves one single reputation, and that the missionaries of Britain are adjudged, distrusted, rejected by the heathen on data supplied by the known results of her liquor traffic?

A TEETOTAL MISSIONARY SHIP.

In the *Chronicle* of the London Missionary Society for December, it is stated regarding the John Williams, by the Rev. W. W. Gill, that she had arrived at Mangaia, on Monday, June 14, 1869. He further says, "I was particularly pleased with the evident good will and harmony prevailing on board; and may I be permitted to add, that *her being virtually a teetotal ship*, was not the least recommendation in a missionary point of view? Strong drink is the curse of all these eastern missions, and that this should be the ship which does not distribute grog is a point of inestimable importance."

THE DRUNKARD GETTING A SIGHT OF HIMSELF.

AN American paper relates a circumstance which may serve as a hint. In Wheeling, a photographer took the picture of a well-known toper as he was lying on the sidewalk, and he was soon on exhibition in all the shop-windows. The inebriate signed the pledge.

DRINK AND PAUPERISM.

LATELY, Mr. Baron Piggott commented on the number of cases that are the result of drunkenness. Every district visitor knows that a greater part of the poverty of the metropolis is the result of drink. If it were not for the drink the labouring classes would in good times be able to put by a store for bad times. Truly, the teetotaler is many times blessed and is many times a blessing. He is blessed with a peaceful home, health of body and mind, and he is in no danger of destitution. He is a blessing to his family, to his friends, to his neighbours, and to his country. If all labouring men were teetotalers we should have nearly empty prisons, our workhouses would be too large, and ghastly poverty would not encompass us about on every side. Those who have to do with the poor should be instant, in season and out of season, in setting forth the advantages of temperance and the wickedness and misery that are the natural and sure results of intemperance. Charity, properly administered, will relieve poverty. Temperance will prevent poverty, and any prevention is far better than the best of cures.

Westminster Weekly News.

PRINTERS AND BREWERS.

THE question why printers do not succeed as well as brewers is thus answered—Because printers work for the head, and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have stomachs, but one has brains.

"When a fellow is too lazy to work," says Sam Slick, "he paints his name over the door and calls it a tavern, and makes the whole neighbourhood as lazy as himself."—*From Graham's Temperance Guide, a work replete with useful Temperance information, which our readers would do well to purchase.*

THE CAUSE OF BAD TRADE.

It is a very popular cry of the wage-receiving class, in explanation of this state of things, that they have not got the money to spend. How stands the matter? Mr. Baxter has gone very fully into the question of wages, and the correctness of the general results at which he arrives has not been questioned. Mr. Baxter estimated the total yearly amount received in wages at about £400,000,000. It is notorious and palpable that a large portion of our population is in rags, and multitudes we know stand sorely in want of a new shirt, or a sheet to their beds. The millions received in wages must then be spent on other things! Intoxicating

drinks are the other things upon which the wages are spent, which, if reasonably laid out, would very soon supply the home demand for manufactures which Manchester misses from her books—and Birmingham too, for the matter of that.

AN ENCOURAGING INCIDENT.

ABOUT eighteen years ago, said a man, I came to London, a raw countryman from Suffolk. I was a harness-maker, and sought from shop to shop work, but "no" was the answer from all who did not look beyond the surface. I was a man in years, but raw-looking and juvenile; as from the country. At last I came to the neighbourhood of Finsbury; and there, as many times before, I stopped at a business-like establishment, and met the searching eye of the head of the firm. "Want a man, sir?" said I, not knowing who he was. He paused and looked me up and down—weighed me in the balance of his mind—and pausing over my provincial address, he said, "Where are you from?" I told him, and he said, "No, no. Only this morning I have sent away a sot of a fellow young as you are for drunkenness, who came from the same place you say you come from." "May I know his name, sir?" I inquired. He told me; and I responded—"Well, I have been a teetotaler several years, and I like it so well, that come what will, I do not mean to drink strong drink again." He laughed a sort of unbelieving laugh; and I added, "Whatever else I should be discharged for, you will never discharge me for drunkenness." "Well, when can you come?" said he, "At once, sir." "Then come after dinner," said he—and I went, and was at once turned into a workshop of men of the old school. Each believed in the virtues (?) of strong drink. "Well, he is a yokel!" said one. "What! no footing ale? it won't do, that." "Perhaps he likes some other drink?" "Look ye here," said one, who seemed to have control over the others, "You'd like London porter or some of our London gin. Something must be had before you are free of this shop of work." I said, "I shall do my work, and see how I suit the master;" and I doggedly and silently pursued my calling. Everything went on satisfactorily between the master and myself. It was about the beginning of February when my London labours commenced, and my birthday occurred in March following. No one knew it; and about eleven o'clock, the luncheon hour, I had arranged with a coffee-house keeper to send me in coffee and cake; and I prefaced the spread by saying, "Gentlemen, this is my birthday; and as I paid no footing, I thought you'd do me the

favour to eat a bit a currant cake, and drink a cup or two of coffee with me to-day." The men looked at each other; they were taken aback and quite surprised; but accepted my hospitality with a grace, declared nothing could be more acceptable, and in honour of my principles struck hands each with the other, and all with me, and vowed they would not taste strong drink for a month. I believe they all kept their vow, and one of their number said abstinence from all intoxicating drinks suited him so well, that he should not drink again. He has become a prosperous tradesman, gives yearly subscriptions to the temperance societies, especially to the one of which I am the secretary. My master has since become my personal friend, tells me I am not to stand still either in my business or in my temperance enterprise for money; and so I have reason to remember my application for work at the harness-maker's in Finsbury.

Weekly Record.

A FIERY NOSE.

"EVERYTHING has its use," said a philosophical professor to his class. "Of what use is a drunkard's fiery red nose?" asked one of the pupils. "It's a lighthouse," answered the professor, "to warn us of the little water that passes underneath it, and reminds us of the shoals of appetite on which we might otherwise be wrecked."

"MORE LIGHT."

"More light" in the valley of the shadow of death. "More light," cried the sage, with his last parting breath;

And that cry never came from a heart that was right
But the soul was suffused with effulgence of light.

"More light" to enliven the poor man's abode;
"More light" to direct on his pilgrimage road;
"More light" radiating from heaven's pure beam,
Purging life's fountain, and sweet'ning the stream.

"More light," yea, "more light" in the dwellings
of sin;
"More light" of pure virtue in the dwellers therein;
"More light" streaming down on these lost ones to
bless,
To allure them from vice, to relieve their distress.

"More light" o'er the regions of drink's dark domain;
"More light" in the dens where drink's victims are
slain;
"More light" in the minds of the people, that we
By our purified laws from the drink curse be free.

"More light" widely spread both at home and
abroad;
"More light" showing forth the pure glory of God;
"More light" and more truth, and more grace to us
given,
To make this old earth a bright pathway to heaven.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

JAMES REWCASTLE.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Temporary Premises—THE TEMPERANCE HALL.

Public Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Tuesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

The Sunday School commences at 9 in the Morning, and 2 in the Afternoon.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

JUST ARRIVED, AT DAVIES'S CHEAP HAT & CAP SHOP,

(Next to Mr. Austin, Locksmith, &c.,)

SWINE MARKET, HALIFAX,

The new Alpine, Tyrolese, and Oxonian Felt Hats; price, first-class quality, 4/6. Also the new Edgar Hat, price 3/-. Fashionable French Beaver Hats, price 4/6, 5/6, & 6/6.

HALIFAX CLOTHING HOUSE,

70, Top of Woolshops.

Clothing for all Classes—Good,
Cheap, and Stylish.

J. WRIGHT AND SON,
Proprietors.

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

of superior make at moderate prices.

BEST GOLD JEWELLERY,

new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.

SOLID SILVER & ELECTRO PLATE,

both useful and ornamental, in best quality.

E. S. PEGLER,

Watchmaker, Jeweller, & Silversmith,

19, OLD MARKET, HALIFAX.

NEURALGIA & TIC-DOULOUREUX!

This painful affection immediately
relieved and in most cases permanently
cured by taking

"FARR'S NERVINE."

Sold in Bottles at 7½d. and 13½d., by

JAMES FARR,

DISPENSING & FAMILY DRUGGIST,

CROWN STREET, HALIFAX.

A Large and Choice Stock of

DINING and

DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS

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C. HORNER'S,

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BOOKBINDING

In all its branches, to any pattern, on the
shortest notice and at reasonable prices, by

E. MORTIMER,

22, Crown Street,

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J. H. HELLIWELL,

Iron & Tin Plate Worker,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Tin goods
of every description, Iron Pans and Kettles,
Copper Kettles, Frying Pans, Shovels, Bel-
lows, Galvanized Pails, Brushes, &c.

Jobbing work promptly attended to.

30, St. JAMES'S ROAD,
HALIFAX.

STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 6.

MARCH, 1870.

The Monthly Meeting will be held on Wednesday, March 2nd, when Mr. F. H. Bowman will give the seventh of the course of Lectures on "The House we Live In." A meeting of the senior members will be held on Thursday, March 10th, to be addressed by the Rev. W. B. Affleck, Huddersfield, Mr. John Parker, Leeds, and Mr. F. H. Bowman. Cards of admission can be had of the Secretaries.

"KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF MY LEG OF MUTTON!"

IN a back lane, in Poplar, one of the eastern districts of London, in a room two stories up, lived one James Green, an engine-fitter by trade, who earned his six shillings a day: but to look at that room on the night that our narrative commences, you would not have thought so; with its one bed in a corner,—or, may I call it a bed?—for it was only a bundle of rags. Beside the fireplace, for there was no fire, on the only seat in the room, sat a woman with a baby on her knee, on the floor; beside her sat three other children. "Oh!" said the oldest, a girl of twelve summers, "I wish father would come home, I am so hungry." But her father had first to go to the "Black Bull," to clear off his beer score. For, let it be known James was a man who could get whatever he wanted at the "Black Bull," in the shape of beer, money or no money; for the landlord knew him to be "good pay." He was not like many drunkards, for he never lost a day's work through drink in his life. This week his bill was rather more than usual; there were thirty-six chalk-marks against him—sixpence to pay for every mark, amounting to eighteen shillings. When he had paid the money, he looked at the twelve he had left, and said, "I have been too heavy with you this week, but I must not come it so strong next week, for I cannot pay for what I want to-night, till next Saturday."

"All right, James," said the landlord; "you are a jolly good fellow, the life of the company, and can sing a good song; and what is better, you are capital pay. You can have whatever you want."

"Well, I'll have a pint of half-and-half," said James.

Just as the landlord was going to draw it, in came a boy with a nice white apron and a blue smock-frock on, who carried a wooden tray on his shoulder, which he put on the counter; there was a beautiful leg of mutton on it. At this time there were two customers in the house; one was a "twopenny" customer, and the other an eighteen shilling one. To look at these two men, you would soon see that they belonged to different classes; one, with his red nose, pale face, and fustian clothes much worn, you could see at once was a drunkard; the other, in his suit of broad cloth, sitting in the "best parlour," you could see had not yet sunk to the level of the drunkard.

The landlord, taking up the leg of mutton and walking into the parlour, said "Sir, isn't that a nice leg of mutton?"

"Upon my word it is," said the gentleman, "a beautiful leg of mutton! Who is your butcher?"

"Oh! Mr. Wright, up the street, an honest fellow. Neither me nor the missis ever have to go; all we have to do is to send up the servant, and down comes the best meat in the shop, roast or boil, whatever we want. And I tell you, sir, he has a good right, for I am a capital customer."

As he said so he returned to the bar, where our friend James Green was standing, who said, holding out his hands, "Let me see it, please."

"Stand back, fellow!" said the landlord; "keep your dirty hands off my good leg of mutton!"

"Yes," said James, "it is *your* leg of mutton, but it is *my* eighteen shillings that pay

for it." So he looked at it and said, "I cannot touch it." Then, as his eye caught the pint of "half-and-half," he said, "I will not touch *that*," and walked straight to the door; for at that minute his mind was made up, and going home, he handed his wife the twelve shillings, and said, "Mary, this is all I have for you; but don't scold me, dear, and next Saturday you shall have a leg of mutton."

"James," she said, "what can I do with this? there is the rent to pay, which must be paid, and six of us to keep."

"That will do now, Mary, I have said it; and next Saturday you shall have a leg of mutton."

Mary was not a scolding woman, neither did she believe in the promise that he had made; but to her great surprise, James stopped at home all that Saturday night, and never left home all day on Sunday, for the drunkard has no good clothes to go to church or chapel in; but this state of things was not to last long with James and his family.

The week rolled on, and Saturday came again. James brought home his full week's wages, thirty-six shillings; and when his wife received it, she seemed surprised. "James," she said, "look! look! here is a sovereign."

"Ah," said James, "you may well be surprised, it is the first full week's wages you have had for a long time; but, with God's help, it will not be the last."

"James," said his wife, "Have you not been to the 'Black Bull' this week?"

"No," said he, "nor will I ever spend a shilling with the fellow as long as I live."

"Oh James," she said, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him; "we shall do well yet." So away she ran and got dinner ready, and James washed himself, and when dinner was over, and he had got on a clean shirt, off they went to market. When they had bought all things they wanted but meat, James said, "Let us go down to Mr. Wright the butcher's, he sells the best meat."

When they came to the shop, James looked all round, and he saw a beautiful leg of mutton hanging on one of the iron pins. "How much is this a-pound, butcher?" said he. The butcher told him. "Weigh it," he said. The butcher weighed it, Mary paid for it, James put it in the basket, and down the street they went, till they came right in front of the "Black Bull." James made a full stop, and said, "Mary, we have got the leg of mutton, let us go in here a bit."

"Now James," said his wife, "be a man of your word; for I never knew you to break it yet."

"Mary, I am not going to spend anything, nor yet to drink anything; I owe the fellow a trifle, and I am just going to pay him."

"That's right, James," she said; "if it's the last penny I have in the world, never let him say that you left in his debt."

As they went in, the landlord stood behind the counter, and said, "Oh, James, where have you been all the week? we have been lost without you; we never had a 'sing-song,' or a 'jolly spree' all the week. I am so glad to see you here, and you have brought the missis with you!—glad to see you, ma'am; hope you are well, ma'am. James!" he said, whispering across the counter, "are you going to take her upstairs to-night to give us a song? Can she sing as well as you?"

"No," said James, "I'm not going to take her upstairs to-night."

"Why, James," said the landlord, "what's the matter? Have you been unwell? or have you lost your work?"

"No," said James. "I have not been unwell, nor have I lost my work, for master thinks more of me now than what he used to do. He says he will raise my wages a couple of shillings a week, if I do as I have done this week."

"What have you been doing, James? tell me, my lad."

(Opening the basket) "I have been to buy a leg of mutton. Isn't it a nice one?" said James.

The landlord held out his hands and said, "Let me have a look at it." But James said, "Stand back, fellow! keep your dirty hands off my good leg of mutton!"

Dear reader, I would say to you, tell the publicans to keep their "Dirty hands off your good leg of mutton." James still lives, but not in the room where he lived when we first saw him. He has built a nice little cottage that he can call his own, known by the name of "Temperance Cottage," on the outskirts of London, where he lives, a true sober man, respected by all who know him.

JOHN THOMPSON.

MAKING HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

THERE are many faults worse than improvidence; covetousness and selfishness are amongst them; yet improvidence brings with it such a train of sufferings and wants, that it seems to be an act of Christian duty to warn the young and the thoughtless against it. I would, indeed, rather be the means of saving one poor fellow-creature from crime than a hundred from mere poverty; the workhouse may be a nursery for heaven, and is different indeed from a prison; yet still it would rejoice me to think that amongst the many thousands of those now earning good wages in Britain, one out of ten is making sure of

an honest independence to be enjoyed in the evening of life.

During the summer, when I was able to walk over the fields and visit the cottagers, many a time have I spoken to labouring men about deferred Government annuities. The comfort of a provision for old age was set against the dangerous pleasure of the pot-house.

I remember going up to a fine strong lad, who was sitting in a hay-field, leaning against the wheel of a wain which he had been helping to load, while he ate his bread and cheese, and took deep draughts from his can of beer. I sat down on a hay-cock near him, and began to converse with the youth. Joe's mother is a decent, tidy widow, one respected by all her neighbours, and I had often visited her cottage. I knew that she had but one great care on her mind: her Joe was a good son, an industrious hard-working labourer, an honest upright young man, but he was too fond of finding his way to the "Blue Bucket," at the other side of the green. Several times, after work in the hay-field, or at the harvest-home, Joe had come to his mother's cottage the worse for liquor. With him it was clear that drunkenness and improvidence went hand in hand; and that to induce him to save his money, might be to help to save his character, and health, and all that makes an Englishman respected and happy.

After a little talk about the weather and wages, I came to the matter that I had on my mind, as Butler, landlord of the "Blue Bucket," chanced to drive along the lane near us in the little dog-cart which he had lately set up.

"Joe," I enquired, "how much of your hard-earned wages has gone to set that dog-cart rolling?"

Joe grinned, shrugged his shoulders, and rubbed his chin.

"How much of your wages have you dropped into yonder 'Blue Bucket,' never to see a penny of your money again?"

"I'd my money's worth for my money," answered Joe.

"I suppose that two shillings a-week would scarcely pay your score at that public-house," I observed.

"Hardly, I take it," replied Joe, grinning again.

"Now just let me tell you, my friend, what eight shillings a month, spent in buying a Government annuity, would bring a man when he reached the age of sixty," said I. "Let us fix upon that age, because though many are hale and hearty at it, still they have had a long day of work, and may well look forward to a little rest by that time."

"A working man has had the best of his strength taken out of him afore he gets to

sixty," observed Joe; "if ever I gets to that age, I shall look out for—for——"

"For a berth at the workhouse?" I asked.

Poor Joe's countenance fell. "I hopes as how I'll never come to that," he muttered.

"You may make sure (as sure as poor mortals can be of anything here) that you will never come to it, Joe," I replied, "if, instead of sinking your good money in the 'Blue Bucket,' you buy with it, at the Post Office, a deferred Government annuity." I pulled out of my pocket a little bit of paper on which I had noted down a few numbers from Anne's "Table of MONEY RETURNABLE," which shall be copied out here.

"A man beginning to put in eight shillings a-month regularly at the age of

20,	will receive at the age of 60,	£2 14 10	a month
25,	"	"	to the
30,	"	"	end of
35,	"	"	his life.

I need not note down all the conversation which passed between Joe and me in the hay-field, even if I could remember it pretty correctly. The lad had strong sense and a clear head when he was perfectly sober, and the habit of drinking, that cord of sin, had not yet bound him so fast that he could not break free by a strong, manly effort. Joe took home my little piece of paper, and talked the matter over with his mother, and I know that he has now, for the last half-year, been steadily carrying his eight shillings to the Post Office on the first Saturday in every month. It is needless to add that Joe has, every night, gone to his bed sober, and has doubtless enjoyed his rest all the more from the thought that he is never likely to eat the bitter bread of dependence.

"I'm comin' in for my fortin at sixty," Joe said to me merrily, the last time that we met; "the Post Office is my 'Bucket' now, to gather in for my use, when I wants it, the rain-water which was all a runnin' to waste."

In case of death before the age of sixty, the money would be returned to the insurer's friends, without interest; or, if after a few years he found himself unable to continue his payments, he could draw out the money he had paid in, by giving a short notice.—"*A Braid of Cords.*"

FIVE POUNDS A WEEK, AND THE WORKHOUSE AT LAST.

At a recent meeting in the Iron Room, Mildmay Park, Mr. Smithies said:—He had come to the conviction that if the working classes were to be helped at all, they must help themselves; and the best means by which they could do it was by total abstinence. Only recently he had been furnished with a

fact in connection with the town of Leeds, which strikingly illustrated the improvidence of working men, as well as proved what could be done by one who was sober and industrious. At the present time there were three men in the workhouse of that town who had been foremen in some large dyeworks, and whose wages for many years had been from £3 to £5 respectively. There was working in the same dyeworks as those in which two of these foremen were employed an unskilled hand whose weekly wages were but fifteen shillings. During the past thirty years, this unskilled hand contrived to live within his means, although he had a family to bring up, and for many years supported an aged mother, and prevented her from going into the workhouse. Thirty years ago he began investing in one of the savings banks in Leeds, and the result is that whilst the three foremen who earned from £3 to £5 per week are now in the union, their fellow workman, with only eighteen shillings a week, is the possessor of thirteen cottages, and is living on the rent of them.

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

"MAY you never be ashamed of your new son!" said a gentleman, in a light, merry tone, as he turned to his host and raised a wine-glass to his lips.

All within hearing smiled, not merely at the brusque manner in which the toast was given, but at the idea that shame could be attached to the name of Edward Fowler, he who the hour before, with solemn vows on his lips, stood at the altar with Mary Tupper.

At these wedding festivities the congratulations were most hearty—"A capital, most suitable match!" echoed all voices, and no one seemed more pleased and satisfied than did Mr. Tupper, who gave his only daughter, lovely and accomplished, without fear or hesitation to the man of her choice. Edward Fowler was deservedly popular. No young man in the city of Boston had higher or brighter prospects, either in private or professional life. A few years before he had been admitted to the bar, and had already acquired honour and distinction.

Immediately on the return from their bridal trip, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler went to a beautiful little home which Mr. Tupper had bought and given them. This present was very complete, as the house was furnished with every needed comfort and luxury, and the happy pair might well think they had not a wish ungratified.

Very early in their housekeeping days, while planning for social festivities, Mr. Fowler said, "Your father has generously supplied

us with choice wine and spirits; but I propose that we do not use them, at least on our table."

"Oh nonsense! how came you to think of any thing so absurd?" replied his wife.

"Because, if we offer wine to one, we must to all our guests, and I have several young gentlemen friends to whom I should not think it right to give the tempting cup."

"I have never," said Mrs. Fowler, "been so inhospitable as to give cold water to my friends, and I cannot commence now; it would be shabby!"

"But wouldn't it be right?" said Mr. Fowler.

"No!" replied his wife. "If any one drinks too much, it is his fault, not yours."

During this conversation Mr. Tupper joined them, and threw his influence decidedly with his daughter.

"A craven, cowardly, temperance son-in-law! I wouldn't own him," said, he emphatically; adding, "all God's gifts were made to use, not to abuse nor to slight. Too much heat will kill a man; yet I enjoy this bright fire, and this glass of rich old sherry (turning to the sideboard and helping himself therefrom). My motto is, 'Moderation in all things, abstinence in none.'"

Edward Fowler was silenced, but not convinced. Afterwards he bitterly regretted that he had not the real courage at that time to take the decided step he knew to be right, especially as he was haunted by the lurking fear that he himself was fostering a real appetite for this stimulant. Ah! soon it not merely cheered, but it inebriated him.

In the years that followed, his little wine-cellar was filled and emptied many times, and Mrs. Fowler's heart was emptied of all happiness and hope.

Intoxication has many and various forms by which it kills the souls and bodies of its victims. With Edward Fowler the work was sure, but slow. His wife saw him gradually lose self-control, self-respect, his interest and standing in his profession, and in society. Yet he lived a long life, a by-word and a reproach.

Neither Mrs. Fowler nor Mr. Tupper ask, "Who is to blame?" Their own hearts give answer.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

SHALL BRANDY RULE?

COL. B. was a man of amiable manners and well-informed mind. Being much employed in public business which called him from place to place, ardent spirit was often set before him with an invitation to drink. At first he took a social glass for civility's sake.

But at length a habit was formed, and appetite began to crave its customary indulgence. He drank more largely, and once or twice was quite overcome. His friends were alarmed. He was on the brink of a precipice from which many had fallen to the lowest pitch of wretchedness. In his sober hours he saw the danger he was in. Said he to himself one day when alone, "Shall Colonel B. rule, or shall brandy rule? If Colonel B. rule, he and his family may be respectable and happy; but if brandy rule, Colonel B. is ruined, his property wasted, and his family made wretched!" At length, said he, I set down my foot, and said, "Colonel B. shall rule, and brandy obey." And from that day Colonel B. did rule. He immediately broke off from his intemperate habits, and lived to a good old age, virtuous, respected, and happy.

Brandy is a fearful ruler. Thousands of the strong and the noble have been crushed beneath his sway; and to-day he spreads out his giant arms to grasp and crush ten thousands of unwary victims. Shall brandy rule? It rules in camps and courts, in palaces and hovels. Shall it rule in your dwelling? Shall it rule your children? Shall brandy rule you?

A TIPSY ENGINEER.

THE engineer who steps from his locomotive to the "refreshment-room," to procure a glass of brandy, goes back to his charge a changed man. He may return with as firm a tread and as erect a mien as he went, nevertheless he is no longer the man he was. The train has virtually changed engineers—indeed, between the engineer without the brandy, and him with it, there may be a far wider difference than would be found between two different men. His brandied blood whirls through the system with unnatural speed. It stimulates him. Literally, a *stimulus* goad; so that the brandy goads, pricks, or spurs the organism into excitement. Brain and thought partake of the stimulation—are quickened. As the blood flies faster and the brain thinks faster, so he is altogether a "faster" man, and will be very likely to run a faster train, and there are a thousand contingencies in which the destruction of the train and of a score of lives might be accounted for by this difference in the mental condition of the engineer. The general use of steam power in society, by momentarily suspending the fate of thousands of human beings upon coolness of head, of clearness of eye, and steadiness of hand, has added to this subject an element of alarming interest.

GOOD ADVICE AND ITS RESULTS.

At the recent anniversary of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union in Exeter Hall, Mr. Henry Varley said:—"My young friends, hold fast to your pledge. When I first came to London, my teacher, a dear Christian man, well-known to hundreds in this assembly [John Roberts], a man I love, a simple and humble-minded man, but a man of faith and prayer, said to me, 'Henry, you are yet a child comparatively, never touch intoxicating drink,' and for more than twenty years I have never touched, tasted, or handled it. (Applause.) Hundreds of youths have passed me by since then and have given me the cold shoulder because I was a teetotaler, but am I the worse for the loss of their friendship? No, I am all the better for it. I have known what it is, my young friends, to work hard in the gold fields of Australia, and I have visited some strange places in that land. I have worked in southern latitudes for hours together amidst great heat, I have laboured with my body and my brain, and I am working to-day harder than nine men out of ten, both in connection with my business and as a minister, and I am bold to say I am a stronger man, a better man, and a man exercising a wider influence for good, because I stand before you to-night apart from this drink."

BOYS! DON'T SMOKE.

A PAPER was recently read before one of the Medical Societies in London, in which the author produced evidence to prove, that the distressing form of nervous blindness, "amaurosis," is *rarely* met with except amongst excessive tobacco-smokers. The street-smoking by *lads*, especially on Sunday nights, in many of our large towns, is a most painful and discouraging fact. Have teachers been faithful in this matter? National vices are often like fashions, ever changing; and it behoves the guardians of the young to be "instant in season, out of season."—*Band of Hope Review*.

THE DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

It is in the degradation of a husband by intemperance that she, who has ventured everything, feels that all is lost. Who shall protect her, when the husband of her choice insults and oppresses her? What shall delight her; she shrinks from the sight of his face, and trembles at the sound of his voice? The hearth is indeed dark that he has made desolate! There, through the dull midnight hour, her

griefs are whispered to herself, her bruised heart bleeds in secret. There, while the cruel author of her distress is drowned in revelry, she holds her solitary vigil, waiting, yet dreading, his return, that is only to wring from her, by unkindness, tears even more scalding than those she sheds over his transgression. To fling a deeper gloom across the present, memory turns back, and broods upon the past. The joys of other days come over her as if only to mock her grieved and weary spirit. She recalls the ardent lover, whose graces won her from the home of her infancy; the enraptured father, who bent with such delight over his new-born children; and she asks if this can be the same—this sunken being, who has nothing for her but the sot's disgusting brutality; nothing for those abashed and trembling children but the sot's disgusting example!

Can we wonder that, amid these agonizing moments, the tender cords of violated affection should sunder? that the scorned and deserted wife should confess—"there is no killing like that which kills the heart!"—that though it would have been hard to kiss, for the last time, the cold lips of a dead husband, and lay his body for ever in the dust, it is harder still to behold him so debasing life that even death would be greeted in mercy? Had he died in the light of his goodness, bequeathing to his family the inheritance of an untarnished name, and the example of virtues that should blossom for his sons and daughters from the tomb; though she would have wept bitterly indeed, the tears of grief would not have been also the tears of shame. She beholds him fallen from the station he once adorned—degraded from eminence to ignominy—at home, turning his dwelling to darkness, and its holy endearments to mockery; abroad, thrust from the companionship of the worthy—a self-branded outlaw!

"Wine and new wine take away the heart." God not only visits drunkenness with evils pertaining to the present life, but He has closed against it all the avenues to the kingdom of glory. Almighty power itself can never save a drunkard, so long as he remains a drunkard.

CRUIKSHANK AT KENSINGTON.

THE other day a London actor paid a visit to the South Kensington Museum. While there he was so struck with George Cruikshank's great picture, the "Worship of Bacchus," that he called on the artist, and signed the total abstinence pledge for three years. This picture also especially attracted the notice of the King of the Belgians during his recent visit to this country; he sat down

before it, and had it minutely described to him, and it appeared to make a very great impression on his mind. In such facts, of course, the veteran artist and his teetotal admirers greatly rejoice.

THE DOCTORS AND THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

THE *Medical Press and Circular* of the 12th inst. gives the following apologetic confession:—

"We are not at all sure whether it would not be much better for the medical faculty to set their face entirely against the daily use of even beer and wine, since, although such liquors are invaluable as therapeutic remedies at particular times, their extensive use by healthy persons seems, on the whole, opposed to the views of almost all writers on hygiene. But, then, we doctors are but men; and when we ourselves are fond of beer, wine, and the seducing weed, tobacco, we don't like to say too much against them to others. Besides which, like all other points in hygiene, the action of small quantities of alcohol is not easily made out in many cases."

We are prepared to go much farther than the *Medical Press and Circular*. We are quite sure that the medical faculty and all other classes ought to set their face against beer and wine and all other drunkenness-producing drinks. And although the exact mode of action of small quantities of alcohol is not easily made out any more than the action of small quantities of the subtle poisons which cause fever or cholera, it is, at any rate, as clear as anything depending upon human observation and experience can be, that men do not require to take any of these poisons, and that they are not in any sense necessities of life.

If the present race of drunkards were but left to themselves, and not recruited from among respectable moderate drinkers, they would soon die out, and a sober population would be left behind. According to Mr. Neison a thousand drunkards die to every two hundred and fifty sober people, and between twenty and thirty thousand drunkards die annually, besides large numbers of others who die from accidents caused by drink. And we must work to save the drunkard, and to prevent others from becoming such.

"We have come to the conclusion," says the writer, "by our own clinical experience, that persons who do not take any form of alcohol are much less likely to be sickly than even moderate drinkers of beer and gin. Everyone knows that the life of a teetotaler is much better than that of a moderate drinker, and we also hear from persons who have been

in the Polar regions and in India, that water-drinkers are better able to resist the extremes of cold and heat than those who drink beer, and we also hear that they are far braver soldiers.

A SURE AND CERTAIN CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS IN THE WORKHOUSE.

In a letter to the *Nottingham Express*, Mr. John Higginbottom, F.R.S., says:—"The only way to prevent drunkenness in the workhouse is to prevent strong drink from entering it at all. This would be a certain remedy. I have advocated entire abstinence from alcohol either as medicine or food for forty years with entire success. I now again challenge the medical profession, the guardians, and the public to disprove my assertion."

JUST WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

At the annual treat given to the scholars at the Ragged-school, Charles-street, Drury-lane, a few days since, a worthy alderman, who takes much interest in the school, asked, "Who is that young person?" pointing to a girl apparently too well dressed to be a ragged-school scholar. "Not knowing her myself," says our correspondent, "I enquired of a lady teacher, who answered, 'That is Peggy T.; she and her sisters used to come to school almost naked, or at the best without shoes or stockings, and only a few rags on them, but about three months ago their father signed the temperance pledge, and they are now about the best-dressed and best-behaved girls in the school.'"

HOW A BOY LOST HIS MOTHER AND FATHER.

In a pretty little penny book for children, "Our Bessie," published at the Refuge, 19, Broad-street, W.C., we find the following terrible story:—

One Sunday evening, not many years ago, I was teaching a class of boys at the Refuge in Great Queen-street, Holborn, when I noticed a little fellow in my class I had not seen before. I said to him, "When did you come in, my boy?"

"This week, teacher."

"Are you an orphan?"

"Yes," he replied; and looked down rather confused.

"Poor boy! How long is it since you lost your parents?"

"Not many months," he said; then looking up in my face, with a deep flush he dropped these awful words:—"My mother was murdered by my father, and he was hung in Newgate for it."

"Oh, how terrible!" I cried, laying hold tightly of the little fellow's arm. "May the merciful Lord have pity on thee! But tell me, child, what made your father do such a cruel thing?"

"It was drink, teacher, that did it," said the boy, sobbing. "My father was very kind to me, when sober, and so was mother; but he used to get very tipsy, then he used to quarrel, and beat my mother. One night he came home in a very bad state, and mother and he had words; then he flew in a dreadful rage with her, took up the big poker and killed her right off, for he was very strong. He was taken up, and put into prison. The last time I saw my poor father alive, was in Newgate Gaol, when the priest (for he was a Roman Catholic) took me to say good-bye to him, in the murderer's cell, the day before his execution."

DRUGS, DRINK, AND DRESS.

In a large English town an old carpenter stood
With a staff by the side of his door,
And I asked him the reason to tell if he could
Why his neighbours were sickly and poor.
Said the hearty old man, "Three insidious devils
Our people beguile and oppress;
In this town you will find no more terrible evils
Than the passion for Drugs, Drink, and Dress.

"Pots and pipes lure the men; and the poor silly lasses
Spend half what they earn on their backs;
They raise their low spirits with spirituous glasses,
And when ailing are duped by the quacks.
And from all this intemperance, and folly, and waste,
There must needs come disease and distress.
Who can tell all the ills that may justly be traced
To the hankering for Drugs, Drink, and Dress?"

"These people are fond of confusion and riot,
And of every sensational scene;
But as to home duties, and comfort, and quiet,
They hardly know what the words mean.
They well tread the way to the pawnbroker's shop,
And are greatly in debt you may guess;
On the wide road to ruin their march will ne'er stop
While they're tempted by Drugs, Drink, and Dress.

"In my dear native village, far over the Trent,
Thrift, temperance, and neatness appear;
Folks all pay their way, and look well and content,
And there's none of the misery that's here;
They are free from most griefs that afflict my poor neighbours,
And better off though their earnings are less,—
For they reap to the full the just fruit of their labours,
And waste nothing on Drugs, Drink, and Dress."

Chalford, Nov. 16.

JOHN VICKERS.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Temporary Premises—THE TEMPERANCE HALL.

Public Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Tuesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named: March 6th, Rev. J. Haley, Stainland. 13th, Rev. G. Mc Callum, Dewsbury. 20th, Rev. J. Henderson, Honley. 27th, and April 3rd, Rev. G. Twentyman, M.A., B.D., London.

JUST ARRIVED, AT DAVIES'S CHEAP HAT & CAP SHOP,

(Next to Mr. Austin, Locksmith, &c.,)

SWINE MARKET, HALIFAX,

The new Alpine, Tyrolese, and Oxonian Felt Hats; price, first-class quality, 4/6. Also the new Edgar Hat, price 3/-. Fashionable French Beaver Hats, price 4/6, 5/6, & 6/6.

HALIFAX CLOTHING HOUSE,

70, Top of Woolshops.

Clothing for all Classes—Good,
Cheap, and Stylish.

J. WRIGHT AND SON,
Proprietors.

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES
of superior make at moderate prices.

BEST GOLD JEWELLERY,
new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.

SOLID SILVER & ELECTRO PLATE,
both useful and ornamental, in best quality.

E. S. PEGLER,
Watchmaker, Jeweller, & Silversmith,
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In all its branches, to any pattern, on the shortest notice and at reasonable prices, by

E. MORTIMER,
22, Crown Street,
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NEURALGIA & TIC-DOULOUREUX!

This painful affection immediately
relieved and in most cases permanently
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"FARR'S NERVINE."

Sold in Bottles at 7½d. and 13½d., by

JAMES FARR,
DISPENSING & FAMILY DRUGGIST,
CROWN STREET, HALIFAX.

A Large and Choice Stock of
DINING and
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AT

C. HORNER'S,
11, NORTHGATE.

J. H. HELLIWELL,
Iron & Tin Plate Worker,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Tin goods
of every description, Iron Pans and Kettles,
Copper Kettles, Frying Pans, Shovels, Bel-
lows, Galvanized Pails, Brushes, &c.

Jobbing work promptly attended to.

30, St. JAMES'S ROAD,
HALIFAX.

STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 7.

APRIL, 1870.

An Entertainment will be given on Wednesday, April 6th, in the Temperance Hall, by the Stannary Band of Hope Singing Class—Conductor, Mr. James Allen. Admission 3d. and 2d.; proceeds to go to the funds of the Singing Class. Subscriptions for 1870 are now due, and can be paid to the Collectors, Mr. S. Green, and Mrs. Townend, or to any of the District Visitors.

HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS.

‘I MUST and I will have it!’ said John Perkins, a bloated, sottish-looking tailor, to his pale, emaciated wife. He had been drinking hard the night previously, and this morning awoke with the burning thirst none but drunkards know. He had asked his wife for money for more drink. She begged of him not to take the few pence she had left. His brutal reply was—‘Shut up. I must and will have it!’

‘But, John, what are the poor children to do for bread if you take it?’ said his wife, with tears in her eyes.

Unmoved by her pleadings, careless about his starving children, he insisted on her giving him a few pence. She took from her pocket a small, well-worn purse, which only contained a sixpence and fourpence in coppers. Before she could open it he snatched it from her, took out the sixpence, counted the pence, put them back into the purse, threw the purse on to the table, and put on his battered hat. His miserable wife clutched him by the arm, and, looking wistfully up into his face, said—‘John, John, you surely never will do it! Where am I to get bread for the children, if you take it?’ He shook her off with an oath; she sank down in an old, shattered chair, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed bitterly. With a scowl upon his face, John Perkins opened the door and went out in the direction of the Robin Hood, his favourite drinking haunt. As he walked on there was a terrible struggle going on in his mind. His wife’s appeal had touched his hard heart. He felt the sixpence he had put into his waistcoat pocket, and hesitated. When he thought of his wife’s beseeching look, and his little ones

crying for bread, a feeling akin to shame crept over him, and he stood still. Then his parched mouth, and the terrible craving for drink came back again, and he moved on slowly towards the Robin Hood. He reached the public-house, and stood for a few moments outside, irresolute. Then, muttering ‘No, I can’t be such a brute, either; I will try to give it up again,’ he walked sharply away in another direction. In a few moments he came to the shop of a respectable tradesman, and walked straight in. The tradesman was standing at his counter. John Perkins walked up to him and said—‘Mr. Sewell, I want to sign the pledge.’

‘Very good, John; but will you keep it?’

‘I think I shall this time,’ John replied; ‘I’ll try.’

The pledge was signed, and John went out into the street again. He stood outside of the shop in deep thought for some ten minutes, then walked on until he came to a large clothier’s shop. He went in, made his way to the foreman, and said—‘Can you give me a job, Mr. Wilkins?’ Only four years before, Perkins was foreman at that very shop, with a salary of three pounds a week.

‘No; I’ve told you so a dozen times within the last three months.’

‘You may depend upon me this time, Mr. Wilkins,’ said John, humbly. ‘I’ve signed the pledge, and mean to keep it.’

‘Oh! that’s the old tale; I’ve heard that before. We can’t trust you, my man.’

‘But I’m downright in earnest this time.’

‘So am I. You don’t deceive me again.’

Just then the master came up and said—‘Look here, you drunken vagabond, if you are not outside in two minutes, I’ll kick you out.’

John walked out at once without a reply, and turned up the street again. At the corner of the street was a dram-shop. He paused at the door. The temptation to enter was almost too strong to resist, but John passed on, and presently came to another shop where he had lately worked. He went in, and asked the proprietor—'Can you give me a job, Mr. Dixon?'

'No,' was the curt reply.

'I've turned over a new leaf, sir.'

'Yes, you look as if you had,' said the tailor, with a sneer.

'I really have, Mr. Dixon. I've signed the pledge, and mean to keep it.'

'You'll break it before three days are over.'

'Do try me once more, sir. I mean to keep it this time.'

'No, I can't depend on you. Keep sober for three weeks, and then I may find you work.'

John turned away sick at heart. There was not a better workman in the town; but though every master tailor knew that, they knew, too, that he was one of the biggest sots; and as he had already signed the pledge several times and broken it immediately afterwards, they had no confidence in his promises to reform.

When he got into the street again, John said to himself—'I will try once more, and if I fail, then God help me, for there will be no hope of my getting in anywhere else.' He soon came to another smaller shop, the proprietor of which was an elderly, benevolent-looking man. John went in with a hesitating step and beating heart, and repeated the question—'Can you give me a job, Mr. Marsh?'

'I wonder you are not ashamed to come here, John Perkins,' said Mr. Marsh sternly.

'I am, sir. I am, indeed; but if you won't give me work I must go to the dogs altogether. I've made up my mind to reform, sir; I have indeed, sir.'

'No, John, I cannot give you another chance to rob me.'

'You may rely on me now, sir. I should not have robbed you if I had not been the worse for liquor. That will never happen again, sir, for I have signed the pledge.'

'No, John, I cannot employ you, for I do not believe you will keep it,' said Mr. Marsh.

'What can I do?' almost shrieked John.

'I have wronged you, Mr. Marsh, and I deserve that you should think badly of me; but in mercy, for my poor children's sake, do try me once more. Oh, do, sir! for if you refuse, I am lost for ever, body and soul.'

John stood before the counter, his hands clasped together, and tears streaming down his cheeks. Mr. Marsh was much affected; and, after a little silence, said—'If I thought

you would keep the pledge I would try you once more, John; but I hardly dare.'

'Oh, do, sir, only this once. I have signed it before, but I never was so in earnest as I am now. Do, Mr. Marsh, try me this once.'

'Well, John, I will, but only this once; if you deceive me again, I have done with you for good.'

'God bless you for that,' ejaculated John, as he seized the tailor's hand; 'you will never regret doing it, sir.'

John went up into the work-room; Mr. Marsh followed him, and gave him a garment to work on. For two hours John worked steadily and quickly. Then a dizziness came over him. He had hardly tasted food for a week, and not having taken a dram for some twelve hours, a cold faintness came on him. He took a draught of water and felt better. In a few minutes the dizziness came over him again. His head drooped over his work, and he fell heavily forward. One of his shopmates shook him, but he did not stir. Mr. Marsh was called. He came in, and said, as he looked at him, 'Poor fellow, he has fainted; open his neck-cloth, and sprinkle his face with water.' This was done, and soon John gave a deep gasp and opened his eyes. He passed his hand across his forehead, and said faintly—'It was only a little dizziness, sir; I could not help it. I am all right now, sir;' and he took up the coat he was stitching, and, with trembling fingers began to sew.

'I think you are all wrong, John,' said Mr. Marsh.

'Oh no, sir, I can work; let me try, sir.'

'How long is it since you had a proper meal, John?'

John hung his head and did not reply.

'You had better go down into the kitchen, and they will give you something to eat.'

'No, sir, I don't want it, I can assure you.'

'But I know you do, John; if you don't eat you can't work.'

John was persuaded to go into the kitchen. As he sat down by the fire, Mr. Marsh said—'The way of transgressors is hard, John. It will cost you a terrible struggle to give up drink. If you want to succeed you must ask God to help you.'

'I will, sir, I will,' John sobbed.

Some coffee was prepared and set before him, with some bread and meat. While John ate, he did pray that God would help him to resist the temptation which had overcome him so many times before.

John worked hard that day, and at six o'clock went home. He almost dreaded meeting his wife. He went in, took his seat in silence, ate some of the bread which she set before him—butter was a luxury seldom seen in John's house now—and went up straight to bed.

His wife listened for more than an hour, expecting him every moment to come down stairs and go out to the public-house. John did not come. All was as still as the grave upstairs. She began to grow frightened, and crept softly up to the bedroom. John was in bed and sleeping softly as an infant. She stooped down over him and smelt his breath. Evidently he had not been drinking. She was amazed; went down stairs and sat thinking for a few moments, then with a deep sigh took up a child's jacket which she was making for a slop-shop. But for the few shillings she earned in this manner, she and her children must have starved long ago. The next morning John was up early, and, without speaking a word to his wife, went down stairs, lit the fire, bought two ounces of tea with the sixpence his wife had given him the day before, and busied himself by making the room tidy. When his wife came down she could hardly believe her senses. Breakfast was soon over, and John put on his hat without speaking, and started off to work. On the way he bought a small loaf with the remainder of the sixpence. This was to be his day's provision.

When the time came for leaving work, John went into the shop to Mr. Marsh and said—'Would you mind me working overtime, sir?'

'Well, I don't care about it, John; for we are not particularly busy just now.'

'I wish you would, sir, for—for I can hardly trust myself yet of an evening.'

'Oh, if that is your reason I have no objection.'

'Thank you, sir. I shall never forget your kindness. You have made a man of me again.'

As John was turning away, Mr. Marsh said—'You see if you are to work overtime there will be nobody here but you.'

John's countenance fell as he said—'I didn't think of that, sir.'

'Well,' his employer said, with a smile, 'I think I can trust you now. Here's the key. You must be here in the morning in time to let the others in.'

John took the keys and walked away without saying a word.

Nine—ten o'clock came, and Mrs. Perkins sat stitching at herslopwork, her eyes dimmed with tears, which would come in spite of her efforts to keep them back. She could not afford to weep, for tears hindered her work; and so much less work this week meant less bread for next week.

A few minutes after ten the door opened; she looked up, expecting to see her husband come staggering in. To her surprise he was sober, and quietly took his seat by the fireside. Presently she said timidly—'Shall I make you a cup of tea, John?'

'I wish you would, Mary,' he replied.

The tea was soon ready, and the scanty meal finished. John rose up, went to his wife, kissed her, saying, 'Poor Mary,' and went up to bed.

Saturday night came. John had been working early and late for four days. At six o'clock Mr. Marsh paid him his wages—twenty-five shillings and ninepence. John counted his money, and, taking five shillings from it, held it out to Mr. Marsh, saying—'Will you take this, sir, in part payment for what I stole?'

'Not now, John, not now; we will wait a little longer until you can better afford it. I am pleased that you offered it, though. Persevere, John, and so long as I have work you shall have a seat on my board.'

John walked home with a lighter heart than he had known for many a day. He found his wife sewing; she had not yet finished her week's work. He threw the whole of his wages in her lap. Astonished, she looked up and said—'What does this mean, John?'

'It means, my poor wife, that I have come to my senses. I have signed the pledge and have been working for four days. There are my wages.'

She sprang up with a cry, threw her arms round his neck, and husband and wife sobbed together for some minutes.

John did keep his pledge; and, a few years later, succeeded Mr. Marsh in business. The business he still carries on.—*Teetotal Star*.

THE TEETOTALER AND THE BREWER.

WE have heard a circumstance which is creditable to the proprietors of one of our breweries. It is the custom to allow the men employed a couple of pints of porter a day. About the close of the year the men, while enjoying the last pint, were talking about it. "Well," said one of them, "I have never taken it, and I'm as well as any of you." He was overheard by one of the clerks, who asked him if it was possible that he had never taken what he was entitled to. He replied that it was—that he hadn't cared for it, and for three years he hadn't touched it. Inquiry was made; the fact was found to be so, and the proprietors on learning it, directed the value of the porter to be given him. He was presented with £11 15s. 3½d., and he carried it home a happier man than if he had been drinking it daily during the time that he abstained. The Messrs. Murphy are the gentlemen who acted thus justly, and, as the circumstance is honourable to them, we give it as we heard it.—*Cork Constitution*.

A SAILORS' AND SOLDIERS' TEA-MEETING AT GIBRALTAR.

MOST of us have heard from the lips of some venerable martinet, whether military or naval, an energetic declaration that "The service, sir, is going to the dogs!" We gladly notice the little signs that, from time to time, seem to point a totally different moral. One of these—a mere trifle, but very pleasant in its way—comes from Gibraltar. So long ago as the visit of the combined Channel and Mediterranean Fleet, the soldiers of the garrison gave the sailors of the squadron, or such at any rate as chose to accept it—what? A glass of grog? a twist of tobacco? Not a bit of it: they offered a cup of tea. A long while afterwards, when some of the Channel Fleet again called at the Rock, the sailors expressed a desire to return the compliment. First, however, the courteous soldiers took them round the place, and showed them all the wonders of the galleries and of St. Michael's Cave. Almost two hundred bluejackets came ashore at the New Mole for this little trip, and a hundred and fifty of the troops met them, with four pipers of the 74th Highlanders at their head. After "Gib" had been duly explored, the "United Services" adjourned to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, where the sailors had provided "a most liberal tea" for four or five hundred people. Short and friendly speeches were delivered by some of the chaplains; hymns were sung; but other songs were not wanting, and many of the soldiers and sailors themselves volunteered recitations. At half-past ten the pleasant party broke up. Of course, this mild symposium took place some while before Christmas had come to make a more substantial sort of festivity desirable; but it is well worth noting, as a sign of the times, that hundreds of sailors and soldiers can now join in a long day's pleasure, from which the element of drunkenness is absolutely excluded. We fear this could not have been done fifty years ago; and, if anybody is afraid that "psalm-singing" will hurt the mettle of our men, we need only recall the fact that neither the Ironsides of Cromwell nor the mariners of Blake fought one jot the worse for being earnest in their belief.—*Daily Telegraph*.

WHICH PAYS THE MOST WAGES?

At a recent meeting, T. B. Smithies, Esq., said that the temperance question was one of especial importance to working men. Addressing himself to this class, of which this meeting was mainly composed, Mr. Smithies called attention to the wages received by the working classes, and alluded to a Scotch town, in a street of which there was on the

one side a large distillery and on the other a large engine-factory. Some years ago, within a few pounds, "the year's takings" in each place reached the sum of £500,000. The distillery produced that which did not tend to the material wealth of the country, but exactly the reverse. The engine-factory turned out engines, implements of husbandry, &c., by which the country is benefitted. In the distillery eighty men were employed; in the factory twelve hundred men and boys. His hearers might imagine how much in wages the eighty men received, but those employed in the factory received weekly £2,500. That money was returned to the various tradesmen; and was it not clear to working men that if they supported the drink system which paid so little to labour, and absorbed so much of the hard-earned wages of their order, they were acting contrary to their best interests, both as individuals and as a class? Mr. Smithies then related several interesting narratives of men who by becoming abstainers had improved their homes, themselves, and their families, and had embraced the Gospel. In one case, a brickmaker, formerly a great drunkard, had, from the savings of ten years' abstinence, contrived to purchase land and build a house for himself.

TEETOTALISM AT SEA.

IN the course of a conversation with an old coastguard recently, the writer was informed that he had a son who on making an engagement with a captain of a certain ship for a voyage to India and other parts of the world, decided on not touching a drop of intoxicating liquor till he returned. His messmates gave him rather an uneasy time of it at first, because he refused to take his allowance of "grog," and upbraided him with being stingy, especially when he refused to join them in their sprees. But he told them they did as they pleased, and he had a right to do so too. At the close of the term (nearly four years), the ship's crew were paid off at Portsmouth. On observing the large amount which the teetotal sailor—a native of Poole—had to receive, the captain congratulated him on his good pay-day, and on inquiring if he should remit his "grog"-money to Poole with his pay, Jack said: "No, sir, I give that to the widow and orphan fund." "Bravo!" said the captain, and those of the crew who were present then plainly saw that their teetotal mate had not gone without his grog and avoided drunken sprees from stinginess. "By that experience of abstinence from alcoholic liquors," said the old man, "my son became quite satisfied that he did not require their use in any climate, or under any circumstances, and as

a wise man he continues to abstain, and is rising in his position much better than he could have done by even a moderate use of the drink." It might be well to observe, for the information of those of our readers who may not be acquainted with the fact, that the Government authorities allow the contract price of a sailor's grog to all who do not use it.

THE DRUNKARD'S OR THE PUBLICAN'S JOINT?

IN one of the small towns in the West Riding, Yorkshire, lived John Brown, a stone-mason by trade. He had become a great slave to strong drink, and was one of those who are usually called jolly good fellows. He was always ready for a game at cards or dominoes; could sing a good song, crack a good joke; in fact, he was the life of the company at the "White Swan" public house, where John was to be seen every night. His wages were twenty-six shillings per week; but his wife thought it a very good week if she received one-half, and even for that she was obliged to go to the "Swan;" for, if left to himself, he would sit there and spend his last shilling. One Saturday, when she met him there, she saw him pay fifteen shillings for his "beer score," (as the landlord trusted him from week to week,) and then he turned round and handed her the remaining eleven shillings.

"Is this all you have for me?" she said.

"Is it not enough for you? You can give it back to me; I can find a use for it."

"John," she said, "You know there is nothing to eat in the house, and you have eaten nothing since yesterday morning. Oh! do come home with me now, and have some dinner."

John thought a moment; his better nature told him that his wife was right, and he at once accompanied her up the street, and on passing a butcher's shop, said "Go in there and get me something tasty for dinner, for you know I have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning."

"John," she said, "how much beef can I buy with that?"—holding out the eleven shillings in her hand.

"I don't want you to buy a great joint of meat," he returned; "there is some nice bullock's liver, get a penn'orth of that."

The poor woman was ashamed to go into the shop and call for a pennyworth of liver on a Saturday, when other tradesmen's wives, whose husbands' wages were no more than John's, could buy a nice piece of beef for Sunday's dinner; so reaching him a penny, she said, "You can get it, while I go in here for some groceries."

So John went into the butcher's shop—for the drunkard is never ashamed to go any message, let it be ever so mean—"Butcher," said John, "let's have a penn'orth of that liver."

The butcher gave his knife a rub on the steel, but just as he was about to cut it, the servant from the "White Swan" came in, and said "Please sir, I'm in a hurry: I want a nice joint of meat to roast, and let it be a good one, for we are going to have company to-morrow."

Whereupon the butcher, choosing out a nice joint, weighed it, wrote out the bill, and placing it in her basket, said, "Now Miss, I think that will please." He then turned round to John and said, "Didn't you ask for a penn'orth of liver?"

"Yes," he said, "and why didn't you serve me first? wasn't I the first customer came into the shop?"

"Why, man, you must be a fool! worse than a fool—you must be a madman! Do you think I would neglect one of my best customers to serve you with a penn'orth of liver?" said the butcher; "There you are."

John turned round and said, "Butcher, you are right; I am a fool; I am worse than a fool; I am a madman. The landlord is your best customer, and I am the landlord's best customer. He can buy a joint of meat, while I can only buy a penn'orth of liver."

But from that day, John was never seen at the "White Swan." His old chums and neighbours soon began to see the change; but oh! there was one who had seen it from the first day, who had suffered long and wept in silence; and she, with a wife's instinct, looked forward to the good time coming. She sat with gladness all that Sunday, in the company of the man she loved, and who was the father of her children, for she could see there was a great change. He stopped at home all day, and went to work on Monday morning, as was his usual habit—for let it be known that John never lost a *quarter* of a day from drink in his life—returned straight home for the first night in nine years, without calling at the "Swan," and continued to do so all the week; and on Saturday, bringing home his full week's wages to his wife, he said, "Mary, our joint to-day will not be a penn'orth of liver." So both went to the same butcher's where John had bought his "liver," and he said, "Butcher, I want a joint of meat, and let it be a good one, for I am going to have company to-morrow."

Just as the butcher was about to weigh John's meat, in came the servant from the "Swan," and said, "Butcher, I have not got a minute to spare, I want a joint about the same as we had last Saturday."

"Just in a moment, Miss, when I have

served this gentleman," said the butcher. Home went John and his wife.

Weeks rolled on, and Brown's children could be seen going to school clean and tidy, and with happy faces. Father, mother, and children soon got Sunday clothes; and as sober men are thinking men, Brown began to think that God's house was the place in which to spend the Sabbath. So if ever you go down to the West Riding of Yorkshire, the little town of B—, in the parish church, on the corner of the third seat from the Communion Table, is written the name of "John Brown." The seat behind is occupied by the landlord of the "Swan," for he and his family attend the same church.

One Sunday in the year 18—, as the congregation were coming out, the two men met, and the landlord said, "Oh, Mr. Brown, I am so glad to see you, and you look so well, and here is Mrs. Brown (shaking both by the hand); but how is it," he said, "you never come to see us now?"

"I have changed your house for the house of God," said Brown.

"Well, I'm very glad to see you here," said the landlord. "Do you and Mrs. Brown come down this afternoon during 'shut-up-hours,' and have a cup of tea with us, for I am sure that Mrs. T— will make you comfortable—won't you, dear?" he said, turning to his wife.

"That I will," she replied.

But John turned round and said, "Mary, my dear, will you make me comfortable this afternoon?"

"That I will, John," said Mary.

John turned to the landlord and said, "I have learned to drink tea at my own home."

Dear reader, if ever a landlord invites you to tea or any other beverage, depend upon it it is only a trap to catch you.

John still lives, and has proved himself a blessing to many of his townsmen, for he has become a strong advocate in God's hands, of the principle of true sobriety.

JOHN THOMPSON.

A "PUBLIC-HOUSE WITHOUT THE DRINK."

*Extract from the Leeds Mercury of
February 14th, 1870.*

It is now about two years and a half ago since Mrs. Hind Smith commenced her experiment of opening a house in the midst of the dense working-class population at the west end of Leeds, where men might see the newspapers and have a free and easy conversation about local and national affairs, without being under the necessity of purchasing

intoxicating liquors. That experiment proved to be so successful, and so much good was accomplished, that two institutions of a similar character have since been established in other parts of the town, where the results have been equally gratifying. A friend of the movement, aware of the success that has attended these "public-houses without the drink," has enabled the lady to whose self-denying labours they owe so much to open two more "British Workman"—for that is the name by which they are all known. The new "public-houses" are in the immediate vicinity of several extensive works, to whose numerous artisans they will, doubtless, prove an invaluable boon. On the ground floor are two comfortable reading rooms, supplied with the daily and other journals, while on the first floor, there is a third cheerful room where social and other meetings can be held. Here as at the other institutions of a similar character, the promoters also endeavour to provide for a want often expressed by the Leeds and District Trades Council and others. They say that "committees of sick clubs and trade societies will be welcome to meet here free of charge, instead of meeting, as they frequently do, at public-houses with the drink, where they are expected to 'spend money for the good of the house.'" The recreation of those who may identify themselves with the institution will be provided for in various ways, not the least pleasurable of which will be country excursions during the summer months, and an educational character will be given to the British Workman by evening classes being held during the winter, for men who wish to improve themselves. The managers of the new institution, which has been formed out of two dwelling-houses, and is in the neighbourhood of about a dozen licensed houses and beershops, were themselves formerly connected with the drink traffic, in the capacity of "landlord" and "landlady," and there saw the error of their ways.

THE *London City Mission Magazine* says:—"Nothing seems to me more required for working men than public-houses without fermented liquors, places where they may freely assemble, call for unfermented refreshments, read over the papers, discuss the news, talk over their trade questions, hear of a job, or spend an idle hour without the necessity of imbibing strong drink; and until these are provided, we must expect much of our Christian effort to be neutralized by the dramshop, which is at present the working man's only place of rendezvous in his hours of business and moments of relaxation."

ARE BANDS OF HOPE USEFUL?

"I WAS addressing a public meeting a few weeks ago, and after I had finished, a respectable-looking man got up and said he was compelled to speak, for the Band of Hope had been his best friend. One Saturday night he was brought home quite drunk by two policemen; and was put to bed. The next morning feeling very unhappy he determined to commit suicide, but his girl, a member of the Band of Hope, asked him to sign the pledge. He did so, and since then he had been made happy in time, and was looking forward through grace to an inheritance beyond the skies."—*Walter Hobbs.*

PAYMENT OF WAGES IN PUBLIC-HOUSES.

In the Mines Regulation Bill, introduced by the Home Secretary, there is a provision that no wages shall be paid in public-houses.

ST. CATHARINE'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

In glancing over the report of the St. Catharine's Temperance Society, Newtown, Manchester, we are pleased to observe that at the third Annual Meeting just held, the Rector and President of the Society distributed prizes to those members of the Band of Hope who had sold the largest number of Temperance Visitors during the year; 6400 had been circulated, the recipient of the first prize having disposed of no less than 692 copies in eleven months. By this means the young are stimulated to work for the cause, the society is benefitted pecuniarily, and sound temperance knowledge is widely diffused.

THE GOOD CREATURE OF GOD.

It is a favourite argument of the moderation advocate, that as the Almighty has sent beer and wine, it is right to use them. "I deny," said the lecturer, "that He sent them: He sent the materials from which they are made; He sent the materials from which false gods are made, but I deny that He sent false gods."—*Speech of Jabez Inwards.*

TEMPERANCE AND MANUFACTURING PROFITS.

A MEETING of Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co., Limited, of Middlesborough, was held the other day, and it was stated that the directors had contributed money to the local temperance societies, believing that they were thereby consulting the interests of the shareholders, as they found that their teetotal workmen

were the best and most reliable they had in connection with the works. This was stated by John Cheetham, Esq., formerly M.P. for South Lancashire and Salford. The company is engaged in the production of iron and coal, and employs 6,500 men.

TEMPERANCE IN IRELAND.

AN address has been presented to Mr. Tener, a large land-owner in Ireland, thanking him for having abolished public-houses on his property. Drunkenness and crime have greatly diminished, and the local taxation is much reduced. In reply, Mr. Tener said: "Anxiously desiring to promote the interests of the people generally, and being aware of the ruinous effects of intemperance, I have given support to the temperance movement. I found public-houses on the estates, corrupting the social life of the people, and scattering misery and ruin where happiness and prosperity ought to have ruled. In a district covering sixty and a half square miles, comprising seven electoral divisions, no public-house has now existence, the result being an entire absence of crime and diminished taxes." Although no advocates of total abstinence, the above testimony is too valuable to pass without notice. It affords an admirable example of what personal influence may do.—*Lancet.*

YOUR MISSION.

Sung by Philip Philips before the late President Lincoln and the American Congress.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors
Anchor'd yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If among the older people
You may not be apt to teach!
"Feed my lambs," said Christ our Shepherd,
Place the food within their reach;
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels
When you reach the better land.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do and dare,
If you want a field of labour
You can find it anywhere.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
Temporary Premises—THE TEMPERANCE HALL.

Public Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Tuesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named: April 3rd, Rev. G. Twentyman, M.A., B.D., London. April 10th, Rev. A. Russell, M.A., Bradford. April 17th, Rev. W. H. Mc Mechan, Darwin. April 24th, Rev. W. B. Affleck, Huddersfield.

JUST ARRIVED, AT DAVIES'S CHEAP HAT & CAP SHOP,
(Next to Mr. Austin, Locksmith, &c.,)

SWINE MARKET, HALIFAX,

The new Alpine, Tyrolese, and Oxonian Felt Hats; price, first-class quality, 4/6. Also the new Edgar Hat, price 3/-. Fashionable French Beaver Hats, price 4/6, 5/6, & 6/6.

DRESSES! DRESSES! DRESSES!
CHOOSE FROM THE WINDOWS.

~~~~~  
**W. DAVY,**

*Wholesale and Retail Draper,*

COMPTON HOUSE, 14, NORTHGATE,  
And No. 1, CROSSLEY STREET,

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ALL THE NEW

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Clothing for all Classes—Good,
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This painful affection immediately
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GOLD & SILVER WATCHES
of superior make at moderate prices.

BEST GOLD JEWELLERY,
new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.
SOLID SILVER & ELECTRO PLATE,
both useful and ornamental, in best quality.

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**E. S. PEGLER,**  
Watchmaker, Jeweller, & Silversmith,  
19, OLD MARKET, HALIFAX.

**A Large and Choice Stock of**  
**DINING and**  
**DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS**

AT

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**11, NORTHGATE.**



# STANNARY

## BAND OF HOPE

# MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 8.

MAY, 1870.

*At the Monthly Meeting to be held on Wednesday, May 3rd, in the Temperance Hall, the Three Members of this Society who obtained Prizes at the recent Speech Contests will re-deliver their speeches. Mr. C. Wilson on "Why the Permissive Bill should become the law of the Land," and Messrs. J. A. Sutcliffe and W. H. Skelton on "Why I am a Teetotaler." Admission Free.*

### BREAKERS AHEAD;

OR, THE WRECK OF THE "BETSY JANE."

*By Absalom Peers.*

It is pleasant to get away from the every-day humdrum of life, and wander where broad wastes lie open to the sight; or, better far, to come where the ocean lies ever rolling and tossing—running out and running in—keeping correct time, as it has ever done since Time's first morning.

In one of my excursions I passed many miles along a shore I had never before visited. Houses there were none; and, save the slow flight of the sea-gulls, no signs of life. Judge then of my pleasure when, in rounding a sandhill, I came suddenly upon a cottage. It had been built out of the remains of broken-up boats, which had either been worn out in service, or dashed to pieces when "the wild sea grew furious."

On the worn timbers the beautiful golden lichens had grown, and in the bright sunlight looked like ornaments of solid gold. Around the cottage was a small garden, bright with the hues of summer flowers, while here and there stood up large figures, "carved cunningly by man's hand," which had been figure-heads to noble vessels in years gone by. One figure, which seemed the newest among them, attracted my attention; it was the figure of a beautiful young girl, clothed in long flowing white robes, and underneath, on a pedestal upon which the figure stood, was inscribed in letters of gold, "THE BETSY JANE." The nasturtiums were twining round it, and sending out bright blossoms, which would soon hide the figure from sight.

While I stood looking at this oasis in the desert sands, an elderly man came out of the cottage and bade me "good day." "You're admiring my sculpture gallery, I see," he said: "they are pretty to look at, and yet there have been dreadful nights and stormy days to bring them here."

I admired the one I have been describing. "Oh," he said, "that is my last addition, and a sorrowful history is attached to it. The figure, you see, is a correct likeness of a young lady, daughter of the merchant who owned the vessel, and few finer were to be seen on the broad bosom of Old Ocean. She was a clipper in the China tea trade. On a bright morning she left the port of London with a full cargo and a picked crew. The pilot had command of her as she began her voyage, while the captain, who had just been married, and whose wife accompanied him, was busy below. Hour after hour flew on, and the vessel was making way. The breeze had freshened, and the long waves told that the river was left behind. The night set in, and with it the wind rose, but the vessel sped along like a thing of life.

"One seaman, more observant than the others, ventured to suggest that they were hugging the shore rather too much; but a sharp rebuke was all he got for his officiousness. In the middle of the night, the same man ventured to say that a light-house they were passing should have been further from them than it appeared to be.

"It was too late then; a low grating sound met their ears, and then the vessel drove upon a bank with force enough to throw everything into confusion. The shock threw the vessel half round, with her broadside exposed to the howling sea. "Breakers

ahead!" shouted a score voices, as the waves, like hungry lions, leaped aboard, and the long line of white breakers shewed their danger.

"It was a fearful night. Gun after gun came pealing across the sea, and in a short time planks began to come landward, telling the tale of a break-up. It was very dark; but sometimes a light could be seen, when the vessel rose to the top of a wave; and the foam, which was rolling in fiercely, looked like waves of rolling snow.

"I am a long way from any neighbours, as you see, yet I knew that the life-boat, which is kept a few miles along the coast, would soon be giving help. Eagerly I watched for the dawn of day; and when its first light came, I hurried along the shore, to see what help I could give to any who might have been cast ashore.

"I soon found the body of a seaman, whom I afterwards learned had tried to swim ashore with a rope; but it was all over with him, he had been dashed upon the rocks till many of his limbs were broken. Further along I found the figure-head you have been admiring, and in a little cove, sheltered by the hills, and where the waves run smoother from the shelter they get, I found two bodies, those of the captain and his wife, locked in each other's arms, both dead, and as placid in their looks as though they were only sleeping. They were past help. The world with its cares was ended, and their short honey-moon had closed in death.

"I watched till the broad day broke, and then but little of the vessel could be seen; the wind and wave had been busy during the darkness, and their work had been done most effectually. For days men were employed getting what they could from the wreck, but that was little.

"I had to appear before the coroner and give evidence as to what I had seen and heard, though that was not much. But while there, I listened with interest to the seamen who were examined. 'We started well,' one said, 'though some on us had been spreeing on and off for the last few days. We were well loaded, and had a few passengers on board. The night was bright and clear, though a fresh breeze was springing up, which increased as we got farther from port. We were going down the river all right, when the mate came up to us—"Lads," he said, "you knows as the captain has been spliced, and has got his pardner on board, and it is but right we should drink to their health, and a long and merry cruise to them both." None on us, as I knows on, were sorry to hear that same, because the drink we had taken on shore had begun to go dead-like within us, so Spanker said—his name was Jack Davis, but we always called him Spanker—

he said, "Mate, we're much obligated to you for that same, and we should be glad to drink to the health and wealth of the new craft which has just been launched on the sea of life." We all said, "Hear, hear!" because we agreed with every word that Spanker had said, though none of us could have worded it so prettily as he could. So the grog was brought up, can after can, none of yer 'alf-and-'alf, but real dog-nose; you'd only to smell the can, and it brought tears inter yer eyes. We were all as merry as inkleweavers, and had drank health to the captain and his bride several times over, and to the Queen twice, when Spanker proposed that the captain's lady should be asked to come aft, and hear what the men had to say to her, "Becos, mates," he said, "we've got to sail with her for a long time, and she ought to know what we thinks about her." One and all thought Spanker was right, and soon he and another went down and told the captain our desire.

"She was a nice woman, and when she came up the stairs facing us all, with the captain's arm steadying on her, we all thought her the tightest little frigate we had seen for some time.

"Men," she said, "I thank you for yer good wishes, and remember, we shall all be friends. You do yer duty as I know you all will, and then I am sure yer captain and my husband will treat yer like men and gentlemen." We did cheer, for she had a soft, sweet voice, and spoke almost as nicely as if she were singing. When she had done speaking, Spanker stood to the fore, and pulling his hair, said, "Madam—Madam," he said, "we are yer humble servants, and so long as yer stops among us, not one on us but will be proud to serve ye."

"The grog went round, and the pilot, who had the ship in charge, joined with us in drinking to the health of the captain's lady. The day faded away, and the night-clouds came up darker, and yet more dark. The gulls flew by on lazy wing, seeking their resting-places for the night. The stars came out in the dark curtain overhead, and the sough of the long rolling waves told of our getting seaward. Here and there in the distance could be seen the glow of the different beacons, which stand to guide the mariner off the rocks and shoals.

"We be rather close to "Normost Nose," beant we, sir?" said one of our men to the pilot, pointing with his finger over towards the shore.

"I dare say you are a very knowing fellow," was the reply given, and not with a good grace either. After that no one spoke, though more than one face was kept landward with anxious gaze.



"Just about midnight a voice sung out loud and clear, 'Breakers ahead!' In a minute all hands were on deck, eager to do what they could; but it was too late, and the great mass of water forced the ship along at a great rate, nearer and nearer every moment to the land. The captain rushed up, and his wife's pale face could be seen watching him as he flew from spot to spot.

"Every method was tried, but in vain, and in half-an-hour the ship began to break up. The boats were got over, but the heavy seas swamped one directly; the other was kept afloat by loading. The most valuable things were got into her, and then the captain said, 'You go too, Mary, I shall soon rejoin you.' He put his arms around her, and kissing her, was lifting her over the side; but she stopped him, and with a voice which rang out clear above the roaring sea and whistling wind, said, 'No, George, I will never leave you: where you are, there will I be. If you are saved, I hope to be saved with you; but if not—' She said no more; but the quiet smile and firm look told more than words, and the cheer which went up from the crew spoke out the deep heart-felt thoughts of the men.

"Just then the rain began in torrents, blinding us as we strove to work, while a sudden squall broke the main-mast short off, and there we lay in the darkness; the vessel broken-backed, with the sails cutting into ribbons, while the loose yards slewed round with the wind, and bruised man after man, knocking many into the sea never to rise again.

"The grog was forgotten now, and each man worked for dear life; but the mischief was done. The grog had done its work, and the neglect of duty had brought on ruin and death. One after another was washed out of the ship, while some tried to swim ashore. We prayed for morning, for every few minutes large portions of wreck were swept away. When the morning dawned, boats came off to our assistance; but the waves had done their worst, and but few were left to greet the morning light. There were thirteen men saved: the pilot was washed ashore, but died directly after.

"When the storm abated, much of the cargo was found, and body after body was washed ashore for days."

I pondered as I took my way once more along the sand, how it could be that men should risk soul and body for a few hours' questionable enjoyment. Yet so it is—Thousands of human bones whiten the ocean caves, which would not have been there but for one great evil. Scores of ships have gone down or have been driven ashore, through the brain and hands being palsied, which should have

guided them to a haven of safety. And often in the darksome night, when discipline has been relaxed through the drunkenness of officers and men, when no eye could see but that of the Great and Good, vessels have gone down, and good and true men drowned. Vessels, which might have served for years to carry the commerce of the world, have gone down to ruin and death, like the "BETSY JANE."

### SAVED BY HIS BOY.

REGULARLY each Saturday night, during the past four months, there has been incarcerated in the Western Police Station a man charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. The man would labour faithfully every day; and on Saturday nights he would not only take what money he had earned, but also that of his son, three dollars, and squander it with a number of profligate companions at a low groggery. The son, who is not yet fourteen years of age, has for the past three weeks succeeded by Sunday morning in collecting money enough to pay the father's fine, thereby preventing him from being committed to jail. One week ago, last Saturday night, the father was brought into the Western Police Station, and on Sunday morning at half-past five o'clock, the son was at the station ready with his money to pay the fine of his besotted father. The little fellow, in parting with the money, remarked, while the tears streamed from his honest eyes, that "mother was sick, and there was no bread in the house, and that the grocery man would not trust mother any more." This short but all-powerful speech appeared to re-call the father to a sense of his degradation and the misery he was heaping upon his wife and children, and gazing at his child a moment, he caught the little fellow in his ragged arms, and with words choking with sobs, cried, "Never mind, Charley! I will never drink again, and mother will soon get well." The scene was just such a one as would move the strongest heart. The boy could scarcely realize that his father was speaking the truth, so strange did the sounds appear, and so singular the embrace felt. His face suddenly became illuminated with a ray of hope, and taking his father by the hand, said, "Come home and tell mother that you won't drink any more, and that you will be good to her like you used to be."

On last Saturday night the father and son entered the Station House, and although their garments were not of a fashionable cut and made of fine cloth, they plainly indicated that "mother" had recovered from her illness, and that her nimble fingers had been at



work in closing up rents, and patchwork. The father, as he entered the Station House, remarked to the officer in charge, "Well, I've come to make my usual Saturday night visit, but not in company with an officer, but with my boy. He has saved me from a drunkard's grave; for since I was last here, my boy has prevailed upon me to join a temperance organisation, and never again will I touch a drop of liquor." That boy is a treasure.—*Baltimore Daily American.*

### "WOE UNTO HIM WHO PUTS THE CUP TO HIS NEIGHBOUR'S LIPS."

A YOUNG man in the city of London was much addicted to strong drink. Under the preaching of the celebrated Spurgeon, he was led to become a temperance man and a Christian. He studied for the ministry, commenced preaching—he joined the order of the Sons of Temperance, and went into the front ranks as a reformer. He emigrated to America, landed in New York, and immediately went to work. He was employed by the City Mission Society, and did good service in the cause of Christ and humanity. For two years he fully sustained himself, and became popular as well as useful, until some months ago it was his misfortune to accept an invitation to dine with a prominent wine-drinking clergyman in the city. He was invited to drink; he objected; he was urged, and finally drank. He fell, his pledge was violated, and he became a drunkard, lost his position, his honour, his all—almost an outcast, without means to support himself and his young family. Two or three weeks since he was led by the grace of God to reflect on his situation, and again resolved to give it up; he renewed his pledge, and is now going into the country as a labourer on a farm, that he may be free from the contaminating influence of a wine minister's table. But no thanks to that man who forced him to almost ruin. We would kindly ask that rich minister of a rich church, whether in so doing he is "preaching the whole counsel of God." We would advise him to preach from the above text, and see if he can justify himself while discoursing on "righteousness and a judgment to come," to encourage wine-drinking.—*American Paper.*

### THE DRUNKARD RECLAIMED.

ONE morning, when passing down Pitt Street, Newcastle, I was accosted by a lady, who, having learned that I was a Temperance Missionary, requested me to visit a friend of hers, who, she said, was destroying himself, body and soul, with strong drink. By her

directions I soon found the house of Michael Bowman, a stonemason, in the same street. Upon entering the abode, I had abundant evidence that I was in the home of a drunkard, although he was not there. I told his wife who I was; and that, having heard of her husband's intemperance, I desired, in dependence on Divine aid, to do my best to reclaim him. She informed me that, for the last four years, her husband had been all that intemperance could make him—to himself, to his wife, and to his children; though he had previously been as kind a husband as ever lived. She said he had good wages, but at the end of the week he brought only a few shillings home, the rest being squandered at the public-house. So destitute were she and the children through his misconduct, that she had been compelled to seek relief from the poor-law guardians; and once she had sought redress at the hands of the magistrates. The squalid appearance of the poor children, and the wretched condition of the apartments, bore sad testimony to the truthfulness of the statement made by the drunkard's wife.

The same evening I returned to the house, and found Mr. Bowman at home from his work. He received me kindly, and we soon got into the subject. I found that he had been at one time a total abstainer, and a member of a Christian Church. He yielded to my expostulation and entreaty so far as to sign the pledge, which his wife also did; after which I prayed for the Divine blessing upon the efforts made, and the engagements entered into that night. That prayer, I trust, was heard and answered, for Mr. Bowman has stood quite firm to the pledge, "thanks be to God who giveth the victory."

At the end of the first week of abstinence from drink, he brought home all his wages but 1s. 1½d., with which he had purchased some butter and eggs; and when he laid these articles on the table, he wept like a child—but they were tears of joy—to think that he had now begun to act the part of a man, a husband, and a father. For months after he signed the pledge I visited him as often as I could, and kept him well supplied with temperance and other tracts, and got him to attend as many meetings as possible. At first, his old companions tried ridicule, but to show what he *was* he carried his card with him, and produced it whenever he was asked to drink, telling his seducers that that was his pledge which, by God's blessing, he was determined to keep. By his consistent conduct and zealous efforts, he has been the means of inducing a goodly number of his fellow-workmen to join the ranks of total abstinence.

He is now well fed and well clothed; the children clean and comfortable, and in regular



attendance at Day and Sabbath Schools; his wife is happy in the increased comfort of herself and family, and the restoration of her husband to his right mind. She says, that since they joined the temperance cause, their home is a heaven upon earth. A few months ago, one of the children died of fever, and at the funeral not a drop of strong drink was to be seen. In this was manifested the unwavering consistency of Mr. B.'s conduct with the profession he had made. He has given the permission to make public the above facts, in order that other slaves to intemperance may be led to follow his example, and become partakers of those blessings which he has been enabled to enjoy. Total Abstinence has done for him what it has done for hundreds before. It has led him from the beer-house to a place of worship. He is now a consistent member of a Christian Church, and is endeavouring to show to the world, by the steadfastness of his character, that he is the subject of a change, not superficial and temporary, but thorough and enduring—a change, not in external morals alone, but a change of heart, through the transforming influence of Divine power.—*From the Note Book of a Temperance Missionary.*

### THE CONGREGATIONAL MISCELLANY.

A NEW periodical with the above title circulates amongst the members of the Congregationalist Churches in England. In the April number, we find a whole column devoted to temperance. The following form portions of this excellent column:—

The following anecdote has been recently reproduced in the columns of a Glasgow newspaper.—When the Rev. Professor Finney, of America, was holding a series of revival meetings in Edinburgh a few years ago, many of all classes embraced the opportunity of hearing him. Numbers were awakened to concern about their state before God and their hopes for eternity, and had personal conversation with him. One evening a most respectably-dressed man waited for conversation. He was in deep distress of soul. Mr. Finney asked him if he was prepared to give himself to God and all that he had. He answered in the affirmative. Mr. Finney then said, "Let us go to our knees, and tell God this." They accordingly knelt together, and Mr. Finney prayed thus, "O Lord, this man declares that he is prepared to take Thee as his God, and to cast himself upon Thy care, now and for ever." The man responded, "Amen." Mr. Finney proceeded, saying, "O Lord, this man vows that he is ready to give his wife, family, and all their

interests up to Thee." The man again responded, "Amen." Once more Mr. Finney went on saying, "O Lord, he says that he is also willing to give Thee his business, whatever it may be, and conduct it for Thy glory." But there was no "Amen" to this. Mr. Finney was surprised at the man's silence, and said, "Why do you not say 'Amen' to this?" Mark the answer the man gave—"The Lord will not take it, sir; I am in the spirit-trade."

### A PLAIN CHRISTIAN MAN'S REASON FOR SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

DEAR SIR,—On receiving the name of a plain and honest man, who had just joined a christian church, he said, "I think I ought to be an abstainer because I drink only a little: my spirits run high at all times, but after I have taken half-a-pint of beer, or a glass of wine or spirits, it seems all to go to my head, and I am full of life; it does not make me drunk, but it makes me light and foolish, and after it is over I feel very unhappy, because I have said something which would have been better kept in, or have done something which would have been better left undone; to avoid this I will sign the pledge, and so abstain from the appearance of this evil."

T. C.

*East Grinstead.*

### WHAT IS BEER?

*What is this beer?* Beer stands as the name for all kinds of malt liquor, including ale, porter, and stout.

*How is it made?* In the first place, the malt is saturated in hot water for some time; this is called "mashing." Then, the water, now called "sweet wort," is drained off, the "grains" being all left behind. Then, after hop water is mixed with it, and the liquor being cooled, by the use of yeast it is *fermented* for some days, the sweet part being thus converted into carbonic acid gas and alcohol. It is then allowed to settle; the heavier particles of the barley sink, and become "barrel bottoms:" this is called the "fining" process, after which the beer is ready for use.

*What is malt?* Malt is vegetated barley. The barley-corns are thoroughly wet, and then laid in a thick bed on a floor till they get heated, and begin to sprout; and they are afterwards dried on a kiln. The malt is then in quality similar to unsound wheat that has sprouted in a wet harvest time.

*Is it the object of the brewer to make a feeding liquor?* No; the contrary; his object is to make an *intoxicating* liquor, and to be transparent, that is, as clear as possible of



feeding matter. You can get as much food in a pennyworth of bread as in a gallon of strong ale.

*How much barley is used in making a gallon of strong ale?* Six pounds.

*How then can there be but a pennyworth in a gallon?* I will tell you:—

|                                                                              |    |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|------|
| To brew a gallon of ale we take of barley                                    | 6  | lbs. |
| In making this into malt, we lose in "splits" or "malt cooms" ... ..         | 1½ |      |
| After mashing, we dispose of, in the shape of "grains" ... ..                | 2  |      |
| By fermenting the liquor, converting the sugar into alcohol, we lose ... ..  | 1  |      |
| And, lastly, in <i>fining</i> the ale, the "barrel bottoms" amount to ... .. | 0½ |      |
|                                                                              | 5½ |      |

Thus, when we come to examine the liquor, a gallon does not contain more than twelve, but often not more than nine ounces of solid matter—about a pennyworth.

*Then this beer is not altogether the juice of the malt?* No; it is rather the juice of the pump. A quart of ale weighs about 39 ounces—water 35 ounces, barley 2½ ounces, and alcohol 1½ ounce. A quart of ale is really a quart of water, coloured, flavoured, and fired.

*What is this alcohol?* It is the *spirit*; exactly the same as *whisky*. Whisky is distilled from malt liquor. It is to produce this spirit that the barley is *malted*, *mashed*, and *fermented*, and when this intoxicating ingredient is taken out, no person will drink it. It is by the process of fermentation in all cases that alcohol is produced.

*What about the hop?* The hop contains no food; it gives part colour, and the bitter flavour; it is a narcotic, but has no feeding properties, and formerly beer was brewed without it.

*Does beer quench thirst?* Decidedly not; the more you drink the thirstier you are.

*What drink then do you recommend?* For quenching the thirst there is nothing like water; but if you want to please the palate you can colour and flavour it by a burnt crust, or make it into lemonade, ginger beer, or similar compounds. Milk, tea, coffee, or cocoa may be taken; these are all pleasant, and do not excite and afterwards depress the system.

*Is not beer good to meals?* No; it induces you to take much more liquid than is useful; in proportion to its alcoholic strength it retards digestion; and it creates a liking for stimulants. It is believed that two-thirds of the drunkards, both men and women, *begin* with the glass of beer to dinner or supper.

*Then I suppose you advise all beer-drinkers*

*at once to abstain and substitute something else?* Exactly, and the sooner the better, both for themselves and others who may be influenced by their example.

*It would seem, then, no great hardship to "rob the poor man of his beer!"* It would be the greatest blessing that ever came to him. Fifty millions of money are annually spent in beer, and as much grain destroyed in making it as would be bread for six millions of people. Six weeks' labour out of 52, at least, is lost to the country; and poverty, misery, violence, vice, and crime are multiplied—all from beer drinking.—*J. Livesey, Preston.*

## THE TRAFFIC DECLINING.

Mr. John Hilton writes that at the quarterly tea meeting of the Ratcliffe Friends' Mission Temperance Society, held at the meeting-house on Monday evening, a gentleman, who said he attended to listen and not to speak, stated that his occupation was selling estates, leases, &c. Recently a brewer came to him offering the leases of eight public-houses on almost any terms, in prospect of a change of the law; but no, he could not touch them. He could not dispose of a public-house lease anywhere. The trade was going down. Another speaker mentioned a house in that immediate neighbourhood which a few years back sold for £3,000 and is now offered for £150, while several are now carried on by persons put in by the brewers; and another speaker, who was formerly turnkey at Norwich Castle, said that for two years he conversed with the inmates on the cause of their crimes, and three-fourths assured him it was drink.

## THE PIPE ABANDONED.

In the quiet little market town of C— N—, the head of a Wesleyan circuit, resided Mr. D—; his position as a tradesman respectable, his disposition friendly and social, and his home hospitable; hence he rarely had occasion to complain of a lack of pastoral visitation, or, more correctly, of calls from the preachers. The time for the removal of one of these from the circuit had arrived, and he was paying the last of many a comfortable and pleasant visit at the hospitable hearth of Mr. D. The circling fumes were towering from their favourite pipes, and the social chat went on. "Well, Brother D.," said the preacher, "I shall often think of you when I am far away." "And I shall often think of you, too," responded Mr. D., in all simplicity; "for, if I remember you for nothing else, I shall remember you as *having taught me to smoke!*"



The worthy preacher seemed paralyzed. After a brief pause he laid down the pipe, and said—"And is this what you will most remember me for, that I have taught you to smoke! Is this the fruit of my ministerial labours? Then I will never touch a pipe again." At the time Mr. D. narrated this little incident to the writer, he observed, he should never forget the looks and emotions of the preacher at the moment; and he believed that he still continued faithful to his resolve.—G. B.

### A WORD FROM AFRICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATAL MERCURY.

SIR,—I know a gentleman living not 500 miles from Durban who was very fond of grog, and he sold his wife's clothes, and his own also, and went about with a pair of trowsers not fit for a kafir to wear; and as a last resource he took the tea-kettle off the fire and sold it to a coolie for a shilling to get drink with.

Now Mr. Editor, I think we, as a colony, have done just as this simple person has; for, from the statement in the *Mercury* of January 13th, I see we have sent from this colony everything we could lay our hands on, either dead or alive. Have a little patience and I will name a few of the articles we have exported, and some of no inconsiderable value. I see everything but tea-kettles. I suppose next year we shall sell them. I see ploughs, horses, mules, sheep, and wild animals; aloes, arrowroot, bacon, pork, hams, coffee, bones, curiosities, wheat, ostrich feathers, mealies, tobacco, potatoes, butter, salt, and a host of other articles which your readers can see by looking over their paper of the above date, which amount to about £70,000 or £80,000 sterling. And what have we received in return for all these good things? I feel ashamed to tell, but I will. But I must beg you will not put this in your summary, for I know that goes all over the world, and I don't want everybody to know what fools we are.

Now for the black-list:—ale, beer, porter, rum, brandy, whisky, old Tom, Hollands, and Cape smoke,—as if Andrew did not make enough. I could go on for an hour with the list, but you would not be pleased. Some people call them medical comforts, and I have heard of people wicked enough to call them the good creatures of God.

It is rather strange that gin in the Persian language is Devil, and the Rev. R. Hall said it was "liquid fire, and distilled damnation." Call it by what name you please, I call it a luxury, on which we spend, I believe, nearly £100,000 per annum, and this is what keeps us so poor. Let us stop our grog for say three

years, and then if we don't find any improvement, let us tot up again.—Yours, &c.,

A BAND-OF-HOPE LAD.

January 14th, 1870.

### A RETROSPECT.

Ah me! upon my dizzy brain  
What thoughts come crowding fast!  
They fill my heart with bitter pain,  
Those memories of the past!  
What scenes and days of long ago,  
And faces old arise!  
Like sliding scenes they pass before  
My backward searching eyes.

Far, yes, far back through misty years,  
A little child I see,  
Who, wondering at her bitter tears,  
Sits on his mother's knee.  
"O mother, mother, do not cry,"  
The little prattler said;  
"Dear boy, may God protect you now!—  
My child, your father's dead!"

'Twas then that sorrow first I knew,  
My first deep sense of pain;  
But oh! the shame when I was told  
That he by drink was slain!  
Then slow but sure, and day by day,  
I watched my mother dying;  
She blessed her husband ere she died,  
And by his side is lying.

The years rolled on with silent speed,  
And sorrow I forgot;  
A beauteous maid was by my side,  
To cheer and share my lot.  
If ever angels visit earth,  
We mortals frail to guide,  
Then one came down at Janet's birth,—  
My own, my bonny bride.

And by-and-by, to crown our joy,  
A little stranger came;  
And oh! we doated on the boy  
Who wore our looks and name.  
As he grew up in years and strength,  
A willing, active lad,  
He never spoke an angry word,  
Or ought to make us sad.

But, God forgive me! father's fate,  
Nor mother's bitter tears,  
Nor Janet's earnest, wistful gaze,  
Which well betrayed her fears,  
Could keep me from that cursed drink,  
Or guide my steps towards home.  
Ah me! it maddens me to think  
How wild I had become!

Enough, enough,—I need no more,—  
My heart with sorrow rend;  
But let me hasten to the close,  
The sad, the bitter end:  
Our boy fell sick and died one night,—  
Yes, died! Oh pray for me;  
'Twas I that sent him to his home,—  
Mad from a drunken spree!

I pray to God now, day and night,  
For grace and strength to aid me,  
Who, by His darkness turned to light,  
A sober man has made me.  
Sometimes my heart is very sad,  
When memories old arise;  
But Janet says I should be glad,  
We'll meet beyond the skies.

Keswick.

H.

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The Sunday School commences at 9 in the Morning, and 2 in the Afternoon.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

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# STANNARY

## BAND OF HOPE

# MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 9.

JUNE, 1870.

*The Monthly Meeting of the Band of Hope will be held on Wednesday, June 1st. When Addresses will be given by Mr. J. M. Bowman, and Mr. J. W. Longbottom. Recitations by Members of the Society. The Band of Hope Singing Class will also be present. Admission Free.*

### THE UNMEANT REBUKE.

CHARLES NELSON had reached his thirty-fifth year, and at that age he found himself going down-hill. He had once been the happiest of mortals, and no blessing was wanted to complete the sum of his happiness. He had one of the best wives, and his children were intelligent and comely. He was a carpenter by trade, and no man could command better wages, or be more sure of work. If any man attempted to build a house, Charles Nelson must "boss" the job, and for miles around people sought him to work for them. But a change had come over his life. A demon had met him on his way, and he had turned back with the evil spirit. A new and experienced carpenter had been sent for by those who could no longer depend upon Nelson, and he had settled in the village, and now took Nelson's place.

On a back street, where the great trees threw their green branches over the way, stood a small cottage, which had been the pride of the inmates. Before it stretched a wide garden, but tall rank grass grew up among the choking flowers, and the paling of the fence was broken in many places. The house itself had once been white, but it was now dingy and dark. Bright green blinds had once adorned the windows, but now they had been taken off and sold. And the windows themselves bespoke poverty and neglect, for in many places the glass was gone, and shingles, rags, and old hats had taken its place. A single look at the house and its accompaniments told the story. It was the drunkard's home.

Within, sat a woman yet in her early years

of life and thought; she was still handsome to look upon, but the bloom was gone from her cheek, and the brightness had faded from her eyes. Poor Mary Nelson! Once she had been the happiest among the happy, now none could be more miserable! Near her sat two children, both girls, and both beautiful in form and feature; but their garbs were all patched and worn, and their feet were shoeless. The eldest was thirteen years of age, her sister a few years younger. The mother was hearing them recite a grammar lesson, for she had resolved that her children should never grow up in ignorance. They could not attend the common school, for thoughtless children sneered at them and made them the object of sport and ridicule; but in this respect they did not suffer, for their mother was well educated, and she devoted such time as she could spare to their instruction.

For more than two years, Mary Nelson had earned all the money that had been used in the house. People hired her to wash, iron, and sew for them, and besides the money paid, they gave her many articles of food and clothing. So she lived on, and the only joys that dwelt with her now, were teaching her children and praying to God.

Supper time came, and Charles Nelson came reeling home. He had worked the day before at helping to move a building, and thus had earned money to find himself in rum several days. As he stumbled into the house the children crouched to their mother, and even she shrank away, for sometimes her husband was ugly when thus intoxicated.

O, how that man had changed within two years! Once there was not a finer-looking man in the town. In frame he had been tall,

stout, compact and perfectly formed, while his face bore the very beau-ideal of manly beauty. But all this was changed now. His noble form was bent, his limbs shrunken and tremulous, and his face all bloated and disfigured. He was not the man who had once been the fond husband and doting father. The loving wife had prayed, and wept, and implored, but all to no purpose; the husband was bound to the drinking companions of the bar-room, and he would not break the bands.

That evening, Mary Nelson ate no supper, for of all the food in the house, there was not more than enough for her husband and children; but when her husband had gone, she went out and picked a few berries, and thus kept her vital energies alive. That night the poor woman prayed long and earnestly, and her little ones prayed with her.

On the following morning Charles Nelson sought the bar-room as soon as he arose, but he was sick and faint, and the liquor would not revive him, for it would not remain on his stomach. He drank very deeply the night before, and he felt miserable. At length, however, he managed to keep down a few glasses of hot sling, but the close atmosphere of the bar-room seemed to stifle him, and he went out.

The poor man had sense enough to know that if he could sleep he should feel better, and he had just feeling enough to wish to keep away from home; and so he wandered off towards a wood not far from the village, and sank down by a stone wall and was soon buried in a profound slumber. When he awoke, the sun was shining hot upon him, and raising himself to a sitting posture, he gazed about him. He was just on the point of rising, when his motion was arrested by the sound of voices near at hand. He looked through a chink in the wall, and just upon the other side he saw his two children picking berries, while a little further off were two more girls, the children of the carpenter who had lately moved into the village.

"Come Katy," said one of these latter girls to her companion, "let us go away from here, because if anybody should see us with those girls, they'd think we played with 'em. Come."

"But the berries are so thick here," remonstrated the other.

"Never mind—we'll come out sometime when these little ragged drunkard's girls are not here."

So the two favoured ones went away hand in hand, and Nelly and Nancy Nelson sat down upon the grass and cried.

"Don't cry, Nancy," said the eldest, throwing her arms around her sister's neck.

"But you are crying, Nelly."

"O, I can't help it," sobbed the stricken one.

"Why do they blame us?" murmured Nancy, gazing up into her sister's face. "O, we are not to blame. We are good, and kind, and loving, and we never hurt anybody. O, I wish somebody would love us, I should be so happy."

"And we are loved, Nancy. Only think of our mother. Who could love us as she does?"

"I know—I know, Nelly; but that ain't all. Why don't papa love us as he used to do? Don't you remember when he used to kiss us and made us so happy? O, how I wish he could be so good to us once more. He is not—"

"—sh, sissy! don't say any thing more. He may be good to us again; if he knew how we loved him, I know he would. And then I believe God is good, and surely he will help us sometimes, for mother prays to Him every day."

"Yes," answered Nancy, "I know she does; and God must be our Father sometime."

"He is our Father now, sissy."

"I know it, and He must be all we shall have, by-and-by, for don't you remember that mother told us that she might leave us some of these days? She said a cold dagger was upon her heart, and—and—"

"—sh, don't, don't, Nancy; you'll—"

The words were choked up with sobs and tears, and the sisters wept long together. At length they arose and went away, for they saw more children coming.

As soon as the little ones were out of sight, Charles Nelson started to his feet. His hands were clenched, and his eyes were fixed upon a vacant point with an eager gaze.

"My God!" he gasped. "What a villain I am! Look at me now! What a state I am in, and what have I sacrificed to bring myself to it? And they love me yet, and pray for me!"

He said no more, but for some moments he stood with his hands still clenched, and his eyes fixed. At length his gaze was turned upward, and his clasped hands were raised above his head. A moment he remained so, and then his hands dropped by his side, and he started homeward.

When he reached his home he found his wife and children in tears, but he affected not to notice it. He drew a shilling from his pocket—it was his last—and handing it to his wife, he asked her if she would send and get him some porridge. The wife was startled by the tone in which this was spoken, for it sounded as in days gone by.

The porridge was made nice and nourishing, and Charles ate it all. He went to bed early, and early on the following day he was up.



He asked his wife if she had milk and flour enough to make him another bowl of porridge.

"Yes, Charles," she said, "we have not touched it."

"Then if you are willing, I should like some more."

The wife moved quickly about the work, and ere long the food was prepared. The husband ate it, and he felt better. He washed and dressed, and would have shaved had his hand been steady enough. He left his home and went at once to a man who had just commenced to frame a house.

"Mr. Manly," he said, addressing the gentleman alluded to, "I have drank the last drop of alcoholic beverage that ever passes my lips. Ask me no more questions, but believe me now while you see me true. Will you give me work?"

"Charles Nelson, are you in earnest?" asked Manly, in surprise.

"Truly in earnest, sir."

Then here is my house lying about us in rough timber and boards. I place it all in your hands, and shall look to you to finish it. While I can trust you, you can trust me. Come into my office and you shall see the plan I have drawn."

We will not tell you how the stout man wept, nor how his noble friend shed tears to see him thus; but Charles Nelson took the plan, and having studied it for a while, he went out where the men were at work getting the timber together, and Mr. Manly introduced him as their master. That day he worked but little, for he was not strong yet, but he arranged the timber, and gave directions for framing. At night he asked his employer if he dared trust him with a dollar.

"Why you've earned three," returned Manly.

"And will you pay me three dollars a day?"

"If you are as faithful as you have been to-day, for you will save me money at that."

The poor man could not speak his thanks in words, but his looks spoke for him, and Manly understood them. He received his three dollars, and on his way home he stopped and bought first a basket, then three loaves of bread, a pound of butter, some tea, sugar, and a piece of beef-steak, and he had just one dollar and seventy-five cents left. With this load he went home. It was sometime before he could compose himself to enter the house, but at length he went in, and set the basket upon the table.

"Come, Mary," he said, "I have brought something home for supper. Here Nelly, you take the pail and run over to Mr. Brown's, and get two quarts of milk."

He handed the child a shilling as he spoke, and in a half bewildered state she took the money and hurried away."

The wife started when she raised the cover of the basket, but she dared not speak. She moved about like one in a dream, and ever and anon she would cast a furtive glance at her husband. He had not been drinking—she knew it—and yet he had money enough to buy rum with if he had wanted it. What could it mean? Had her prayers been answered? O, how fervently she prayed then.

Soon Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. Nelson set the table out. After supper Charles arose and said to his wife:—

"I must go up to Mr. Manly's office to help him to arrange some plans for his new house, but I will be at home early."

A pang shot through the wife's heart as she saw her husband turn away, but still she was far happier than she had been before for a long while. There was something in his manner that assured her, and gave her hope.

Just as the clock struck nine, the well-known foot-fall was heard, strong and steady. The door opened and Charles entered. His wife cast a quick keen glance into his face, and she almost uttered a cry of joy when she saw how he was changed for the better. He had been to the barber's and hatter's. Yet nothing was said upon the all-important subject. Charles wished to retire early, and his wife went with him. In the morning the husband arose first and built the fire. Mary had not slept till long after midnight, having been kept awake by the tumultuous emotions that had risen up in her bosom, and hence she did not wake so early as usual. But she came out just as the tea-kettle and potatoes began to boil, and breakfast was soon ready.

After the meal was eaten, Charles arose, put on his hat, and then turning to his wife he asked:—

"What do you do to-day?"

"I must wash for Mrs. Bixby."

"Are you willing to obey me once more?"

"O—yes."

"Then work for me to-day. Send Nelly over to tell Mrs. Bixby that you are not well enough to wash, for you are not. Here is a dollar and you must do with it as you please. Buy something that will keep you busy for yourself or children."

Mr. Nelson turned towards the door and his hand was upon the latch. He hesitated, and turned back. He did not speak, but he opened his arms; and his wife sank upon his bosom. He kissed her, and then having gently placed her in a seat, he left the house. When he went to his work that morning he felt well and very happy. Mr. Manly was by to cheer him, and this he did by talking and acting as though Charles had never been unfortunate at all.

It was Saturday evening, and Nelson had almost been a week without rum. He had

earned fifteen dollars, ten of which he had in his pocket.

"Mary," he said after the supper table had been cleared away, "here are ten dollars for you, and I want you to expend it in clothing for yourself and children. I have earned fifteen dollars during the last five days. I am to build Squire Manly's great house, and he pays me three dollars a-day. A good job, isn't it?"

Mary looked up, and her lips moved, but she couldn't speak a word. She struggled a few moments and then burst into tears. Her husband took her by the arm and drew her upon his lap, and then pressed her to his bosom.

"Mary," he whispered, while the tears ran down his own cheeks, "you are not deceived. I am Charley Nelson once more, and will be while I live.—Not by any act of mine shall another cloud cross your brow." And then he told her of the words he had heard on the previous Monday, while he lay behind the wall.

"Never before," he said, "did I fully realize how low I had fallen, but the scales dropped from my eyes then as though some one had struck them off with a sledge. By the help of God, I will never taste-intoxicating drink again. Your prayers are answered, my wife."

Time passed on, and the cottage assumed its garb of pure white, and its whole windows and green blinds. The roses in the garden smiled, and in every way did the improvement work. Once again was Mary Nelson among the happiest of the happy. And her children choose their own associates now.

### "I HAVE NO INFLUENCE."

At a temperance meeting a young lady was asked if she would give her name to the pledge of total abstinence. She refused, adding that she was in no danger of being a drunkard. When told that if not necessary for herself, it might do good to others, the answer was, "I have no influence." Her friend left her; and, passing round the assembly, put the same question to every person, "Will you sign the agreement?" Very many did sign; and among others, some ten or twelve of the children of the school occupying the house where we were assembled, and of which the young lady referred to was the preceptress. She saw her pupils, one after another, advance and request their names to be enrolled. Then, with tears, she came to the writer of this, and requested her name to be put down on the list. "For," said she, "if I have no influence over my pupils, they have influence over me."—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

### WHAT PERSISTENT EFFORT WILL DO.

Forty years ago there were no brass-rolling mills in the United States. But about that time a company was formed to engage in this new enterprise.

A little village in New England, which had unusual water privileges, was selected for the location of the mills. While these were in the process of erection, one of the partners, Mr. Edwards, went to England to engage skilled workmen who could instruct American artisans in the then unknown art of brass-rolling and casting.

This gentleman, though using the greatest caution and secrecy, had many amusing and some perilous adventures in the mother country, as his object for visiting their mills became known or vaguely guessed.

But at last he succeeded in securing the needed number of workmen, who, allured by the large wages offered them, returned with him.

On the voyage the head roller sickened and died. This was a great disappointment to Mr. Edwards, as he found he would have to go again to England for a man to take his place. But the company decided to try if George Barker could fill this important position. He was the youngest one of that band of Englishmen, but a man of great promise. He brought with him a quick mind, skilful hands, and an energetic ambitious will; but, alas! he brought, too, an appetite for strong drink, which threatened to blight his character and his prospects.

His young wife left her home and country with many fearful misgivings, but for a time the hope was revived that her husband might become a temperate man; for the novelty and responsibility of his position gave him courage and manliness, and for a time he "did run well," but at last fell into the snare which, visible or invisible, is ever spread before the self-confident and unwary.

His wife used every art and loving device to make their little home attractive to him, but in time it came to be that the oil burned low in her lamp, as night after night she watched for his return from the saloons, where his wit and jollity made him ever welcome.

The effect of his night dissipations soon showed itself at the mills—the work was poorly done, or he was absent altogether from his post. As no one understood his part of the business but himself, his neglect or failure of duty caused serious trouble. His employers, after reasoning and remonstrating with him to no purpose, were at a loss what to do. But Mr. Edwards resolved that he would devote time and energy to the reclaiming of this man. It was not merely policy



that influenced him, but he knew George Barker well, and saw in him the germs of a noble character, whose only apparent taint was this deadly appetite. He thought he was too good a man to totter and fall into a drunkard's grave, and resolved that with God's help he would keep him from it. He knew that he should meet with many discouragements, but he believed the work to be worthy of patience and his best energies.

He had many plans. One of them was to keep George at the mill all day, for in going home to his dinner he was obliged to pass a saloon, and often failed to resist the temptation of stopping there, and sometimes for the whole of the afternoon.

Mr. Edwards saw he could gain a point if he kept him at the mill at noon, but how to do this was a great study with him. He made many pretexts, either that he wanted George to explain the principles of his work to him, or he would bring his scientific newspapers, and ask George to his office to talk to him about the practicability of some new invention.

Mr. Edwards' wife became interested, and nobly seconded his efforts. She every day sent dinner to them both, taking pains in preparing tempting little dishes, hoping that George would not miss his noon draught. But he had that cunning which the wily serpent gives his victims, and he often was missing if left alone for a moment. One day Mr. Edwards saw him running from the mill, and followed him. George, seeing he was pursued, increased his speed, but some little thing tripped him, and he fell to the ground. Mr. Edwards overtook him, stooped over him, put his knee on his chest and kept him down. George looked up in great surprise, and said, "What are you going to do?"

"I am going to keep you here till you promise me you will sign the pledge," was the reply.

Mr. Edwards had some secret misgivings, but he showed such resolution and determination that it cowed and humbled George, who after a little conversation, gave the desired promise. This was the turning point in his life.

Mr. Edwards did not relax his efforts. He knew that more than ever he now needed a kind and helping hand. To encourage him he told him if he would keep the pledge inviolate for one year he would give him shares in the stock of the mill. This he did; for George Barker nobly redeemed his promise, and he is to-day a wealthy and honoured citizen, known and respected as a Christian gentleman; and in the Connecticut River valley there can be found no more beautiful or happy home than his.

He very well knows that *all* this is due to

the persistent efforts of Mr. Edwards, who still lives to rejoice over the good he was permitted to do; but this is not his only reward, for there remains the pledge of the "Faithful Promiser," who hath said, "He which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—*Adelaide Wetmore, in Christian Union.*

### HOW HIS EYES WERE OPENED.

"I WILL tell you," said a gentleman not long since, when conversing with a friend on temperance, "how much it cost me to open my eyes on this subject. I commenced house-keeping with a bountiful supply of liquors; I continued in this way until my son became a drunkard. Then my eyes were opened."

THE MOST FATAL FORM OF CONSUMPTION.—The consumption of strong drink.—*Punch.*

### WHAT! ARE YOU TIRED OF YOUR EYES?

A STREET-SWEEPER, with his besom by his side, and a short pipe in his mouth, was seen one morning writhing in agony with inflamed eyes. "What!" inquired a passer-by, "are you tired of your eyes?" "No, your honour," he replied, "but they be very bad." "Very bad, indeed! and if you don't take care you will lose them. They are already very much inflamed, and the smoke from your pipe makes them worse." "Oh, your honour," said he, "I can't do without my pipe. I smoke to allay the cravings of hunger." "I'll tell you of something better than that," said the passer-by. "What's that, ye'r honour?" "Why, keep a penny loaf in your pocket, instead of buying tobacco, and I'll give you a box of ointment which will soon cure your eyes." The ointment was given, and the pipe abandoned. In about fourteen days afterwards his eyes were very much improved, and when asked where his pipe was, he took a small loaf from his pocket, and exclaimed, "This is what I do now, your honour. My eyes are almost well, and I thank you for it."

How largely are words of counsel and trifling benefits rewarded, and how greatly does such reward encourage labour. Luther used to say, "I would rather do the *least* good work than obtain all the conquests of Cæsar and Alexander."

## MR. GLADSTONE ON ALCOHOL.

THE Premier must be congratulated on his advance in temperance education since he held the seals of the Exchequer. Then he was under the influence of some delusion as to the strengthening and restorative virtue of alcoholic drink, provided its colour was red and its name claret; but when it fell to his lot to justify the bill for dealing with Irish disaffection, he spoke of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act as "not a measure to be adopted unless under the most stringent necessity." And then he added, "It is one of those strong applications which, like alcohol, may communicate a sense of comfort at the time, but induces disease for the future." This was aptly said, and with that nice discrimination of diction for which Mr. Gladstone is famous. Observe, he does not say that alcohol communicates comfort, but only "a sense (or feeling) of comfort"—a nervous impression which is found by the after-result to have been deceptive. "Cheers" are said to have followed the remark, whether on account of the justice of the political maxim or the felicity of the illustration, is left to conjecture. We shall never have reason to regret, if the science of physiology be always made to throw light so lucidly upon the science of government, as in the example just adduced. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone is aware that alcohol in wine is just as much alcohol as alcohol in whisky, and that every other constituent of the wine can be obtained in greater richness in the natural fruit than from the fermented juice of the grape.—*Alliance News*.

## THE DRUMMER-BOY.

At a recent temperance meeting in Windsor, the Rev. Lord Wriothlesley Russell related the following incident:—"On one occasion a drummer-boy in one of the regiments was taken ill with scarlet fever, and the doctor ordered him to take some port wine. He replied, 'But I cannot take port wine, sir; I am a Band of Hope boy.' And the doctor said, 'You cannot take it! why you must take whatever the doctor tells you to.' The boy said, 'But cannot you let me off, sir?' 'But,' said the doctor, 'what will you do if I tell you that you will not get well unless you take it?' 'Well, sir, I should say you are not so clever a doctor as I took you for; I thought you had two ways of curing, and you have only got one.' The doctor then told the boy that he would give him something else, but it would be very nasty. 'I do not care,' replied he, 'how nasty it is as long as it is not wine.'"

## TO A TEETOTAL SMOKER.

"I OBJECT, sir, to smoking, because it's unfair To annoy other folks by polluting the air; Well, that's only one reason, among many others; But just let me say to my teetotal brothers, There is something, to my mind, extremely provoking, That so many of them are addicted to smoking. They may say what they like, but I cannot help thinking That this nasty habit, often leads men to drinking. If there's such a one here, I should just like to wipe out This stain on our cause, by putting his pipe out."

## HOW TO SPREAD TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

At all our important meetings and conferences, we hear of the need for an increasingly wide diffusion of Temperance Literature. Some of our friends have adopted a very clever plan; for this purpose they employ the members of their Band of Hope to sell various publications, and stimulate their zeal by investing part of the profits in prizes of books, desks, or other useful and ornamental articles to those who have been most successful. Thus, at Pendleton we find during the past twelve months nine thousand "Monthly Visitors" have been sold, and five thousand six hundred and eighty "British Workman," besides other papers. And the Gould Street Band of Hope, Manchester, and several other societies are constantly increasing in this way their sale of sound publications, thus making the people acquainted with Temperance principles, and at the same time usefully employing their young people, and aiding the funds of the society.

## THE COST OF DRINK.

IN 1868 we spent in this country, for home consumption, on cotton goods about seven millions: in the same year what did we spend on intoxicating drinks? Nearly one hundred and three millions! In that same year we spent thirteen millions in poor and police rates! These two facts are pregnant with meaning. We spend one hundred and three millions to make paupers and criminals, and then we have to tax the hard-working and industrious to the extent of thirteen millions per annum to capture the criminals, and keep from absolute starvation the paupers which the one hundred and three millions of riotous expenditure has chiefly made! How is this physical and moral pestilence to be staved?



## PAUPERISM MADE EASY.

AT a recent Conference of clergymen and ministers held in London, to consider the evils of Intemperance, a letter was read from an East-end clergyman as follows:—"The Rev. W. H. Foy presents his compliments to the conveners of the conference, and regrets that he is prevented by indisposition from attending the conference. He begs to assure the gentlemen who are to meet to breakfast to-morrow that if they send any gentleman into Ratcliffe Highway or St. George's-in-the-East, to watch the public-houses either at morning, noon, or night, they will soon understand how pauperism is made easy. A new phase of public-house influence was witnessed by Mr. Foy on Sunday week, when he, in company with a police-officer, saw fifty-four aged people from St. George's Workhouse on their road from church and chapel enter a publican's house in Old Gravel-lane, the publican being at the present moment a candidate for the office of Guardian of the Poor."

## THE SAILOR'S STORY.

"I've been fourteen years a sailor, Miss, and I've found that in all parts of the world I could get along as well without alcoholic liquors as with them, and, better, too. Some years ago, when we lay in Jamaica, several of us were sick with the fever, and among the rest, the second mate. The doctor had been giving him brandy, to keep him up; but I thought it was a queer kind of 'keeping up.' Why, you see it stands to reason, Miss, that if you heap fuel on the fire, it will burn the faster, and putting brandy to a fever is just the same kind of a thing. Brandy is more than half alcohol, you know. Well, the night the doctor gave him up, I was set to watch with him. No medicine was left, for it was of no use. Nothing would help him, and I had my directions what to do with the body when he was dead. Towards midnight he asked for water. I got him the coolest I could find, and gave him all he wanted, and if you'll believe me, Miss, in less than three hours he drank three gallons. The sweat rolled off from him like rain. Then he sank off, and I thought sure he was gone, but he was sleeping, and as sweetly as a child. In the morning, when the doctor came, he asked what time the mate died. 'Won't you go in and look at him?' said I. He went in and took the mate's hand. 'Why,' said he, 'the man is not dead! He's alive and doing well! What have you been giving him?' 'Water, simple water, and all he wanted of it,' said I. I don't know as the doctor learned anything from that, but I did, and now no doctor puts alcoholics down me, or any of my folks, for

a fever, I can tell you! I am a plain, unlettered man, but I know too much to let any doctor burn me up with alcohol."

## PUBLIC-HOUSES WITHOUT THE DRINK.

THE Leeds movement for establishing "British Workman" public-houses without the drink continues to prosper, and is rapidly extending. There are now five houses in active operation, and a monthly periodical has been started as the organ of the enterprise. The second number of the *British Workman Leeds Monthly* states that "the weekly average of visits paid to three out of the five houses are considerably over a thousand a week, that the meetings, religious and otherwise, as well as the reading-rooms, have been largely attended, and considerably over two hundred men have, during the last few weeks, agreed to abstain entirely from intoxicating drinks."

## WHO IS MY BROTHER?

WHAT Christian for his brother  
Would not heave an anxious sigh,  
When miseries around him hover,  
And he lives, in sin to die?

See the drunkard, hapless creature  
Drags a worse than iron chain,  
With despair on every feature;  
Yet he flies to it again.

He either droops in sadness,  
While throbs his fevered brain,  
Or he seeks in frenzied madness  
To drown the sense of pain.

Oh! haste to help our brother;  
Let us cheerfully abstain;  
The aid we thus can offer,  
May make him blest again.

Is the drunkard then my brother,  
Would I thus, my name defile?  
No! I spurn him from my presence  
Degraded wretch, and vile.

Thank God! my life and character  
Such brotherhood disown:  
Let him suffer if he chooses—  
The fault is all his own.

Is this the way, O Christian,  
Thy Bible thou hast read?  
Is this what thou hast learned of Him  
Who for our sorrows bled?

Not so the great Apostle  
Drank the spirit of his Lord;  
But, by his own example,  
Confirmed the holy word.

And what hath made thee differ,  
But His abounding grace?  
Go then, professing Christian,  
And hide thy blushing face,

Till thou, with clearer vision,  
Thine imperfections scan,  
And recognise a brother  
In each degraded man.

Then will the drunkard's sorrows  
Thy sympathy obtain,  
And gladly wilt thou succour him,  
And for his sake abstain.

# STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Temporary Premises—THE TEMPERANCE HALL.

Public Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Tuesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

The Sunday School commences at 9 in the Morning, and 2 in the Afternoon.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

In an age of keen competition, the Advertiser asks respectful attention to the following—

A VERY LARGE VARIETY OF

**INFANTS', BOYS', & YOUTHS' CAPS,**  
OF THE NEWEST PATTERNS.—PRICES LOW.

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*A splendid lot of French Beaver Hats, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6; Best Qualities, 8/6 to 16/, at*

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FOR THE

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ALL SIZES AND PRICES.

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of superior make at moderate prices.

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Watchmaker, Jeweller, & Silversmith,

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DINING and

DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS

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**C. HORNER'S,**

11, NORTHGATE.



# STANNARY

## BAND OF HOPE

# MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 10.

JULY, 1870.

*The Band of Hope service in connection with the Opening of the New School will be held on Wednesday, July 20th, when Dr. F. R. Lees will give a Lecture on "The Great Lakes of North America, and over the plains to California, including a visit to the Big Trees and the wonderful valley of Yo-Semite," to commence at 7.30. A Collection in aid of the Building Fund. See further announcements on last page.*

### "TOO YOUNG TO WORK FOR TEMPERANCE."

"MRS. MAY says that *everybody*, old and young, should do something for the temperance cause; but what can *I* do? I am so little and so young—only nine years old. I can't talk big and make speeches like the grown-up folks; and I don't see that I can do anything, though I wish I could, for there are so many poor drunkards."

Mrs. Ross and her visitor had been conversing on the subject of temperance, never thinking that little Minnie, who sat at the parlour-table, turning the leaves of a photograph album, was listening intently to every word they said, and when they had gone out she began to talk to herself (it was a funny habit that often made people laugh at her), and arrived at the conclusion that she was too small to do any good.

After dinner, Minnie stood by the window looking out, when suddenly she exclaimed,

"They shan't do it! I'll make them stop!" and darted out of the room. Her mother went hastily to the open window, and saw at a glance what had disturbed Minnie. A man lay on the grass by the house very drunk, the sun shining down fiercely upon him, and several boys were having fine sport, pulling his hair, tickling his face with straws, and tormenting him in many ways, while he could only mutter feebly and toss his arms about.

Minnie was by his side in a moment, her curls flying, her black eyes flashing through the tears of pity that filled them, for she was a tender-hearted child.

"You cruel naughty boys! how can you tease and hurt this poor man so much?"

"Oh, he's only a ragged old drunkard," said Tom Simons, whose father kept the restaurant at the corner.

"I expect your father sold him some of the whisky that helped to *make* him a drunkard," said Minnie, "and I think that selling it is a great sight worse than drinking it even; for if bad men didn't sell it, folks couldn't get it to drink."

Tom looked ashamed and walked away, for the little girl had spoken the truth: he had seen his father sell the man a drink not an hour ago. For a short time Minnie stood gazing pitifully at the poor, red, bloated face, on which the rays of the sun shone down so hotly, while two or three large flies buzzed round his head; one of them lighted on his forehead, but she brushed it quickly away, and taking her own tiny handkerchief that had her name marked in the corner, she laid it gently over his face, and, with a warning look at the boys who lingered near, she entered the house and took her station by the window, from which her mother had been watching her movements with much interest. The boys, finding their cruel sport at an end, soon went off to amuse themselves elsewhere.

"Poor man! I feel so sorry for him," said Minnie; "and mother, wasn't it shameful for those great boys to treat him so?"

"It was indeed, my child," was the reply; "and I am glad you acted as you did, instead of laughing at them, as I have often seen little girls do."

Mrs. Ross went out to attend to dinner, and when an hour had passed, she found Minnie still standing guard at the window, like a brave little sentinel. Some few of the

many persons that passed, had cast glances of pity at the prostrate form; others looked at him with contempt; while many took no notice of him whatever. Suddenly, the little watcher called to her mother. "See! he is sitting up looking at my handkerchief. Can't we do something for him, dear mother? May-be he is hungry."

"It is quite probable that he is very thirsty, after drinking so much liquor and lying so long in the sun. I will send Sarah with some water," and she started out for that purpose.

"Oh, mother! do let me carry it. I'm not afraid of him, and Mrs. May said this morning, that every one should do something for the drunkard."

"But I heard you say that only 'grown-up' people can do any good; you are too little and too young,' you know," said her mother smiling.

"Now, mother—did you hear me? Well, I've grown larger and older since morning, I think, and I believe I can help just the least mite."

"You can 'help' a great deal, my child; you have already done what not one of the many 'grown-up' people who have passed by thought of doing. I trust you may always be as willing to aid those in distress."

As Minnie approached, he rose, and stood leaning against the house.

"Will you have a drink of cool water, sir?" she asked softly. He grasped the pitcher eagerly, and when he took it from his lips it was almost empty.

"How nice that was!" he said, as he returned the pitcher. "What is your name, little one?"

"Minnie Ross," was the reply.

"Did you lay this handkerchief over my face?"

"Yes, sir," said Minnie. "The sun was so very hot, and your face was uncovered."

"You are a dear, good child," said he; and his voice trembled, and his hand shook as he laid it on her head. "A great many people must have passed since I lay down here, and yet none of them cared for the poor drunkard but you. I'll not forget you, little Minnie—no, no, I'll not forget you."

"Sir," said Minnie timidly, and then paused, as if afraid to say more.

"What is it you wish to say, my child?" kindly asked the man.

She hesitated a moment. "I was going to say that if you would not drink anything strong, you would not have to lie down with the hot sun shining on you; it made me so sorry to see you."

"Dear child," murmured the drunkard, and his heart was deeply touched by her innocent pity and sympathy. "I know I should be

better off without the liquor, for it has brought me nothing but trouble and misery."

"Then, please don't drink it, sir;" said Minnie earnestly.

The poor drunkard looked into the sweet, pleading face, and his soul was strangely moved. "I will try to give it up," he said in a trembling voice, "but—I don't think I shall succeed. If I do, you shall see me again. Good bye, dear;" and he walked slowly away.

"Mother, do you think he will stop drinking?" was Minnie's first question.

"I cannot tell, darling; I hope so," answered her mother.

"Oh, I shall be so glad if he does; but there! he forgot to give me my handkerchief." But Mrs. Ross knew he had not forgotten (although she did not tell her little girl so), for she had seen him fold it carefully, and put it away in the breast-pocket of his ragged coat.

Six months had passed away, and during that time Minnie had not been idle. She had talked to her cousin Wesley so often about his habit of drinking hard cider, that he gave it up entirely, saying that he would rather do without it, than listen to a temperance lecture every time he entered the house. Nor was this all. At her request, her father, who was a Son of Temperance, wrote a pledge for her, and she succeeded in persuading about twenty persons to sign it. One day she was sitting on the piazza reading, when a lady and gentleman, very nicely and fashionably dressed, stopped at the gate. Thinking they were friends of her mother, she politely requested them to walk in.

"Do you not know me?" said the gentleman, taking her hand.

She gazed at him with a puzzled air for some moments, and then exclaimed, "Oh yes! you are—"

"The one to whom you were so very kind six months ago," said he, as she hesitated. "I was then a poor drunkard; now I am a sober, happy man, and this is my wife, Mrs. Lindsay, who has come with me to see you."

There were tears in the lady's pretty brown eyes, as she bent down and kissed Minnie lovingly. "Dear child," said she, "I have come to thank you for the kind deeds and gentle words that led my husband to renounce his intemperate, evil ways; for he has not taken a drop since that day."

Here Mrs. Ross, who had heard all that had been said, came out and greeted her visitors cordially, and they entered the house, when a long and pleasant conversation ensued. When they rose to leave, Mrs. Lindsay took something from her pocket saying,

"I expect you have been wondering why your handkerchief has not been returned; the fact is, that my husband will not part



with it, so I have embroidered one for you." And she gave it to Minnie, whose eyes sparkled with delight as she received the beautiful gift. When Mrs. Ross had promised that she and Minnie would visit them, they took their leave, each carrying a lovely bouquet, which had been gathered for them by their favourite.

For some time after they had gone, she sat in silence, and, when she spoke she seemed very serious. "Mother," said she gravely, "I am sure I was very wrong to say that I could do no good, for I think I have done something."

"You have done much, my dear child," said her mother, "and I hope you will continue to do much more, for I wish to see my little girl always endeavouring to make others better and happier; then she cannot fail to be so herself."

"I will try to do all I can, dear mother," was Minnie's reply, "and I will never again say that I am too small or too young to work for the cause of temperance."—*Youth's Temperance Visitor*.

#### FIVE MINUTES MORE TO LIVE.

A YOUNG man stood up before a large audience in the most fearful position a human being could be placed. He stood on the platform of the scaffold. The noose had been adjusted around his neck, and in a few moments more he would be in eternity. The sheriff took out his watch, and said,

"If you have anything to say, speak now, as you have but five minutes more to live."

Oh! what awful words for a young man to hear, standing there in full health and vigour! Shall I tell you his message to the youth about him? He burst into tears, and said, with sobbing,

"I have to die! I had only one little brother. He had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair; and oh! how I loved him! But one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life. I came home, and found my little brother gathering strawberries in the garden. I got angry with him without cause, and killed him with a blow from a rake. I knew nothing about it until I woke next day and found myself tied and guarded. They told me, when my little brother was found, his hair was clotted with his blood and brains. Whisky has done it. It has ruined me. I have only one more word to say to the young people before I go to stand in the presence of my Judge. Never, NEVER, NEVER touch anything that can intoxicate!" As he said these words, he sprang from the box, and was in eternity.

Think what one hour's indulgence in drink

may do! This youth was not an habitual drunkard. Shun the deadly cup, which steals away your senses before you are aware of it; for you cannot know the dreadful deeds you may commit while under its influence.

#### A MANLY ANSWER.

FIVE boys, pupils in a boarding school, were in a room. Four of them, contrary to the express rules, engaged in a game of cards. The fifth was not standing and looking on to see how the game would go, but engaged in some work of his own. One of the players was called out.

"Come," said the others to their companion, "it is too bad to have the game stop in the middle. Come and take his place."

"I do not know one card from another."

"That makes no difference. We will teach you. Come, do not let our sport be spoiled."

The boy perceived that this was the decisive moment. Ah! just such are the critical points, sometimes the turning point of life. His resolution was instantly taken. He made no more excuses, but at once planted himself square upon principle.

"My father does not wish me to play cards, and I shall not act contrary to his wishes."

This ended the matter. It did more. It established his position among his companions.

It compelled their respect, and preserved him from temptation for the future.

Years have passed. That boy has become a man. Various and trying have been the scenes through which he has been called. Severe have been the temptations to which he has been exposed. But he has come forth as gold. No parents weep, no friend blushes for him. Let us advise our young friends, when solicited to take a glass of intoxicating drink, rather than make excuses, at once firmly to decline.

#### CAUSE OF IDIOCY.

THE *Lancet* is printing a course of lectures by Dr. Henry Maudsley on the connection between matter and mind, with observations upon nervous disorders in general; and one passage from last Saturday's impression will be read with interest:—"Idiocy is, indeed, a manufactured article; and although we are not always able to tell how it is manufactured, still its important causes are known, and are within control. Many cases are distinctly traceable to parental intemperance and excess. Out of 340 idiots in Massachusetts, Dr. Howe found as many as 145 the offspring of intemperate parents. There are numerous scattered

observations which prove that chronic alcoholism in the parent may occasion idiocy in the child." As no two persons are exactly operated upon to the same extent by the same agents, whether healthful or injurious, and as it is well known that the virus of alcohol finds many persons more susceptible than others, it is reasonable to conclude that many who are not the subjects of chronic alcoholism are still deeply injured by the quantity consumed, and transmit to their poor offspring some portion of this injurious influence; nor will it excite any wonder that the nervous system, which is so readily affected by alcohol, should convey the traces of this evil affection down to the third and fourth generation.

### WHY HE TOOK THE PLEDGE.

At the annual meeting of the National Temperance League, in Exeter Hall, the Rev. Romilly Hall, Ex-president of the Wesleyan Society, said:—

"For some fifteen or twenty years I have been as strong a total abstainer as any man in this large hall, and I hesitate not to say so, although well knowing by whom I am surrounded. I have not offered wine at my table, I have not employed stimulants, either as a beverage or a medicine. But here was my simplicity. My conscience never called me to sign a pledge, and there I was beneath you. But when I thought of giving effect to this 'I won't,' I sought counsel of my friend Charles Garrett. Just about that time—a few months ago—Mr. Garrett was carrying on an admirable work at Cheetham-hill, in the suburbs of Manchester, in favour of the poor cabdrivers and persons of that class. His own people felt very much interested in his work and aided him. He said to me one day, that there was not a respectable family in the neighbourhood that had not a representative in the form of a son or a daughter aiding him in this great work, but he said, 'There is Mr. So-and-so—a leading man in the locality—who refuses to sign the pledge, and he quotes your example in support of total abstinence without a pledge.' That settled it with me. I said to Mr. Garrett, 'Send me some pledges.' Then commenced what was really a pursuit under difficulties. Good Mr. Garrett is so very much engaged otherwise, that if I had had the wish I might have backed out of my promise to sign the pledge. At last, after several applications, he sent me some blank forms to be filled up. I first signed mine in the presence of my family, and thus became a pledged Teetotaler. When I signed the pledge, without asking my wife to do so, I threw the blank forms upon the

table, and she, followed by the two children I have at home, filled them up. We are now a household of pledged abstainers.

### HOW TO BE NOBODY.

It is easy to be nobody, and we will tell you how to do it. Go to the public-house to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now; just a little beer, or some other drink. In the meantime play dominoes, or something else to kill the time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful book. If you read, let it be cheap novels of the day. Thus go on keeping your stomach full, and your head empty, and yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you'll be nobody, unless (as is quite likely), you should turn out a drunkard or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than a nobody.

### SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN ENGLAND.

At the London Primitive Methodist Missionary meeting, the Rev. Thomas Whittaker said—

**DRINK.** Twenty thousand persons are annually found drunk in the streets of London. One hundred millions of money annually expended in strong drink, as much as would pay off the national debt in eight years, and about one hundred times more than all the Christian and benevolent institutions in this country together are raising for Christian and benevolent purposes.

### AN AMERICAN ON INTEMPERANCE.

An intelligent American has been talking with me about London. "I looked into one of your gin-shops, sir, and saw fifteen women drinking at the bar." Sad news indeed! Fifteen homes neglected; fifteen women sinking down into deeper and deeper degradation. What is to be done? Reader, are you doing anything to save women from GIN and WOE?

### MR. SPURGEON ON PUBLIC-HOUSE DRINKING.

*THE Sword and Trowel* for May contains a paper by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon on "Landlord and Tenant," from which we take the following extract:—"I am often in my soul amazed at what men will do for that black master, the devil. Why, sirs, the devil will sometimes summon men to one of his



conventicles at the street corner, where the gas is flaming, and they will cheerfully obey the summons. They will meet in such places with companions, rude, boisterous, selfish, vulgar, and everything else that is undesirable, and call them jolly good fellows. If the devil would pick out some fine brave spirits for them to meet, men of wit and genius, and information, one would not wonder so much at the readiness with which the dupes assemble; but the congregations of Satan are usually made up of men and women of the lowest and most degraded kind, and these people know it; but when they are beckoned off to the assembly of the scorers, they go with the greatest readiness. And what is done at this gathering of the foolish? Well, they commune together in stupidities at which it must be hard to laugh, and meanwhile they pass round the cup of liquid fire, out of which they cheerfully drink, and drink, and drink again, though each successive goblet is filled with deeper damnation. These willing slaves drink at their master's bidding, though the cup makes their brain reel, sets their heart on flame, and makes them unable to keep their feet. Yes, and when he still cries, 'Drink, yea, drink abundantly,' these faithful servants swallow down the poison till they lie down like logs, or roar like demons. They will keep the death-cup to their lips till delirium tremens comes upon them, and possesses them as with hell itself. Thousands obediently render homage unto Satan by drinking away their lives and ruining their souls. How much further they go in serving their master than we do in following ours! Into hell itself they follow their accursed leader. They pay him his revenues without arrears, and yet taxes are heavy, and his exactions are most oppressive. Why, we have seen great lords hand all their estates over to Beelzebub, and when he has set up before them an image in the shape of a horse with a blue ribbon, they have bowed down and worshipped, and offered their all at his shrine! I wish we could meet with some who would do as much for Christ as these have done for the devil."

#### WHAT DRINK DID.

A MAN named Alexander Monro was recently fined a few shillings in the City Police Court, Melbourne, for drunkenness, and was unable to pay the money. Many years ago this man, who lost one of his legs, discovered a gold field, which was called "Peg-leg Gully," in memory of the finder's wooden limb, and out of a hole which he sunk he obtained £11,000 worth of gold. Every penny of this handsome sum he has long since squandered.

#### WESLEYAN DISTRICT MEETING AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE AT SOUTH SHIELDS.

A NEW item of business has this year found its way into the district meetings, by order of conference. Hitherto it has been the custom to put the question, "Do you take snuff, tobacco, or drams?" to each probationer only when he commences his probation, and when he is a candidate for ordination. Henceforward it is to be put to the preachers on trial each year of their probation. This question, at the recent Wesleyan district meeting at South Shields, lost none of its force by having the personal experience of the chairman (Rev. Thomas Vasey) to support it; and when he told how that for the past year he had been a "Christian abstainer," how he had borne the fatigue and excitement of the conferences without resorting to a stimulant, and found himself "absolutely better" by so doing, the cheer that followed showed how strong a hold the abstinence movement had upon the Newcastle district.—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

#### MOTHERS, HEED THE WARNING.

"AIN't it splendid!" I heard a little boy exclaim, as he took a huge bite from the brandy peach his playmate had offered.

"What makes it so good, Lewis?"

"You little goose, don't you know? Why it's the brandy, of course," was his companion's reply.

"Then brandy must be very good if it makes peaches taste so nice," said Franky, smacking his lips.

"I rather think it is; it's delicious," answered Lewis. "I coax mother to give me a spoonful every time she opens a jar. Father don't like for her to do it, though. He says I might grow up to be a drunkard; but mother says there's no danger, and I say so too; for I do think it is awful mean for a man to get drunk and go staggering about the streets, and rolling in the gutter. No, indeed, I'll never—never be a drunkard!"

Years passed, and I was one day strolling through the still, shadowy groves of Glenwood Cemetery, when a funeral procession filed slowly in. I followed it, and when the mourners and others left the carriages, I went with them to the open grave, and stood near to the pallbearers as they deposited their burden for a few moments on the rude boards placed to receive it. The coffin was very rich and costly, and as a sunbeam, the farewell of the departing day, flashed across the silver plate on the lid, I read—

"LEWIS ABBOT. Aged 18."



"So young," thought I sadly; "cut down in the very springtime of life." When the coffin was lowered, the mother, who had been strangely calm, suddenly sprang away from the arm on which she had been leaning, threw herself on her knees beside the grave, with her hands clasped and her tearless eyes gazing wildly downward into the dark receptacle.

"O my precious boy! Lost, lost for ever! Sent to perdition by your mother's hand!" As this despairing cry burst from her lips, she threw her arms upward, and, with a deep groan of mortal anguish, fell backward, death-like and inanimate. She was removed by her friends to the house of the officer in charge of the cemetery, and I, shocked and startled beyond measure, left the place with that terrible cry of self-reproach ringing in my ears. As I passed out, I met a friend to whom I related what had transpired, mentioning the name of the youth.

"I heard of his death this morning. Poor Lewis! It is a brief but sad history, and, as I have known the family for years, I can explain the scene you have witnessed.

"Mrs. Abbot was justly famed for her delicious brandy-peaches, and allowed her children to eat of them freely. Lewis, the only son, seemed to have a special fondness for them, carrying one to school almost every day as part of his lunch. After a time he began to beg for the brandy in which they were preserved, and the indulgent mother often gave him a spoonful, until, at last, it began to disappear very rapidly and strangely, and Lewis was caught one day drinking from the jar. Mrs. Abbot was appalled; but her work could not be undone. Her jars were locked away safely, but it was too late. The infatuated boy spent his pocket-money for brandy; and when that was withheld, sold his skates, then his watch, then his books; his medal, which he had prized so highly, and even articles of clothing, were all sacrificed to the fatal appetite that was consuming every attribute of his high, noble nature. For four years he has been rushing madly, recklessly, to his doom, and now the star of his young life has gone out in everlasting darkness. His last words were full of the most fearful import:—'Those infernal brandy-peaches, mother—they gave me the first start on the downward road. Remember that, mother!'"

Ah! well might the heart-broken mother reproach herself in the bitterness of despair at the grave of her lost boy, for truly her hand had done the work.

Oh, mothers! heed the warning. In every crystal jar of peaches and cherries from which the brandy fumes arise, in every glass of the sparkling domestic wine, your own hands have so skilfully prepared, lurks a fiery fiend,

which may relentlessly and cruelly crush and blight the fairest, the noblest, and the dearest of all your cherished household treasures.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

### AN INDIAN'S VIEW OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

At a crowded meeting of the London Auxiliary of the United Kingdom Alliance, in St. James' Hall, the Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen delivered the following remarkable speech with a power and eloquence that fairly surprised his hearers.

The Baboo said—The subject which we have met to-night to consider, is, I believe, not one of mere local interest. India is as much interested in this great question as England. I belong to the Hindoo race—a race remarkable for abstemiousness, and well-known in the world as a simple, quiet, peace-loving people, who never use strong intoxicating liquors.

My friends, allow me to say that I honour the British nation. But at the same time it grieves me to say that there are blots in the administration of India. And some of them are of a very serious and appalling character, and when I throw my heart and soul into this meeting, and stand forward on this platform to call for the legislative suppression of liquor traffic in India, I feel far more strongly than any of you here present can possibly feel. For the British Government in India has no excuse or pretext whatever for carrying on this dangerous and iniquitous traffic. There is no necessity for this liquor. "Here," of course some may say, "it is customary, it is used by the people as a custom." But, in India, can the British Government ever seek to justify themselves by putting forward any reasonable grounds for their conduct in this respect? That is impossible, for our people do not require intoxicating drinks. I go for miles and miles together, and I ask my countrymen if they have ever seen a brandy bottle, and they have not; and now how bad it is to demoralise that people by placing temptation in their way! Is that not shocking, is that not grieving to every honest Indian? Go into the rural villages, into the small towns in the provinces, and you see homely Hindoo life in its purity and charming simplicity, the exact counterpart of which you will not find in any other portion of the globe; but where is that purity and where is that simplicity now? I have freely acknowledged that the British nation has been educating us, enlightening us, and civilising us. We have their telegraphs and their railways, and all the great things introduced by modern civilisation; but if you have taught us



Shakespeare and Milton, I ask, have you not taught us and our people the use of brandy and of beer? This poison was not formerly tasted by the upper or the middle class, and yet now you see a different state of things. We do not see Hindoo society in its original state of purity. All these modern vices are fast creeping into Indian society, and depriving it of all its original and primeval simplicity. You now see scores and hundreds of young, intelligent, educated natives of India falling away and dying victims of intemperance. It is painful to contemplate this vice in our country; for we can see things always and only by contrast. What was India thirty or forty years ago, and what is she to-day? The wailings and the cries of widows and orphans at this moment, methinks, fill the whole horizon of India. The whole atmosphere of India seems to be rending with the cries of thousands of poor, helpless widows, who, may I say, oftentimes go the length of cursing the British Government for having introduced this thing. This very moment I could count on my fingers' ends hundreds of young, educated men, who have died in the full bloom of their intellectual vigour, in their manliness, and in the full development of their spiritual nature too. All those good things that they had in their intellectual and spiritual nature were destroyed. Look at that young, active, energetic Indian who has received enlightenment in some English school or college. Yesterday what was he? an ignorant Indian. To-day what is he? an active, intelligent, fine-looking, educated man. To-morrow what is he? He has English books on one side, he has the dangerous bottle of brandy on the other side. What is he next day? Oh, sad catastrophe! The whole house mourns for the loss of the young man. There is the poor widow. There are a number of little orphan children. To whom are they to look for support? Who will relieve them? Is not the British nation, I ask you at this meeting, accountable to God—at least in a large measure, for all this wretchedness and suffering entailed on the Indian people? If revenues increase in this way from the sufferings, wickedness, and demoralisation of the people, better that we should have no revenue at all. There are honest and right sources of revenue if the British Government will only try to employ them, and then great shall be the Indian revenue, and we shall be able to promote the true intellectual, social, and moral welfare of the people, and at the same time close those liquor-shops for ever and for ever. One question I think to ask you. It has been often said, "Let those who wish to be intemperate be so. We have nothing to do with the question so far as it concerns others. If we are temperate and

God-fearing men, if we are honest and conscientious, we have done enough to secure the blessings of salvation. If others will not mend their manners it is for God to judge them and to save them." My friends, a nation that every day repeats the Lord's Prayer cannot use logic such as this. "Bring us not into temptation." Are not these the words you are taught daily to use? And if you call upon God to save you from evil, and not to bring you into temptation, will you not call, unitedly and individually, upon your Government, as the representatives of the people, as the guardians and custodians of the best interests of the nation, to protect you from temptation—especially the weak, the helpless, the powerless, and the vicious? We cannot place any confidence in our own powers and faculties and energies. To-day we stand; but is not that a wise proverb worthy of remembrance which says, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall?"

### BROTHERHOOD.

We are Brethren, let us ever,  
Own this strong, this sacred tie;  
'Tis a bond death cannot sever,  
'Twill outlive mortality.

We are brethren; thou, my brother,  
Hast a heart that throbs like mine,  
Kindly feelings do not smother,  
Let our sympathies entwine.

Is thy brother weak and trembling,  
Apt to stumble on the road?  
Be thy step firm, let no dissembling  
Shake his confidence in God.

Is he ever prone to linger,  
Gathering flowers on the way?  
Then guide him with an angel's finger,  
And whisper "Brother, do not stay."

Do the spells of sense enchain him?  
Does the wine cup lure him on  
Till God's image fades within him,  
And his manliness is gone?

Let thy good example teach him,  
By its calm and silent power,  
When no eloquence can reach him  
In this dark and trying hour.

Glowing with devotion lowly,  
Sacrifice each lawful thing,  
Lay it on love's altar wholly,  
If thy brother back 'twill bring.

Is thy brother poor and broken,  
All his pleasant things laid low?  
From thy bounty give some token  
Better than mere words can show.

We are brethren, high and lowly  
Own alike the bond divine;  
Bear the image of the Holy,  
Worship at his sacred shrine.

# STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH SCHOOL, HALIFAX.

## OPENING SERVICES.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for Sermons to be preached as follows:—On Wednesday Evening, July 6th, 1870, by the Rev. E. Mellor, M.A., D.D. On Sunday, July 10th, in the Morning, by the Rev. B. Dale, M.A., and in the Evening, by the Rev. J. C. Gray.

On Sunday, July 17th, Morning and Evening, by the Rev. Dawson Burns, M.A., of London.

On Sunday, July 24th, Morning and Evening, by the Rev. Samuel Mc All, of London, Principal of Hackney College.

On Sunday, July 31st, Morning and Evening, by the Rev. H. Tarrant, of Leeds.

On Wednesday, July 13th, a Tea Party and Public Meeting will be held. Tea at Six o'clock. Tickets, 9d. each, can be had of Mr. E. Mortimer, Bookseller, Crown Street.

J. Bowman, Esq., J.P., will preside at the Meeting, and the Rev. A. Russell, M.A., of Bradford, the Rev. G. Mc Callum, of Dewsbury, and other Gentlemen will address the meeting.

On Wednesday, July 20th, a Lecture will be given in connexion with the Band of Hope, by Dr. F. R. Lees,—Subject: "The Great Lakes of North America, and Over the Plains to California: including a Visit to the Big Trees and the Wonderful Valley of Yo-Semite."

On Wednesday, August 3rd, a Lecture will be given in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association and Mutual Improvement Society, by Mr. John Ashworth, of Rochdale,—Subject: "A Visit to Egypt and the Holy Land."

TIMES OF COMMENCING—*Sunday Services, Morning, at 10.30; Evening, at 6.30; Week-Night Services at 7.30.*

A Collection will be made at each Service in aid of the Building Fund.

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# STANNARY

## BAND OF HOPE

# MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 11,

AUGUST, 1870.

*On Wednesday, August 3rd, a Lecture will be given by Mr. John Ashworth, of Rochdale, Subject—"A Visit to Egypt and the Holy Land," to commence at 7.30. A Collection for the Building Fund. In future the Band of Hope Meetings will be held on the Second Tuesday in each month, when the attendance of all the Members is requested. The next meeting will be held on Tuesday, September 13th.*

### "A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK."

"COME, give it to me this minute, sir," said Mrs. Larkins, as she seized hold of her son Tom by the collar, and gave him a hearty shake with one hand, while she reached out the other towards a short, dirty-looking pipe, which she had caught him in the very act of smoking.

Tom was about twelve years old, and a big boy of his age. In general, his mother had nothing to complain of respecting him. He went to the National School, and was well spoken of by the master for his attention and industry. The only, or principal, fault to be found in him was that he was "a bit obstinate and self-willed." He had arrived at an age when he began to think himself more than a child—almost a man, in fact—and that he had a right to do what he liked, and to copy from all the young men around his home. He was partly taught this by keeping company with the apprentice at the village forge, where Tom spent too much of his out-of-school time. For, to tell the truth, the blacksmith's apprentice was not the best teacher or companion that could have been found for Tom. As to Tom's father, he was a hard-working carpenter, and was absent all day long at his shop, two miles away. So the management of Tom, as well as of the younger children, was pretty much committed to the mother.

Mrs. Larkins was a capital housewife, as you could tell with a half-glance at her living-room. The place was always clean and tidy, and so, indeed, was Mrs. Larkins herself. She was a good wife and mother too,—and none the worse, perhaps, for having "a

mind of her own," and the spirit to do what she knew to be right. There were no appearances of poverty about her house, her children, her husband, or herself. This was owing principally to her good management; for her husband's earnings were not large.

One afternoon, Tom, instead of returning home direct from school, as he should have done, turned into the blacksmith's forge. There was no one there except the apprentice, and he, in the absence of his master and the journeyman, was puffing away at a dirty pipe, loaded with strong tobacco. A very little persuasion induced Tom to follow the example. A pipe was found and filled; and presently the boy, already half stupified, was on his way to his cottage home. Just as he was entering the door, his mother caught sight of him, and, as quick as thought, pounced upon the culprit as I have described.

Tom, however, did not feel disposed to part with his pipe so easily.

"Why mayn't I smoke, mother, as well as ——?"

Tom's words were cut short by another hearty shake, and, "I'll soon let you know why," from his mother. "Give me the nasty pipe, I say."

"Don't shake me so, mother," cried Tom, woefully; and then he added, "Father smokes tobacco, and you don't say 'nasty pipe' to him."

"Your father does as he likes; and when you are a man, and have a house of your own, and earn your own wages, you may smoke too, if you see fit,—I shan't try to hinder you, anyhow; but you are not going to spend *my* money on the nasty stuff, nor yet poison my house with your smoke, you silly

boy ; so give up the pipe at once, or it will be the worse for your ears, I reckon."

There was a spectator of this scene of whom neither Mrs. Larkins nor Tom were at the time aware, so eager was the one in her attack and the other in his defence. This spectator was none other than Larkins himself, who had come home from work a little earlier than usual, and was entering the cottage, with a pipe in *his* mouth, when he was stopped on the door-sill with what he saw and heard.

Half amused and half troubled, the carpenter suddenly laid his broad hand on Tom's shoulder, snatched the pipe from his unwilling hand, and threw it out on the road with such force that it was broken into a dozen pieces.

"Don't let me catch you doing that again, Tom," said he, sternly. And then he added, more leniently, "You're a chip of the old block, Tom, I suppose ; but, anyway, it will be time enough for you to learn to smoke when you have got a honse of your own to smoke in, as your mother says, and money to spend on the nasty stuff, as your mother calls it."

Rather rebelliously, Tom yielded to the circumstances of the case, and presently sat down to supper. But it was little that he could eat. His pale face and lips soon told what was the matter ; and he was sent off to bed.

Larkins did not enjoy his pipe so much as usual that night after supper. As he sat on one side of the fireplace, he felt conscious that his wife's eyes were sometimes turned upon him with some meaning ; and also that there were tears ready to start from them. At last he spoke,—

"You were making short work with Tom just now, Nancy."

"I should think so. A little rebel. He to smoke tobacco, indeed ! I'll smoke him, if he does."

"Why, Nancy, you never complain of my doing it. You don't say 'nasty stuff' when I smoke."

"No ; I don't say it," said the wife.

"Maybe you *think* it, though," said the husband.

There was a long silence ; till, presently, Larkins spoke again, very slowly,—

"If Tom takes to smoking—and then to drinking—and then to regular public-housing—and then to—" Here Larkins stopped short.

"Well, and what then, John ?" said Mrs. Larkins, with another of her meaning looks.

"Then I suppose he'll say that I taught him the first lesson, at any rate ; and that he's 'a chip of the old block.'"

"I dare say he will, John. 'Tis what you

yourself said of him just now. 'You're a chip of the old block,' said you. But what then ? Why shouldn't Tom say it ?" asked Nancy, again.

"THERE !" said Larkins, dashing his pipe on the hearth ; "that's my last pipe for a while ; and Tom sha'n't have to lay that to me, anyhow."—*Cottager*.

## OUR WATER TRIP.

WE were off for the holidays. Four happy school-boys revelling in the idea of extended liberty, rambles among the scenes of home, merry games upon the village greensward, delightful parties, but above all, six weeks with our parents and families. How our eyes glittered with the intensest hope, and our lips murmured about the dallying train !

"Will it ever come ?" said Tom Dickson.

"It ought to have been here an hour ago," said Harry Archer.

"It's only five minutes overdue, I believe," suggested Howard Markland, "although," he added with a gentle smile, "it does seem longer."

"That's it ! preaching again, Markland," sneered Harry Archer, "couldn't you give us a sermon now, or a temperance lecture, just to clip the time a little. It would be such a treat."

"Will you take a cup of tea ?" asked John Dickson, "or a glass of milk ?"

Without offering a reply—he seldom did, he was too noble for that—Howard Markland poured out a glass of water from the decanter on the table, and drank it off.

"A good hint," suggested Harry Archer, "let's get a 'whet' ourselves," and hurrying off, we called for three glasses of ale, and stood sipping them in all the glory of premature manhood. At last we started, and on the road we again refreshed ourselves with bitter ale. Howard Markland only protesting with his wistful eyes, and drawing down upon himself a storm of "wit." In the hurry of parting, and joy at finding ourselves among our friends again, no one thought of the friendless boy who had come down to spend his holidays with a rich old uncle ; and it was three weeks before we troubled ourselves about our old schoolfellow.

Truth to tell, he was not so agreeable to any of us but that we could do without him. He was too sober, too religious, and withal a water-drinker and anti-smoker, which, considering that he was the head boy of the "jolliest" class in the school, was unpardonable. But Rechabite he was, and not all persuasions, such as nicknames, sneers, practical jokes, and at last what was intended to be a contemptuous indifference, could make



a decent fellow of him. He was a confirmed heretic.

But policy must sometimes overcome dislike, and as it was arranged that we should take a boat, and go down the river, "all by ourselves," and as we were short of hands, we decided to ask young Markland to take a trip with us. It was a beautiful morning, and he appeared very pleased to accompany us, but rather surprised at the invitation.

"Oh! you needn't alarm yourself, we wanted a hand, and thought we would give you a chance," said Tom Dickson, "for what I know a Rechabite is as good upon water as others."

He smiled kindly, and with a pleasant "Thank you," bade good bye to his uncle, and came away with us. We took the water at a spot some distance below our homes, for although we knew the party would be allowed, both Mr. Dickson and Mr. Archer would have insisted on a man attending us. We agreed to keep this from Markland, telling him that we started lower down to save the trouble of bringing the boat up. This was false, for it had been a clever trick of ours to be up early, get the boat away, and moor it among the thick brush. But the habit of drinking, which was so necessary to our manliness, had necessitated secrecy, and secrecy had led us into habits of fraud, and there was but a little step between fraud and *wilful lying*. However, we had succeeded nicely, and we determined to enjoy ourselves. We had not been on the river long before Tom Dickson, who was generally our leader, bade us stop rowing, and pulling out a large bottle,

"There," said he, "that's the way to do the governor! I've just borrowed a bottle of his old port. Fine quality this, boys," he continued, drawing the cork, and applying his lips to the neck—for intemperance is seldom delicate—then handing it round, "There boys, drink welcome, you're hearty."

Of course we all took some, except Markland: he refused it, with a quiet, "Is it right, do you think?"

"You had better split, Markland." "Tell his father of him," and many other insulting expressions descended upon him like hail, but he only smiled.

Shortly afterwards we stopped again, the cork was drawn, and we repeated the dose. And now all thoughts of the scenery, and the object of the trip, passed from our minds. The sloping hills crested with box and fir, the undulating pasture-land with its timid droves, nervous at every sound, the lazy cattle knee deep in the delicious brook, the magnificent valley with its hoary ruins skimmed by the wavering swallow, were all lost upon us. We thought only upon the stolen liquor—for it *was* stolen—and our chief delight

was to repeat our swills at it. Happy for us would it have been had the first bottle been the only one, but Harry Archer had another, with a little brandy in it. Now to mix liquors is worse than to take too much of one, but we had taken so much of the wine that we forgot this. We felt the quick pulsing of our blood, a delirious feeling of enjoyment, a boisterous flow of spirits, and no deed of carelessness was too foolhardy for us. In fact, we were already incapable of taking care of ourselves, while our appetites urged us to drain the bottle. It was in vain that Markland remonstrated, or entreated us to stop drinking: he warned us that we were getting tipsy—indeed we were quite so—but we met him with a roar of laughter. He assured us that the boat was drifting at the mercy of the tide, but we struck up a low song to drown his cautions. He closed his lips, and rising up grasped the tiller, while I noticed that he was very pale.

"What a coward!" shouted Harry Archer.

"Let's drench him, and get his courage up!" suggested Tom Dickson.

"Down with him, and let us drench him!" was repeated by all of us.

We rose up, he rose too, and put the helm right for shore. Then, Tom Dickson reached forward as if to grasp him, but, unable to balance himself, he fell over upon the side of the boat. It lurched awkwardly, and brought us all over on him; we felt it keel over, the water came dancing in with a merry ripple as if mocking us, and in a moment we were all struggling in the stream.

I was sensible enough then, and felt how guilty we had been. I thought I was dying, and struck out passionately as if to defy death, but I was far from shore, in a strong tideway, and at a place where there was little likelihood that a creature could help me. None of us could swim except Markland, and he was supporting Harry Archer, and making toward the shore. Before he could get back, supposing that he should make the attempt, I thought that I must inevitably perish. I instinctively grasped at the boat, and a seat that came floating down to me, enabled me to keep well up in the water, but oh! what misery I felt! Supposing I should die, what a future I should have! My last acts had been to deceive my parents, to lie to my schoolfellow that I might lead him to share in my fault, to laugh at him for being good, to drink until I could not stand! But my thoughts were diverted by the scene in the front of me.

Howard Markland had reached the shore, and leaving Archer high and dry upon a grassy bank, was making toward Dickson. He, exhausted by his efforts, was sinking fast; now and then he accomplished a faint



cry, and struggled with renewed energy, but would again relapse. Now he sank; and I felt in my inmost soul that he was a self-murderer; for it was his folly that precipitated us into the water as well as gave us drink. But I remembered that he alone would have been powerless to effect such mischief, and I blamed myself bitterly for being an accomplice. Every sneer that I had showered upon my friend Markland stung me like an adder, and I thought upon the fate of Dickson, and wondered how soon it would be mine.

Presently he arose again, and I noticed that Markland was getting near to him; but his arms commenced to move wildly and then ceased, and with a wild cry he settled down for ever into the rippling waters!

It was an awful moment to watch death before my very eyes, and feel myself exposed to a like danger—to be surged about by the same waters that had drunk down my dearest friend—to be brought face to face with a dark eternity, and by my own rashness too! I shuddered, and might have sank, but a strong arm caught hold of me, and I felt myself being carried toward the shore. A few minutes, and I felt my feet settle upon the gritty sand, and knew I was safe; and catching hold of my friend's hand I knelt down, wet and weary, and after thanking God for my safe deliverance, I made a vow never to touch intoxicants again. And I have kept it from that day to this, and Harry Archer, who is now a great man, has done the same, and whenever he sees young people fond of drinking, he tells them this story, finishing up with these words:—"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*H. V. W.*

### "BUT MA'AM, CONSIDER!"

"WELL, young woman, and what may be your pleasure?" Such was the remark of the landlady at the Chequers to a woman who had crept in timidly to the bar and was looking anxiously about her. She had a baby in her arms, and a little girl held by her old plaid shawl, which she had wrapt round the infant and herself. She presented a painful contrast to the stout, smart dame behind the counter, who again said to her, "Well, what's your business?" (at the same time sweeping a shilling into the till, and pushing fourpence to a man at the counter)—"There's your change, Sam." "I s'pose 'tis, missus," he replied with a somewhat melancholy tone, and lighting a pipe, went

out. "Please ma'am, I was looking to see if my husband was in here." ("Father isn't here, mother," whispered the child by her side).

"Well, you know best; you should know your husband, I suppose, better than I do; and so now, if that's all you want, you can clear out, and the sooner the better."

"Please, ma'am, my husband works near here, and I'm afraid he may come in here too often and spend his wages, for he is given to drink; and if you please, ma'am, not to encourage him or take his money from me and his three small children. I thought he might be here, as he isn't in the field; but we haven't had bit or bite yet this blessed day, nor a penny to get a loaf."

"Well, you've said your say; your man isn't here. No, you may poke your head into the corners, and so you may march; and as to your man and his wages, that's not my concern. I know nothing about people's husbands or wives—money's money. I ask no questions where it comes from, or how 'tis got; if men will have drink, they'll go where they can get it; and if so be they pay for what they have, that's all that the trade can care for; they must settle the matter with their families as they best can. We can't trouble ourselves about other folks' feet or shoes, they know best whether they pinch or not—that's my opinion; and so 'tis, I expect, with most persons in our line of business."

"But ma'am, now I've told you, you won't take my man's wages from his wife and children, will you? Just consider!"

"Yes, I do consider; and I'm to keep beer and spirits, and fire and gas, and pay my rent and a shameful heavy license, and then let the people come and go free, or I must let *your* man at least have his liquor for nothing! Well, if that arn't a pretty game, a queer way of doing business and making a profit. '*Just consider*,' you say. Yes, I consider I should soon have my house full of customers, and my barrels empty, and my goods be in the Sheriff's hands, and '*HOUSE TO LET*' be the sign instead of the Chequers. I've known a little in my time in London of a '*Free and Easy*,' but yours beats it hollow."

"But ma'am, now you know that when Tom is in here, his children are cold and hungry at home, can you take the coppers from him and sit down comfortably by your fire and reckon up your gains, and think how those coppers ought to be somewhere else? Look at this shawl, and this old gown; you see the best I have, I've no under-petticoat; I've had to pawn that to get milk for this poor little soul in my arms."

"Well, well, young woman, it's a pity certainly that men should have more drink than they can afford; but, as I say, I know



my business, and I've nothing to do with thinking, or with considering, as you choose to preach to me. If we in our line, or indeed in any other line, were to sit down every night and count up the money in the till, the silver and the pence, and begin to weigh every penny and to ask ourselves whether it was right to have taken it—why—I don't see how the world could go on for a week."

"No, ma'am, food and clothes, and furniture, are proper things, and necessities of life for us all, but your beer and ale and spirits and wine, are not necessities; there's scores, hundreds, that work at all kinds of labour, and never touch liquor; and my man tried it for ten months, and the best ten months that I've known almost since we were married; and 'twould have been all right now, if a lady hadn't tempted him with a glass one day when he was wet. Oh dear! Tom was a good husband then, and so he is now, when the cursed drink doesn't come in his way. I hope one thing, and that is, if you let him have the drink, that he may never pay you for it."

"Oh! you're a very nice young woman, 'pon my word. That's your notion, is it?"

"Well, ma'am, I'm told that in some places now there's a law, that if any one that's tipsy goes into a public-house and gets more liquor, that the landlord is not to be paid—and very right too: 'tis shameful that poor wives must suffer as they do from the public-houses, and get no redress."

She then made a hasty retreat, and left the mistress of the Chequers to make her own reflections on the rather unwelcome truths which had been forced upon her. The conscience can and may be bribed; nay, we are told it may be seared, and be made insensible by habit, as with a hot iron; but a drinkseller's trade must, under any circumstances, be a trying one.

The publican must often see persons drinking in his house whom he knows ought not to be there; he must often hear foul language, have to interfere in quarrels, be liable to be disturbed at all hours, have many bad debts, be subject to suspicion and to visits of the police in search of bad characters; if he has a family, he must often feel that a public-house is a poor school for his boys and girls. And then, if he should have his conscience awakened and exercised, he must be very unhappy, as being the agent for evil rather than of good to men's souls and bodies. Such indeed has been the power of conscience and the sense of right and wrong, that many a drink-seller, when led to *consider*, has given up the business at a sacrifice of his stock, rather than go on in what he dare not ask God to bless.—L.

## WHAT ONE GLASS DID.

THE Rev. Dr. Cuyler gives an instance of the effects of one glass of wine in destroying a reformed man. It is a solemn warning to every one to beware of putting temptation before the man who has been snatched from the fire, as well as to such men to *never* trust themselves to deviate one iota from the strict path of total abstinence. A single drop of alcoholic liquor taken into the mouth will undo the saving work of years for him who has become a reformed man. Says Dr. Cuyler:—"For two years past I have been labouring to save an inebriate. After several relapses he became perfectly sober, and gave good hope of permanent reform. His wife remarked, 'If he falls again *it will kill me.*' Things went on smoothly several months. That once darkened home had become once more a sunny spot. But one day the reformed man met an old friend who invited him to dinner. At the table wine was furnished, and the entertainer pressed the reformed inebriate to take a glass with him. He knew the man's former habits. The unhappy man swallowed one glass, and it unchained the demon in a moment. From that hour to this my poor friend has hardly seen a sober day, and nothing but a miracle of God's grace will ever lift him from the bottomless pit into which one treacherous glass of champagne hurled him in an instant. In this case it is not difficult to decide who was the greatest sinner. The man who urged a reformed inebriate to touch a drop of intoxicating liquors, deserves to be imprisoned for ten years at hard labour. He is not a safe person to run at large, for where is the moral difference of assassination with a knife and assassination with a 'social glass' of poison?"

## THE SUPPLIES STOPPED.

"You have stopped the supplies!" said a poor working-man to a gentleman whom he met in the street. "Why, how?" inquired he. "Well, you see, sir, since my little girls and boys have been going to your Sunday-school, they have promised to have nothing to do with liquor or tobacco, and I can't get them to go to buy either for me." "I am glad to hear that," said the friend; "but what will you do now?"

"Why, I have thrown my pipe away; and the children have coaxed me so hard that I have promised not to smoke or chew again, and to give up my daily drams."

## A FEARLESS PREACHER.

THE Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler delivered an address to the students of Union Theological



Seminary, New York, recently, of which the following is a portion:—"The successful preacher must always be a *fearless* preacher. I know well the temptations which we have to say popular things instead of true things; and when a pastor is sore pressed to maintain his family, he is even tempted sometimes to put salary above souls. The moment you begin to tremble before an auditor, you are gone! Fear God always; but man *never*. In dealing faithfully with popular sins, you must expect opposition; but it will come quite as often from timid Christians, as from wrong-doers themselves. Sometimes you really please those whom you expect to offend. On a certain Sabbath in my early ministry, I preached pretty plainly and emphatically against the sin of making and vending alcoholic poisons. I *do* allude to that subject *occasionally*. A prominent trustee in my church, who had made all his money by the manufacture of liquor, sat during the sermon and nibbled the head of his cane under the gaze of the whole congregation. After service some people said, 'That sermon will drive the Squire off, *sure*.' But when a friend said to him timidly, 'Squire, how did you relish *that*?' he very nobly replied, 'If the little man believes it, *let him say it*.' Years afterwards he sent for me to come fifty miles and stand by his dying bed."

#### CHRISTIAN DUTY.

IN contemplating the ravages, moral as well as physical, consequent upon the drinking customs of our country, we have been introduced into deep religious concern. We attempt not to define the limits of individual duty; but we desire that all our members may be willing, in the fear of the Lord, to take a calm view of this great subject. Our position as a Church, and as individuals, is not without influence. In looking at the vast extent of sin, wretchedness and woe, which attend the indulgence in this national habit, we would affectionately urge upon Friends everywhere, prayerfully to consider whether anything in their conduct gives countenance to it, or whether they are doing all that is required of them to counteract it. It is alike the duty and the privilege of the Christian to deny himself for the sake of the fallen or the weak. "Hereby," saith the Apostle, "perceive we the love of God, because He laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." If this be true of our *lives*, how much more in the giving up of anything in our *conduct* whereby our brother may stumble, or be offended, or made weak.—*From the Epistle from the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, held in London, 1870.*

#### "STANDING AT THE BAR."

By J. B. Wright.

'Tis Sabbath evening, and yet just look within the gin-palace! Motley groups of people are "Standing at the Bar." There is a mother, with the children clinging to her ragged dress, and crying, "Mother, give me some." Poor things, they have learned to like it, and do not think of the misery that it has brought upon them. See, the mother is filling up her glass at the water tap, still trying to believe that it is gin. What a wretched home theirs must be, if indeed they have one.

Do you see that poor old man? He looks as though he had seen better days, as indeed he has. I remember him when he was a member of a Christian church, and a very consistent member too, but strong drink was his besetment; he fell, little by little, till he became an outcast, and he is now hastening to a drunkard's grave, and, I fear, also to a drunkard's hell. Poor man, I wish I could save him.

Look again, do you see those two well-dressed young people? They have been out for a Sunday evening's walk, and have just called in to take some refreshment, as it is called. How ashamed they appear to be. It is, perhaps, the first time, and let us hope that it will be the last. They were once scholars in a Sabbath school, but, like many more, have grown up, left the Sunday school, and are found in a gin-palace on a Sunday night. The rest of the group are strangers to me, but I guess they are not strangers to sorrow. "Standing at the Bar" has to me such a strange sound; it makes me think of our assize courts, and our courts of justice. Is it not a fact, that "Standing at the Bar" of the public-house and the gin-palace is, in most cases, the forerunner of "Standing at the Bar" in our courts of justice? And Sunday drinking is, of all, the most fruitful source of crime and sorrow.

Ah! there is another Bar, at which we all must stand—the "Bar of God." All drunkards will have to appear at that bar—drunkards of every class—kings, princes, rich men and poor men; some that had been members of Christian churches, and some that had been ministers of the gospel. Strong drink was their ruin. "Britain's curse has slain its tens of thousands," and has fearfully robbed the Church of Christ.

The sentence is, indeed, impressive; look at it which way you will, there is something awfully solemn in the words

"STANDING AT THE BAR."



## LIVERPOOL STATISTICS.

ACCORDING to Major Greig's (Chief Constable) report, there are more than 2,500 public-houses, &c., in Liverpool. Allowing an average drawing of only £12 per week for each house, we have a total of £30,000 expended every week for intoxicating drinks, or £1,505,000 every year—an estimate which, considering the large licensed houses and gin palaces doing a tremendous business, is very much below the real amount.

Yet even at this low estimate, there is a sum of £3 spent in intoxicating drinks for every man, woman, and child in Liverpool, or £15 per year for every family of five.

There are in the United Kingdom 150,000 public-houses and beershops, drawing more than 100 millions of pounds every year for worse than nothing.

In addition to the money spent there is also the cost of crime, pauperism, and disease, with loss of time, property, and life, for which no adequate estimate can be given.

The following calculations, however, from reliable sources, are worthy of consideration :

The total cost of maintaining the poor, the police, the gaols, &c., in Liverpool, is in round numbers ..... £500,000 a year.

Of this three-fourths at least is caused by drink, viz., ..... 350,000

The number of public-houses, &c., is ..... 2,500

The number of paupers ..... 25,000

The number of apprehensions for drunkenness ..... 20,000

The number of policemen ..... 1,100

Here, then, we have the following startling facts :—

1. Every public-house in Liverpool makes ten paupers per year.
2. Every two public-houses keep a policeman employed.
3. Every public-house sends eight persons to the Police Court during the year.
4. Every public-house imposes a tax of about £160 a year on the ratepayers, or, in other words, we pay a total amount of £400,000 per annum in taxes, for the privileges of a licensed liquor traffic.—*Alliance News*.

Might not these facts, modified, apply to every large town in the kingdom ?

A SPEAKER in my hearing told a striking fact :—"I know a man who signed the pledge thirty times and then broke it. He signed again, and kept it thirty years. So don't fear when men break their pledges, but encourage them to sign again."

Good advice ! Yes, let us work on and hope on.

## WHAT TO DO WITH THE APPLES.

A GENTLEMAN in the neighbourhood of Bow has fed, of late, three pigs on boiled apples, mixed with barley. The pork and bacon is said to be of a very fine quality. Teetotalers who may have had qualms of conscience in selling their apples for cider-making need no longer vex themselves with the question. Boiled apples, mixed with other pig-feeding materials, make the richest pork and bacon !—*Devon and Cornwall Temperance Journal*.

## FALSIFICATION OF PORT WINE.

A LETTER from the English Secretary of Legation in Portugal states that for a hundred years not a single drop of pure port wine has been sent to London, the compounds kept in the London Docks being fabricated in the following manner :—The first grapes of the season are macerated in a vat with elderberries, the juice from which imparts a dark red colour to the wine thus made. To this is then added brandy enough to give it body and strength. Large numbers of casks of this kind of wine, on their arrival in the London Docks, are emptied into great vats, when the whole quantity is again treated with brandy, burnt sugar, and other ingredients, according to the prevailing taste for "Pure London Dock Port." We have the authority of a British parliamentary report for this statement.—*Banner of Light*.

## SERPENT WORSHIP.

THERE is one folly overtops all others : The worship of a poisonous glittering serpent That everywhere besets our path through life ; Like Aaron's rod when it became a serpent, It swallows up all others round about it. How strange that serpent-worship should exist In this broad day of men's enlightenment : This is the serpent of the sparkling cup. I have seen beauty laid upon its altar ; I have seen youth in its attractiveness Offered in reckless sacrifice before it ; I have seen genius, with its heaven-born gifts, Its brilliancy, its potency, its fervour, Abandoned to it with a spendthrift's waste ; I have seen men under its fascination Throw health and wealth and character away, The honours, duties, and sanctities of life, Respect of friends, and also self-respect, The joys of home, the smiles of wife and children, And, more than all, the hope of future joy In the bright happy world that lies beyond us ! Whoever feels this serpent's eye upon him, Seeking to witch him with its fascination, Let him escape from it as for his life, Or he will be transfixed unconsciously, And rendered helpless in the serpent's grasp— The coiling serpent whose encircling folds Throttle the helpless victim to the death. Flee from the serpent ! Do not tamper with it ; Beware of its deceitfulness, and shun it, For at the last it stingeth as an adder.—*From "The Setting Sun," a Poem, by James Harnard.*

## STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

PUBLIC Service will be held in the large new School-Room, which has been erected on the Stannary estate, every Sunday Morning at 10.30, and Evening at 6. 30.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named. August 7th, Rev. A. Russell, M.A., of Bradford; 14th, Rev. G. Mc Callum, of Dewsbury; 21st and 28th, Rev. E. Franks, of Leicester.

## LADIES' BAGS

ALL SIZES AND PRICES.

## TRAVELLING BAGS

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Courier, Tatting & School Bags,

IN GREAT VARIETY, AT

**E. MORTIMER'S,**

22, CROWN STREET.

A Large and Choice Stock of

DINING and

DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS

AT

**C. HORNER'S,**

11, NORTHGATE.

## NEURALGIA & TIC-DOULOUREUX!

This painful affection immediately relieved and in most cases permanently cured by taking

## "FARR'S NERVINE."

Sold in Bottles at 7½d. and 13½d., by

**JAMES FARR,**

DISPENSING & FAMILY DRUGGIST,

CROWN STREET, HALIFAX.

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70, Top of Woolshops.

Clothing for all Classes—Good,  
Cheap, and Stylish.

**J. WRIGHT AND SON,**

Proprietors.

In an age of keen competition, the Advertiser asks respectful attention to the following—

## A VERY LARGE VARIETY OF INFANTS', BOYS', & YOUTHS' CAPS; OF THE NEWEST PATTERNS.—PRICES LOW.

Felt Hats, soft and hard for BOYS, YOUTHS, and MEN, in the New Styles. Rossini, Peabody, Whitworth, Tyrolese, St. Bernard, Alpine, &c., &c.

A splendid lot of French Beaver Hats, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6; Best Qualities, 8/6 to 16/, at

**Davies's, Swine Market, Halifax.**

## GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

of superior make at moderate prices.

## BEST GOLD JEWELLERY,

new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.

## SOLID SILVER & ELECTRO PLATE,

both useful and ornamental, in best quality.

**E. S. PEGLER,**

Watchmaker, Jeweller, & Silversmith,

19, OLD MARKET, HALIFAX.

## H. BUTTON'S

MILLINERY

AND

**DRAPERY ESTABLISHMENT,**

24, NORTHGATE,

**HALIFAX.**



# STANNARY

## BAND OF HOPE

# MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 12.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

*The Monthly Band of Hope Meeting will be held in the New School-room on Tuesday evening, September 13th. Addresses will be given by Messrs. B. G. Smith, John Dickenson, W. H. Birtwhistle, and Henry Clay. Recitations by several of the Members. The attendance of all is earnestly invited. In October, the Yendon Life Boat Crew will give an Entertainment.*

### LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

Two boys, both about fifteen years of age, were employed as clerks in a large grocery in one of our cities.

Walter Hyde was the son of an invalid widow, and his earnings were her only means of support.

Andrew Strong was the eldest son of a poor mechanic, who had quite a large family depending upon him for their daily bread.

Both the boys were capable and industrious; both were equally well disposed, and both were members of the "Temperance Union" which had been started in their Sabbath-School.

They had but lately entered upon the business in which they were now engaged, and which promised to be a lucrative occupation.

Walter and Andrew were good friends, and glad of a situation where they could labour together.

But they had not long been employed in the grocery before they learned to their dismay, that Mr. Bates, its proprietor, kept a bar in the store where he retailed alcoholic drinks.

The two boys conferred together upon the propriety of remaining at a place where stimulants were sold. They had nothing to do with the sale of liquor, and did not know whether to remain would interfere with their pledge or not.

"Let us talk with our folks at home," said Walter, "They will know best. I shall do just as my mother says."

"And I will ask my father and mother," said Andrew; "I don't know whether they

will think it a sufficient reason for me to leave, but I know they will hate for me to lose my situation."

"Mother," said Walter Hyde, seating himself beside her easy chair and leaning his head on his mother's shoulder, "did you know Mr. Bates sold liquor?"

"Why, no, my son," said Mrs. Hyde with a startled movement. "Does he?"

"Yes. I didn't know it for a fact until to-day, though I have mistrusted it before. What do you think about my staying there? I don't have anything to do with the liquor department, but it don't seem exactly right to stay where it is sold. Does it to you, mother?"

For a moment the mother did not answer. Poverty is a hard thing to battle with, and Mrs. Hyde knew only too well what must follow the loss of her son's situation.

But as she pondered, there came to her mind from the dim recollections of the past, a memory of a boy she had known in girlhood. A brave high-spirited lad, with the promise of as noble a manhood as lay before her own cherished boy. But how little a thing had wrecked the hopes of his friends, and brought him to a drunkard's grave. It was at first but the companionship of those who loved strong drink.

"Lead us not into temptation." When could those words be more fitly uttered than now?

"My dear boy, let us pray together," said this Christian mother.

And together they knelt in the cheerful firelight, and the Lord's prayer was breathed from the lips of Mrs. Hyde.

"I can answer you now, Walter. I would

rather starve than have you for a single day exposed to such temptations as beset a drinking-house. You may tell Mr. Bates in the morning that you cannot work for him longer. The bitterest poverty, even starvation, would be preferable to having my boy in danger of becoming a drunkard.

In his home that evening, Andrew Strong asked the same question of his parents that Walter had asked of his mother.

"You say you don't have anything to do with the liquor, eh?" questioned Mr. Strong.

"No, sir, but I am right where it is all the time. I can't help that, if I stay there."

"If we were able to get along without your wages, I wouldn't have you remain another day; but I have so many mouths to feed, and our rent is coming due, and if you leave there you may not get another situation in a long time. What do you think, Anna?" he inquired of his wife, "had the boy better leave?"

Mrs. Strong was one of the Marthas—troubled about many things.

She keenly felt their necessities, and, the more limited their circumstances, the more care and burden fell upon her shoulders. It seemed to the poor weary woman almost unbearable. She suggested a compromise.

"Let him stay a little while," said she, "until we can get the rent paid, and meanwhile be looking up a new situation for him. We won't have him remain any longer than is really necessary."

The next day Walter Hyle resigned his situation, and he and his widowed mother were left without the means of support. But they put their trust in God, and He did not forsake them. You have heard the proverb, "Heaven helps those who help themselves." Never was a truer saying.

Walter, when he found himself out of employment, did not sit down and fold his hands in discouragement, but he went about looking for something to do, ready meanwhile to take any *honest* occupation that offered itself. He picked up little jobs here and there, performing them well and faithfully, until at last a gentleman, struck by his frank, manly countenance, and learning something of his history, interested himself in the boy's behalf, and procured him a clerkship in a large manufacturing establishment, a far better position pecuniarily than the one he occupied before.

Andrew Strong remained in the store of Mr. Bates. "It was only for a little while," said his father and mother. They intended to find him another situation as soon as possible. His father made inquiries to that effect whenever he thought it advisable, but nothing satisfactory turned up, and Andrew still remained.

At first no apparent evil resulted from his stay, and as familiarity with a danger causes it to seem less dangerous, they finally ceased to feel troubled regarding the temptations that surrounded him.

For a long time Andrew remembered his pledge, and was careful to avoid the liquor department of the grocery. But as day after day passed by, and he grew accustomed to the sight and smell of liquor, and became familiar with the men who frequented the bar room, he would occasionally be persuaded to taste of the intoxicating drink. He no longer frequented the meetings of the "Temperance Union," for the first time he broke his pledge, he felt that he had no right to be there. He did not have the courage and resolution to confess his wrong doing and promise amendment for the future.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twenty years passed by.

In one of our large manufacturing towns, as the wealthy owner of nearly half the mills in the place was walking along the street one day, he saw a man lying drunk by the roadside.

He stopped to see if he could not do something for the poor fellow, for he was a kind-hearted man, and ever ready to relieve suffering humanity.

"Do you know this man?" he inquired of a passer-by. It chanced to be the superintendent of one of the factories that he addressed.

"No. He is a stranger in the place. He came to me yesterday morning to hire out in the mill. I hired him, and then he told me he had been out of work so long that he had been unable to get anything to eat, and that he wanted pay for yesterday's work in order to get him something. I paid him, and he spent it for liquor, it seems."

"What did he tell you his name was?" inquired the factory owner.

"Andrew Strong," was the answer.

"Is it possible!" The gentleman looked long and earnestly at the features of the poor inebriate; then said, "Yes, it must be he."

Then, turning to the man he had been talking with, he said, "Mr. Horton, if you will help me to carry this man to my house, I will do you a good turn some day."

Mr. Horton looked surprised, but he did as his employer requested.

When Andrew Strong awoke from his drunken slumber, he found himself in a rich and costly apartment, and surrounded by all the appurtenances of wealth; while beside him sat a strange gentleman whom he had never recollected seeing before.

"Where am I? What does this mean?"



he demanded, as his scattered senses returned to him. "What am I here for?"

"Andrew Strong," said the stranger, "do you remember me?"

"No, I never saw you before," was the answer.

"You are mistaken, then, for you and I were once old friends. Don't you remember Walter Hyde, who used to work with you in the store of Mr. Bates?"

"Yes, yes," was the answer, "but you cannot be he."

"But I am: the same little boy who talked with you about the expediency of leaving the store because they sold liquor."

The poor inebriate looked with his bleared eyes into the noble face of his companion, and after a long pause said—

"Then I suppose you are the Hyde that owns all these factories, and is so rich."

"Yes."

A pause, and then came a groan from the poor drunkard, so deep and heart-broken that the rich factory-owner never forgot it to his dying day.

"Oh that my father and mother had laid me in my grave," said he, "rather than have let me remain in the soul-destroying liquor-house. Just there is when I went down and you went up. If I had left the place when you did, I might now be an honoured and respected man like you."

"My poor friend, do not despair," said Walter Hyde. "It is not yet too late for you to reform. I will help you, and I am sure there is manhood enough left in your soul to bring you up again."

And he did help him. And the poor wretched inebriate became a *man*, respected by his fellows and a blessing to society.

See to it that ye forget not the petition our Father taught us—"Lead us not into temptation."—*The Progress, New York.*

## RELIEF FOR THE WEARY.

*By J. B. Gough.*

A FRIEND of mine seeking to relieve the poor, came to a flight of stairs that led into a room reaching under the slates. He knocked.

A feeble voice, said "Come in," and he went in. There was no light, but as soon as his eye became adapted to the place, he saw, lying upon a heap of chips and shavings, a boy about ten years of age, pale, but with a sweet face.

"What are you doing here?" he asked of the boy.

"Hush, hush! I am hiding."

"Hiding? What for?" and he showed his white arms covered with bruises and swollen.

"Who was it that beat you like that?"

"Don't tell him: my father did it."

"What for?"

"Father got drunk and beat me because I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir, I was a thief once."

"Then why don't you steal now?"

"Because I went to the Ragged-School, and they told me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and they told me of God in heaven. I will never steal, sir, if my father kills me."

Said my friend: "I don't know what to do with you. Here is a shilling: I will see what I can do for you."

The boy looked at it a moment, and then said;

"But, please, sir, would you not like to hear my little hymn?"

My friend thought it strange that, without fire, without food, bruised and beaten as he lay there, he could sing a hymn; but he said—

"Yes, I will hear you." And then in a sweet voice he sang,

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child,  
Pity my infirmity,  
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain would I to Thee be brought;  
Gentle Lord, forbid it not;  
In the kingdom of Thy grace,  
Give Thy little child a place.

That's my little hymn; good-bye!"

The gentleman went again in the morning; went up stairs; knocked at the door—no answer—opened it and went in. The shilling lay on the floor. There lay the boy with a smile on his face—but he was dead! In the night he had gone home. Thank God that He has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me!" He is no respecter of persons, black or white, bond or free, old or young.

He sends His angels to the homes of the poor and the destitute, the degraded and the wicked, to take His blood-bought little ones to His own bosom.

## THE LADY IN THE BAR-ROOM.

A LADY and her companion in travelling were, by the forgetfulness of the conductor, taken beyond their destination, and compelled to wait at a station in the country for an hour and a half, till a return train should come along. Weary with travelling all the previous night and day, they sought an opportunity of rest in the sitting-room of a hotel opposite. The passage-way to it led near the bar-room, from whence issued, as they passed, the most awful sounds of swearing. Reaching

the ladies' room, one of them threw herself on the sofa, to secure a little rest. The other, grieved to the soul by the sounds of blasphemy which had reached her ears, and following implicitly at once the guidance of the Spirit, went down into the bar-room. In it were seventy-five or eighty men, collected after a political meeting, a large number of them partly in liquor. Startled by the apparition of a lady in such a scene, conversation ceased at once, and all eyes were turned upon her. Without a single word being said, she handed a tract to each, laying one on the bar for the landlord. Still no one spoke. Astonishment made them all dumb. As she again reached the door, she said—

“The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.”

Without embarrassment, though constitutionally a timid woman, she added some words of solemn warning and entreaty, and then left them. Three men followed her into the passage to return thanks for the message, one of them with tears telling her that she reminded him of his saintly companion in life, whom he had, three weeks ago, laid in the grave of a drunkard's wife.

Some weeks afterward the lady met a minister from that neighbourhood, who said that he had been desirous of telling her that previous to her visit to the bar-room, he had been directing his thoughts to that vicinity, where there was no church, and that he had been holding meetings in a school-house there twice a day. A large number had made a public confession of Christ, and forty persons who were among that company in the bar-room had, within six weeks of her visit, stated publicly in the meetings, that this lady's visit to the hotel drinking-room had been the means of first effectually awakening their souls.

#### YOU MAY NOT GIVE IT.

A LADY who believed that a small quantity of strong drink was a good thing in its way, had in her employ for a short time a carpenter and joiner doing some repairs in her house, whom she pressed to take spirits. He declined. She pressed him again, and told him that a single glass would do no harm. She produced the glass of spirits. Now that lady was quite unaware of that man's condition; and here is one great danger connected with our drinking system. He had been a drunkard in former years, but, as I have said, the lady was unacquainted with this fact, and knew not what a terrible temptation she was presenting to him. The taste for drink was only dormant in his heart, it was not extinct;

and when he perceived the spirits, took in the smell, and had them offered to him, he drank them. When he left that lady's house, instead of going home he must needs turn into the first public-house. The old taste for drink had been revived by that single glass, and he stayed drinking in the public-house till he was helplessly drunk. On his way home he tumbled into a hole, and there he was killed by a waggon. That lady's one glass of spirits must be held responsible for the mischief. She knew this too. She knew that it was not the last glass that he had taken upon which the blame was to be laid, but the one she had given. I am glad to add that she became a total abstainer. Our experience from first to last is that strong drink is bad in itself. We have known many and many a good man who, under the influence of strong drink, fell away and did foolish and wicked things, but we never knew a wicked man who, under the influence of strong drink did good Christian acts. Non-teetotalers may depend upon it that we are right in the position we, as abstainers, have taken, that strong drink in itself is bad and only bad, and that our right course is neither to touch, taste, nor handle it.

#### HOW A SUNDAY-SCHOLAR BECAME A CONVICT.

HAVING received a pressing invitation to attend a Sunday-school tea festival in the pleasant district adjacent to the ancient and venerable city of York, I accepted the invitation, and at the time appointed, arrived at my destination. I was met and welcomed by many warm-hearted friends. After the really good tea was over, a public meeting was held, which was ably presided over by a respected member of the Town Council. There was a numerous array of speakers, among whom was Mr. William Draper, of Bradford. The speakers severally dwelt on the duties, encouragements, and disappointments of Sabbath-school teachers. Just before the close, Mr. — was called upon to address the meeting. After a few introductory words, he said there was one incident in his experience which he should ever remember. “I was at one time engaged as a Government inspector at Woolwich, when the transports were marched before me in procession. I stood with a book and pencil in my hand, taking notes, and was astounded to hear one of the prisoners say in a low voice, ‘I know you, sir.’ But however great my consternation, I was afraid to speak to him, knowing that I should thereby render myself liable to a term of imprisonment. However, I did



venture to softly inquire, 'And who am I?' He replied, 'You are Mr. —, my Sunday-school teacher.' When I had finished my report, I asked for and obtained the Governor's permission to speak to the young man. He told me his name, and how long he had been a scholar in my class. I then recollected him well as being a sober, attentive, and promising youth. I asked, 'My dear young man, however have you come here?' He addressed me in much feeling, 'You know that I was a teetotaler, and worked in a foundry. One summer's evening, after my work was done, I washed and dressed myself to take a stroll in the town. While walking I met several of my companions who were going to spend a jovial night at a public-house. They invited me to accompany them, but I refused on the grounds of my teetotalism. "Ah," said they, "you can get either black beer or peppermint cordial, which they said were teetotal drinks;" but this is a great mistake, and teetotalers should not take them. (What a pity but he had remembered the words of Solomon, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.") I consented and went with them, and soon also joined them in drinking beer. We remained till we were turned out at closing-time. I durst not go home to subject myself to the examination of my father. I determined to sleep in a field, and then tell my father that I had slept at my uncle's—a thing which I often did. My companions agreed to stay out with me, and we slept behind a haycock. While I slept, my companions had robbed and violently assaulted an old man who had passed through the same field. He was afterwards able to give such a description of them that they were arrested and brought to justice. As I had been in their company, though innocent of the crime, I equally suffered punishment. That, sir, is the way I came here.' "Think," said the speaker, "what would be my feelings to see my own Sunday-scholar a transport in chains." Oh! may young men shun the beginnings of evil. Think of the rapid development of sin in that model young man. First, drinking; second, lying; third, thieving; and fourth transportation from all endearing relationships, hallowed influences, and from all opportunities of doing good. "The way of the wicked He turneth upside down."

#### WORDS IN SEASON.

Don't let the landlord entice you into his man-trap by any of the many baits he may hang outside, nor those that he may lay about within.

Don't seek nor rush into temptation; but

if called to face it, ask God to help you to withstand it, and to bring you through it with garments unspotted.

Don't wait for others to help you, but seek, by the help of God, to help yourself; remembering that he who would be free indeed, himself must strike the blow.

Don't blow your money or time away in smoke, but take home good papers and books instead of pipes and tobacco.

Don't be satisfied by merely abstaining from strong drink, but speak and work and war against it in season and out of season.

Don't be one of those who say, "I hate drunkenness as much as anybody," while at the same time they are daily drinking the drunkard-making drink; but let your words and actions prove that you are willing to exercise a little self-denial for the poor drunkard's sake, and for the sake of preventing the rising generation, and others from becoming such.

Don't stand back and say "What can I do?" but press forward, and look around with an earnest and willing heart, and you will surely see something that you can do.

Don't wait till you may richer be  
Ere you for right shall war;  
However poor, there's work for thee,  
Be something where you are.

If you are a teetotaler, don't be influenced by those who say you will never win the day. When they tell me so, I reply that I have won the day for myself and household; for we have put the drink away, and daily kept the foe at bay; and that I am seeking both by word and deed to get and help others who wander astray, to come with us and win the day. Aye, we know right well that our side is the winning side, and every day brings us fresh triumphs and blessings; and we feel it a luxury, a duty, and a pleasure to do battle against the cursed drink and the liquor traffic; and with God and truth, and experience, and happy homes on our side, we steadfastly march on in the conflict, saying to our fellow-men around, "Come with us and win the day."—*R. Chandler.*

#### THE COUNTRY DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.

A NEW novel, entitled, "No Appeal," contains a capital sketch of a country surgeon and his patients. Here is a very good picture:—

"First of all came a farm labourer and his wife; she thin, hard, and scraggy, with a bright red face, and brimming with wiry vigour, though fully sixty years old; he, not a year older, but pale and drooping, with his

hand clutching a hazel stick; with dull, heavy eyes that looked drearily across the room, as if in fear.

"Ah! John Roberts; haven't seen you, my man, for many a long, long day. You were hale and hearty two years ago. What's the matter now?"

"Drafful pain in my zide, and no stummick to my food at ahl."

"Come up to the light, man, and let's have a look at your mouth. Out with your tongue! Now open your mouth wide. Wider, man; wider! There, that's it. Yes, yes, I see. Why, your tongue, and throat, and mouth, are all wrong, John; they look more like dirty white paper than flesh and blood; and it's the same all the way down inside you—down to the very place where you feel that gnawing, sinking pain. Shall I tell you what that pain is?"

"Yes, do'ee, sir, please."

"That pain, Roberts, is *Rum*, which has burnt away all the life out of your mouth, and turned your throat into leather, and is eating a hole through the coats of your "poor stummick," as you call it. How many glasses did you swallow yesterday, and how many this morning? I must know the exact number, and then I'll see if anything can be done for you."

"And then at last the miserable secret was slowly dragged out of Mr. Roberts. Ever since he had the rheumatics so bad last November, he had been going steadily down hill, learning day by day to swallow liquid fire. Some fool or other had then advised him to try '*Rum and Cloves, fasting*,' and he *had* tried it, and increased the doses day by day and week by week till he ate and drank little else but this miserable poison."

"How long has this last wretched game been going on, of rum for breakfast, rum for dinner, for tea, and supper?"

"Only a few days, sin he's bin so mortal bad," says the poor wife.

"Lucky for you, John; a few *more* days would have settled you in your coffin; a parish one, too, it must have been; and parish coffins are horribly uncomfortable, so I am told. Do you want to get well, John, or for this pain to go on burning a hole right through you? Will you do what I tell you?"

"Oh, Lod-a-massy, no, doctor; I don't want no parish coffins, nor no more holes bored in me. Tell me what fur to do; and I'll do it *surely*."

Surely I wish we had more doctors like this. Don't you?

June, I saw on the other side of South Street, Wellington, a well-dressed man, woman, and two children, not having much appearance of working people. He crossed the street, and, taking me by the hand, said, "I think I know you."

"Indeed," I replied, "I have no knowledge of you."

"My name is C—P—" he answered, "I left this place about seventeen years ago."

"Oh, now I remember you quite well, and are these your wife and children?" and he replied in the affirmative; and in further conversation I learned that though a drunkard and smoker when he left the neighbourhood, he had been a pledged abstainer for eleven years, and a member of a Christian church five years.

He is a *smith*, in a firm about forty miles beyond London, and could do his work well without beer. He made visits to several places, visiting his own and his wife's relations, and returned home to his work after having thoroughly enjoyed a fortnight's holiday.

Teetotalism places a working-man in a position that enables him to take a pleasant holiday with his wife and family. Working-men, give up going to the public-house and taking intoxicating drink, and you will find teetotalism the best. It will not carry you to heaven, but it may remove the stumbling-blocks to the reception of the Gospel.

### A CORONER ON DRINK.

MR. CLARKE ASPINALL, the coroner for Liverpool, when addressing a meeting at St. Helen's Mechanics' Institute, said:—"I believe this drink—this everlasting drink—this unpunished, unrestricted drink—this desolating drink—has a vast deal to answer for, and it makes me feel that my own source of income largely, literally depends upon the vice and immorality of my fellow-citizens. I am here to admit it, because it is true, and it is a matter beyond my control, or I would have it otherwise. Of all the cases I hear, the proportion is much greater of those who have brought their end about, more or less, by drink, than of those which can be said to be purely accidental. And it is most sorrowful—pitiful—to find the young in such suffering. I do not mean the wretched little apologies for humanity constantly overlain in bed, but those who escape that end, and seem to be lingering for almost a worse fate—to be brought up with emaciated frames and with emaciated morals—if I may use the expression—their only inheritance the scum of the community, and their systems a prey to early disease, misery, and death."

### A TEETOTAL HOLIDAY.

In the afternoon of the last Saturday in



## THE OLD STORY.

WHEN I came to live in Grimsby, and was standing in the street, a man came up to me. He told me he was without bread or money, being destitute. I told him I had a family, but would spare him twopence, which I happened to have in my pocket. I remained standing a short time, and then saw him going not towards a bread shop, but a drink-shop. I thought I would follow him and see what he would do. I found he had put threepence on the counter. I said, "Now dad, what are you going to have?" He said, "I have a pain in my inside, and I thought a glass of rum would do me good." I snatched up the twopence I had given him, and said, "This is mine; if you do not know how to spend money, I do; so good morning to you!"—W. S.

## THE GROCERS AND DRINK.

MR. TITUS SALT, the owner of the freehold and property at Saltaire, near Bradford, caused notice to be given to such tenants as held licences as grocers to sell beer, to the effect that the sale of liquors would not be further allowed in the village; and that, consequently, they must not renew their licences, which were just expiring. This step was said to be taken in consequence of the evils found to arise from the workpeople in the establishment having of late found such ready access to liquor through the grocers' shops. Neither public-house nor beershop is allowed at Saltaire.

## A TEETOTAL CABMAN.

A HANSOM cabman drove me home from a meeting, and, before we parted, he said:—"Sir, eighteen years ago I was a drunkard, and my home was a hell upon earth; but I signed the pledge, sir, and I have learned to love Christ, sir, and joined a Christian Church."

That shows us that we may work on, full of hope and faith, knowing that good will result from our labours.

## A HINT TO THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE RUIN OF THEIR FELLOW-MEN.

"TRUE conversion is not only from wasteful sins, but from gainful sins; not only from sins that are destructive to worldly interest, but from those that support and defend it, in forsaking which is the great trial whether we can deny ourselves and trust God."—*Matthew Henry*.

THE Vaudeville Theatre in the Strand has just set a good example. Instead of allowing the bar at the entrance to be fitted up as a beer-tap, it is being devoted to the sale of ice-cream soda, a luxury which is steadily gaining ground in popular favour.

## WATER IN THE WILDERNESS.

*Genesis xxi.*

FAR away in an Eastern wild,  
Wandered a mother and her child;  
The days of joy and peace are fled,  
For them no sheltering tent is spread:  
By sinful tempers driven from home,  
Together they are forced to roam.

At morn they left the father's door,  
Water and bread their only store;  
And now with weary steps and faint,  
They journey on—the water spent;  
While as she gazed upon her lad,  
The mother's loving heart was sad.

With burning thirst o'ercome at last,  
Beneath a shrub her child she cast,  
A good way off then sat her down,  
Far as an arrow might have flown:  
"Let me not see him die," she cries,  
And lifts to Heaven her weeping eyes.

The faithless mother has forgot  
The promise given in lonely spot  
Long since, that Ishmael her child  
Should be a strong man, free and wild;  
His very name should tell her how  
In trouble\* "God shall hear" him now.

And soon again that voice she hears,  
That bids her wipe away her tears;  
"Hazar, fear not! what aileth thee?  
Lift up the lad from 'neath the tree,  
For him I will a nation make,  
So great, none shall the number take."

Then opened God her eyes, and she  
A well of water now could see;  
She quickly hastened to the brink,  
The bottle filled, and gave him drink;  
His strength revived, her heart was glad,  
He grew, and God was with the lad.

And still, as ages pass away,  
God keeps His promise to this day;  
The Arabs wild are Ishmael's seed,  
Whom no man numbereth indeed:  
In lawless bands they rove afar,  
And none have conquered them in war.

And yet, where'er they pitch their tent,  
Pure water is, with one consent  
Their cooling drink; *no wine, or beer*  
They need, to strengthen or to cheer;  
On desert plains, or rocky steep,  
Mohammed's rule of life they keep.

Is the false Prophet's law obeyed?  
And shall the Christian be afraid  
To speak, and pray, and labour on  
To bring to Christ the drunken throng,  
That they may have their sins forgiven  
And through His blood may enter Heaven

Come, little children, do your part,  
Join Bands of Hope with all your heart,  
The praises of pure water sing,  
Which God provides from crystal spring,  
And never cease your efforts here,  
Till Drunkenness shall disappear.

\* *Genesis xvi. 11.*

## STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

PUBLIC Service will be held in the large new School-Room, which has been erected on the Stannary estate, every Sunday Morning at 10.30, and Evening at 6.30.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings. The Rev. W. B. Affleck, of Huddersfield, will preach on September 4th, 11th, and 18th.

### NEURALGIA & TIC-DOULOUREUX!

This painful affection immediately relieved and in most cases permanently cured by taking

### "FARR'S NERVINE."

Sold in Bottles at 7½d. and 13½d., by

**JAMES FARR,**

DISPENSING & FAMILY DRUGGIST,

CROWN STREET, HALIFAX.

### HALIFAX CLOTHING HOUSE,

70, Top of Woolshops.

Clothing for all Classes—Good,  
Cheap, and Stylish.

**J. WRIGHT AND SON,**  
Proprietors.

### GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

of superior make at moderate prices.

### BEST GOLD JEWELLERY,

new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.

### SOLID SILVER & ELECTRO PLATE,

both useful and ornamental, in best quality.

**E. S. PEGLER,**

Watchmaker, Jeweller, & Silversmith,

19, OLD MARKET, HALIFAX.

### TIN TRUNKS, BONNET BOXES, ROUND LOAF TINS,

Household Using Things in great variety, at

**J. H. HELLIWELL'S,**  
Iron and Tin Plate Worker,

13, St. James's Road,

**HALIFAX.**

*N.B.—Repairs promptly attended to.*

In an age of keen competition, the Advertiser asks respectful attention to the following—

### A VERY LARGE VARIETY OF INFANTS', BOYS', & YOUTHS' CAPS, OF THE NEWEST PATTERNS.—PRICES LOW.

Felt Hats, soft and hard for BOYS, YOUTHS, and MEN, in the New Styles. Rossini, Peabody, Whitworth, Tyrolese, St. Bernard, Alpine, &c., &c.

*A splendid lot of French Beaver Hats, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6; Best Qualities, 8/6 to 16/, at*

**Davies's, Swine Market, Halifax.**

### LADIES' BAGS

ALL SIZES AND PRICES.

### TRAVELLING BAGS

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Courier, Tatting & School Bags,

IN GREAT VARIETY, AT

**E. MORTIMER'S,**

22, CROWN STREET.

A Large and Choice Stock of

DINING and

DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS

AT

**C. HORNER'S,**

11, NORTHGATE.



# STANNARY

## BAND OF HOPE

# MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 13.

OCTOBER, 1870.

*At the Monthly Band of Hope Meeting to be held on Tuesday, October 11th, an Entertainment will be given by the Yeadon Life Boat Crew, under the direction of the Rev. W. B. Affleck. Chair to be taken at half-past seven o'clock by Mr. J. M. Bowman. Admission Free. The Meetings are now held on the second Tuesday in each month.*

"MAYN'T I GO WITH YOU, PAPA?"

"MAYN'T I go with you, papa? Please say I may, won't you?"

These words were uttered in a plaintive and sadly entreative tone, the hands of the speaker clasping the knees of the listener.

It was a boy of seven years who lisped them—a beautiful boy, with fair, high brows, around which there clustered a glorious wreath of auburn curls; with dark, flashing eyes, cheeks rosy with health, lips like the cherries of summer, and a voice like the birds that taste them. There were tears in those eyes this time, though, and the dimpled mouth was quivering.

It was a man some thirty-five years who listened to the plea—a man who had been of noble looks and princely bearing. Aye, had been! for the blighted truth was written over his form and face. His locks were matted, his forehead scowling, his eyes were red, but not with tears; there were furrows on his cheeks, too, and a brutish look in the expression of his lips. Twice did the little boy address him ere he answered. Then pushing the child rudely from him, he answered, in a stern voice:

"No, no. It's no place for you."

Again those small arms encircled the knees, "You go, papa: why can't I go, too? Do let me go."

For a moment the heart of the inebriate seemed to wake from its sleep. He shuddered as he thought of the place his pure-souled boy would enter.

He took the child tenderly in his arms, and kissed him as of old; then putting him down, he said kindly,

"You must not ask me again to take you there. It is no place for little boys." And seizing his hat, he hurried from the room, murmuring to himself, as he passed the brilliant way to the bar-room, "And no place for men either. Would that I had never gone!"

For a long while Willie stood just where his father had left him: then turning to the few embers that glowed on the hearth, he sat down in his little chair, and resting his head upon his mother's lap, said earnestly:

"Mamma, why isn't that pretty store a good place for little boys to go to? Papa loves to go there!"

It was a trying question to the heart-broken woman. She had so far kept from her son the knowledge of his father's sin. She could not bear that he should look with shame upon him, or that his pure and gentle heart should thus commune with so intense a grief. Kindly she toyed with his long ringlets for a while, then she said endearingly:

"Papa knows better than you what is best for his little boy. When you grow older, you will know why he does not wish to take you."

Then rising carefully, she put down her babe upon its little bed, and tied on her hood and cloak.

"Mind the cradle, now, Willie; I'll be back soon, and then you shall have some supper, and a nice fire to sit by too," and taking a large basket of ironed clothes, she went out. A wealthy mother would have been frightened at the thought of leaving so young a boy at nightfall all alone with an infant, to care for, and an open fire to sit beside. But poor Mrs. M. knew well she

could trust Willie with his sister, and as for burning up, there was not coal enough to thaw his fingers.

No, she did not fear to leave him, for he had thus been left for many a time, and always carefully obeyed her.

And he meant to now; but, poor little fellow! his thoughts would wander to that brilliant corner store, whither he knew his father always went at evenings, and his brain was busy with eager wonderings. He knew that his father loved to go, and there must be something that he liked, for he never came home again until long after Willie was asleep.

What lay behind those scarlet curtains was a mystery he sought in vain to unravel.

At length he whispered eagerly, as if to encourage a lounging wish, "Papa used to tell me if I wanted to know anything, to persevere and find out. Now I do want to know what makes him love to go there so—I think that there must be pretty things behind those windows. I should not wonder"—and his cheeks were glowing—"if it was like a fairy house. Why can't I go?"

Poor Willie! Temptation to know was too strong to be resisted; so he hunted through the closet for a candle, for he was a thoughtful little fellow, and would not leave his sister to the only danger that could menace her. He found a bit of tallow dip, and lighting it, drew the stand close to her, that the flame might scare away the rats and mice, should they sally out ere his return.

"I won't stay long, pretty dear," said he, pressing a tender kiss on her sleeping lids and drawing the blankets over her fair arms.

"No, I'll come back soon, but I do want one peep." Swiftly his little feet flew over the pavement, and in a trice he was standing beside the curtained window.

"How light it is, and how they laugh and talk! It must be awful funny in there."

A cold November blast swept around the corner as he spoke, penetrating his thin summer clothes, causing his flesh to quiver and his teeth to chatter.

"I don't believe they'd hurt me if I go in a while, I'm such a little boy, and I'm so cold out here," he said, as he pushed the door carefully from him, slipped in and closed it without a breath of noise. For a moment he was bewildered by the light, and finding that no one seemed to notice him, he stole toward the glowing grate, and spread his palms before the blaze. The group of men that encircled the bar were drinking when he entered. Soon, however, they set down their glasses, and then dispersed around the room.

'Hallo!' said one, as going to the fire he spied little Willie. "What are you doing

here, my little fellow? Who are you? and what do you want?"

"I don't want anything, only to see what you do here. My name is Willie M. My papa loves to come here, and it looked so pleasant through the window, I thought I'd come too. But I must not stay long, for I've left the baby alone."

The man's tones were softened as he spoke again.

"And where is your mother, my little boy?"

"Oh she's gone to take home the washing, sir. Papa don't get as much work as he used to once, and we're very poor now, and she has to help him."

"And does it look as pleasant in here as you thought it would?"

"Oh, yes, it does, sir. I don't wonder papa wants to come here so much, it is so cold and dark at home. But I should think that he would bring mamma and me and little sis. How she would laugh to see this fire, and all those pretty bottles and flowers, with lights in them! Please, sir," said he earnestly, and he seized the rough hands of the listener, "please, sir, tell me why little boys cannot come here as well as their fathers?"

"Don't tell him, Bancroft," said a deep and anguished voice. "He deems me pure and holy. What a wretch I am! My boy—my boy!" and Willie was clasped in his father's arms—"you have saved me from earth's vilest hell. Here, with my hands upon your innocent brow, I promise never again to touch the cup I've drunk so deep. And, my brothers in sin, as you value your souls' salvation, tempt me not to break my vow."

Silently the door closed after them, and silence dwelt in the saloon behind them. The preacher had been there in cherub form, and crazy, loose, unholy thought, or light and ribald jest was hushed. One by one they stole away, and many a wife wore smiles that night, nor did the old bar-tender even curse the little one who had robbed him of so many customers. Too deep in his heart had sunk the voice of that little preacher.

"Don't you like me, papa?" asked little Willie, while they stood a moment on the pavement, for the scene in the bar-room was an enigma to the child, and he half feared a reproof.

"I was thinking what mamma would like best for supper," said the father.

"Was you? was you?" was the eager question in a gladsome voice, "O, then I know you ain't cross. O, get oysters, and crackers, and tea, papa, and a candle, because there is only a piece. And please, papa, tell mamma not to be cross at me 'cause I left



the baby. I don't believe she will, though, because you would not have come yet, and she does love to have you home so much. Oh, I feel just like crying, I feel so glad."

"And I feel like crying too," said his father solemnly; and ere midnight he did cry, and his wife too, but they were tears of sorrow for the past, and hers of joy at the prospect for the future.

"So inseparable an attendant is drinking with smoking," remarked Dr. Adam Clarke, "that in some places the same word expresses both; thus *peena*, in the Bengalee language, signifies to drink and to smoke. It is with pain of heart," he adds, "that I am obliged to say that I have known several who, through their immoderate attachment to the pipe, have become mere sots."

Two million tons of tobacco are said to be annually grown for the use of mankind.—*Journal of the Statistical Society*. If sold at threepence a pound, it would yield £55,999,999.

### "BUY PAPA BRANDY."

SOME time ago, a brother minister came to say that there were certain rumours abroad affecting his character. Those rumours were mainly to the effect that he made a too free use of stimulants. I had heard these unfavourable reports of this brother, but I said, "I am sure that your brethren will not allow your character to be unjustly aspersed, and, if you like, we will have a meeting of investigation into the matter, and inquire into the truth or falsity of the charges." But, I said, "There is one question I want to ask: Have you had any spirits this morning?" and he solemnly declared that he had not tasted a drop, although at the time his breath was charged with the smell of brandy. I knew how the case stood, and was satisfied that he would not have an investigation. He was obliged to leave his charge, and some time afterwards the following circumstance transpired. A lady called to pay a visit to this minister's family, and on leaving presented sixpence to one of the little children, saying, "Now, dear, you can buy a doll or toy with this." The little child in her innocent simplicity said, "No, buy papa brandy." Oh, what a revelation that was of the habits of the father, and what a revelation it was of the heart of the child! This little child had to forego its own gratifications, that its father might have his miserable indulgence.—*G. Wilkinson*.

### ONE GLASS : A GLASS TOO MANY.

ON returning home the other day by my favourite walk, my attention was arrested by two men in earnest conversation. One was old, wretchedly clad, and slightly under the influence of liquor. The other was young, respectably-dressed, and was evidently in the course of admonishing his senior. "I have just had one glass to-day, sir," said the accused in a subdued and apologetic tone of voice. "Just one glass too many," was the retort given with the familiarity of acquaintanceship and the earnest ring of a right-hearted temperance man. If the remark did not go to the old man's heart, it went at least to mine, for a genial glow suffused my breast as for a moment I gazed upon the scene. What a different world it would be if all young men thought and did as did that one, and if all old men could be persuaded to act upon his advice. "Just one glass!" Why, it is that one glass which does all the mischief.

I HAVE before me a rather curious document. A tradesman in Oxford-street "used" a certain public-house every evening. He went, sat down in a chair reserved for him, his liquor and pipe were brought, he consumed them, talked with those present, and, having sat his definite time, he returned home. Now, the paper before me contains some calculations to shew how much money—interest included—the old man spent in that chair in the public-house parlour. How much, gentle reader? Well, the first year's expenditure amounts to £13 13s. 9d., and the last £4960 7s. 9½d.! But there was his time—time, which is more precious than much fine gold. How long in all, think you? Just three years, thirty-eight weeks, and four days! Was not this a sinful waste of money and time? Yet he was not a drunkard, but "a very respectable man."—*Weekly Record*.

### WHERE DO THE WAGES GO?

No man would deny that not one tithe of the beershops would be supported if there were only what is called "moderate" drinking. These places lived on drunkenness, and their owners grow rich by drunkenness. He knew a ginshop in Oakley street, Lambeth, the keeper of which drew from the bank every Saturday morning £50 or £60 in silver to exchange for the gold earned by toiling and drinking working men. This was in addition to the change he drew over the counter through the week.—*Speech of Rev. G. W. Oliver, at the Burslem Town Hall*.

## THE PUBLIC-HOUSE LICENCE.

By the terms of the licence, the publican is allowed to retail intoxicating liquors, provided that "he do not willingly or knowingly permit drunkenness or other disorderly conduct in his house or premises, and do not knowingly suffer any unlawful games or any gaming whatever therein, and do not knowingly permit or suffer persons of notoriously bad character to assemble and meet together therein;" and provided he does not sell in the prohibited hours. For the first offence the penalty is £5, for the second £10, for the third £50 with forfeiture of licence.

## MOULDY CIGARS.

A PHYSICIAN, after shewing the writer a very handsome estate which he had just purchased, took him into his dining-room, and shewed him a box of mouldy cigars. "Twelve years ago," he said, "I made up my mind to leave off smoking, and to that circumstance I owe the purchase of this property. I had a considerable circle of acquaintance, several of whom were medical men, and night after night we used to meet at each others' houses to smoke and drink, and usually kept it up till a late hour. But one day I made up my mind to break the connexion. Cigars and brandy-and-water began to tell sensibly on my health, and I put this box of cigars in my book-case, where they have been lying, until, as you see, they are become mouldy. There is not one of the medical men," he added, "besides myself, who has not broken down in health or circumstances. Some are in the grave and some in penury." Comment is superfluous.

## NO TEETOTALLER A CRIMINAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE ECHO."

SIR,—With reference to Mr. George Cruikshank's challenge, noticed in your issue of the 2nd inst., I beg to say that during my experience as a Prison Officer for nearly twenty years (a great part of which was spent in one of our largest county prisons), I have known persons of education and refinement, as well as professing, and I trust possessing, Christians, Ministers of the Gospel, and the children of pious parents, to be committed to the prisons with which I have been connected, but I have not, throughout the whole of that period, known an Abstinence to have been in custody therein.

The truth of Mr. Cruikshank's statement is therefore corroborated by

THE GOVERNOR OF A PRISON.

Sept. 6th.

## THE BUNCH OF VIOLETS, OR, THE PRICE OF A DRAM.

It was the day before Good Friday, when Rodney was returning, with lagging steps and a heavy heart, to his wretched home, after an absence of several days. Every nerve in his body was jarring, and every limb ached. He could scarcely climb the narrow and steep staircase; and when he reached his door he was obliged to lean against it, breathing hardly after the exertion. It seemed very silent within—awfully still and silent. He listened for Nelly's chatter, or her mother's cough, which had sounded incessantly in his ears before he had left home; but there was no breath or whisper to be heard. Yet the door yielded readily to his touch, and with faint and weary feet he crossed the threshold, to find the room empty.

It was his first impression that it was empty; but when he looked round again with his dim, red eyes, whose sight was failing, they fell upon one awful occupant of the desolate room. Even that one he could not discern all at once, not till he had crossed the floor and laid his hand upon the strange object resting upon the old bed—the poor, rough shell of a coffin which the parish had provided for his wife's burial. She was not in it yet, but lay beyond it, in its shadow; her white, fixed face, very hollow and rigid, at rest upon the pillow, and her wasted hands crossed upon her breast. The neighbours had furnished their best to dress her for the grave, and a white cap covered her gray hair; while between her hands, on the heart that would beat no more, Bessie had laid a bunch of fresh spring violets.

Rodney sank down on his knees, with his arms stretched over the coffin towards his dead wife. He had killed her as surely, but more slowly and cruelly, than if he had stained his hands with her blood. God, if not man, would charge him with her murder.

The twilight came on as he knelt there, and for a few minutes the white features looked whiter and more ghastly before the darkness hid them from him. His mind wandered in bewilderment; he could not fix his thoughts upon one subject for a minute together, not even on his wife, who was lying dead within reach of his hand. His head ached, and his brain was clouded. One dram would set him right again, and give him the courage to seek his neighbours, and inquire after Nelly; but he dared not meet them as he was. He could not bear to meet their accusing eyes, and listen to their rough reproaches, and hear how his wife had died in want, and neglect, and desertion. He must get something to drink, or he should go mad.



He loosed the violets from her fingers, and rushed away from the place, not daring to pause for an instant till he had reached the gin-palace where he could sell them.

Rodney had not left the house many minutes when Bessie Dingle entered it, shading with her hand a candle which she had borrowed from a neighbour. She stepped softly across the room, and looked down with tearful eyes upon her friend's corpse. The hands had been disturbed, and the flowers were gone. Bessie started back for an instant with terror, but guessing instinctively what had happened, and whither the miserable man had gone, without hesitation she drew her shawl over her head, and ran down the street in the direction he had taken.

She had to peep into three or four gin-palaces before she found him, lolling against the counter, and slowly draining the last few drops of the dram he had bought. There were not many customers yet in the place, for it was still early in the night; and the man behind the counter was fastening into his button-hole the bunch of violets, with their delicate white blossoms, and the broad green leaf behind them. Bessie did not pause in her hurried steps, and she threw herself half across the counter, speaking in clear and eager tones:—

"You don't know where those v'lets come from!" she cried; "he's taken 'em out of the hands of his poor dead wife, where I put 'em only this afternoon, because she loved 'em so, and I thought they'd be buried with her. I think she knows what he's done, I do. Her face is gone sadder—ever so—since I saw it this afternoon; for he's stolen the posy from her, I tell you, and she lying dead!"

Bessie's voice faltered with her eagerness and grief; and the people present gathered about her and Rodney, listening with curious and awed faces; while the purchaser of the flowers laid them down quickly upon the counter.

"Dead!" he exclaimed; "come straight from a dead woman to me!"

"Ah!" said Bessie, "straight! And she loving him so to the very last, and telling me when she could hardly speak, 'Take care of him, take care of him!'" And he goes and robs her of the only thing I could give her. That's what you make of a man," she continued, more and more eagerly; "you give him drink till there isn't a brute beast as bad; and he was a kind man to begin with, I can tell you."

"It's his own fault, my girl," said the man, in a pacifying tone; "he comes here of his own accord. We don't force him to come."

"But you do all you can to 'tice him in," answered Bessie; "if it wasn't standing here so handy, and bright, and pleasant, he

wouldn't come in. There's something wrong somewhere, or Mr. Rodney 'ud never be like that, or do such a thing as that, I know. Look at him! And when I was a little girl he jumped into the river after me, and saved my life."

She pointed towards him as he was trying to slink away through the ring that encircled them, bowing his head with a terrified and hang-dog look. The little crowd was beginning to sneer and hiss at him, but Bessie drew his hand through her own strong, young arm, and faced them with flashing eyes and a glance of indignation, before which they were silent.

"You're just as bad, every one of you," she cried; "you take the bread out of your children's mouths, and that's as bad as stealin' v'lets from your poor, dead wife. It doesn't do her any real harm, but you starve, and pinch, and cheat little children, and it harms them every day they live. None of you have any call to throw stones at him."

She thrust her way through them, and was leading Rodney to the door, when the man behind the counter called to her to take away the flowers.

"Do you think I'd take 'em from such a place as this?" she asked, more vehemently than before. "Could I go and put 'em back into her poor, dead hands, after he'd bought a glass o'gin with 'em? No, no; keep 'em, and carry 'em home with you, and tell everybody you see what your customers will do for drink. I'd sooner cut my fingers off than touch them again."

The courage her agitation had given her was well-nigh spent now, and she was glad to get Rodney out of the place. She trembled almost as much as he did, and the tears rained down her face. She did not try to speak to him until Rodney began to talk to her in a whimpering and querulous voice.

"Hush!" she said, "hush! Don't go to say you couldn't help it, and she loving you so to the very last minute of her life. 'If he'd only pray to God to help him!' she said. And then, just before she was going away, she said, 'Bessie, you take care of him and Nelly.' And I'm going to do it, Mr. Rodney. You saved me once, and I'm going to try to save you now, if God 'll only help me. It shan't be for want of praying to Him, I promise you. Oh! if you'd only give it up now at once before you get worse and worse. If you'd only think of Nelly, and think of God—I don't know much about God, you used to know more than me; but I've a feeling as if He really does care for us all, every one of us, and you, when you're drunk even. If you'd only think of Him and little Nelly, you wouldn't get drunk again, I'm sure."

"I will never again, Bessie; I never will again," he repeated fervently.

Before long Rodney was seated by his neighbour's fire, in a silent and very sorrowful mood, with Nelly leaning against him, her arm round his neck, and her cheek pressed against his. He was quite sober now; and his spirit was filled with bitter grief, and a sense of intolerable degradation. He loathed and abhorred himself; cursed his own sin, and the greed of the people who lived upon it. If the owners of these places of temptation—members of Christian churches, some of them—could hear the deep, unutterable curses breathed against them, their souls would be ready to die within them for their own sin, and the terrible shame of it.—*From Nelly's Dark Days.*

### BITTER FRUIT.

A TAVERN-KEEPER in Rensselaer county had abandoned the traffic in alcohol, after having been several years engaged in it. Whenever the subject of his selling liquor was referred to, he was observed to feel deep regret and sorrow. A friend one day inquired the cause. "I will tell you," said he. And opening his account-book, "Here are forty-four names of men who have been my customers, most of them for years. Thirty-two of these men, to my certain knowledge, now lie in a drunkard's grave; ten of the remaining twelve are now living, confirmed sots." These are the fruits of this degrading business! No wonder he felt "deep regret and sorrow."

### A SUBSTITUTE FOR LONDON BEER, ETC.

THE *Manchester Courier*, August 4th, has the following sensible paragraph:—

An analysis of beer, sold in the London public-houses, was recently made, and with the following results:—Twelve samples were procured; of these 12, 11 were salted, 11 had colouring matter, 5 in large quantities, and in all there was an extra quantity of water. Setting aside the best sample as too good, and the worst as too bad for an average, the calculations made from the remaining 10 are as follow:—To 1,180 gallons of beer, as brewed, 1,064 gallons of coloured water were added, and the 2,244 gallons, costing less than £40, were sold for £120. This is rather more than a reasonable profit. But there is consolation in the fact that no article positively injurious to health was detected.

The safest way to deal with beer or spirits is to substitute water "entire," with no pretence at even colouring. It saves all the cost, and gives all the profit to the consumer.

### EXAMPLE MORE POWERFUL THAN PRECEPT.

"RATHER pleasant wine, this, Mrs. Sherwood," says a fine noble looking gentleman, whom we recognize as the curate of the church on the hill.

"Oh yes, sir. Henry says, 'A good cellar is the making of the house.' Will you try another glass?"

"No, thank you, no more to-day. Shall see you at church, to-morrow, I suppose."

"Oh yes, sir, certainly. Good morning!"

"Well, Jabez, up-hill work, this!" exclaims the clergyman, as he overtakes an old parishioner toiling up the steep ascent on the Sabbath morn.

"Weary indeed, sir, for a man threescore and ten, and bearing a burden on his breast."

"Anything I can do for you, Jabez?"

"Well, sir, if you could be so kind as to just step in and see my son Dan, I'd be obliged."

The clergyman did so.

"Daniel, my lad, I am sorry to see you in this plight. How are you like this, Daniel? When you were in my senior class, no one looked so respectable, no one behaved better, no one carried off more prizes; no one, to my mind, stood a better chance—if I may use the expression—of leading a Christian life, than you, my lad." The clergyman's voice faltered.

"Well, sir, I was led away." Bitterly the words were spoken. "Nobody looked after me, after I got drunk at Ted's funeral. I've slipped over the stones, I have. I tried to do as ye did yourself, but I tripped up."

"What do you mean, Daniel?" anxiously enquired the curate.

"Sir, you see that book yonder: that was for illustrating your subjects on Sundays at the Bible class. A prize, it was. Six years or more have gone since then; I've well nigh forgot my grammar, but not the river. Don't you remember you told us this life was a fleeting river, and that across it there was a bridge, and higher up a row of stones; and you said Christ was the bridge, and good works was the stones. Some folk tried to get to heaven by the stones, but the floods came and they were washed away; but all that tried the bridge got safe across. Now, sir, life is a fleeting river, and across it we all must go; there are the stones, and many seem to get across safe; and I saw you on those stones, sir."



"Me, Daniel! me! trying to gain heaven by good works?"

"No! no! I beg your pardon, sir; I am talking of that which put me in the plight you see I am in. 'Twas the drink that put me home on Sunday, instead of to church. And one day I saw you drinking wine, and on the road home I met with Teetotal Jim, and he asked me to sign the pledge; but I laughed in his face 'cause I was going to follow you; and I did, but *the stone I stepped upon canted over*, and now I am a drunkard, whilst Jim takes the sacrament up to chapel. He goes over the bridge safe, and I am lost."

"Daniel, why not take to the bridge now?"

"If you will go, sir, I will, indeed. Do go, sir."

"I will, Daniel, if my example will help you."

"Thank you for saying that, sir."

\* \* \* \* \*

Merrily ring the cathedral bells of Exeter. Some great ecclesiastical gathering is on hand. Hark to these two clergymen talking; the venerable man with grey hair, and the active man of middle age. What says the younger of the two?

"Is it true that you never drink, sir?"

"How could I live, then?" laughingly questioned the old gentleman.

"I mean wine, and strong liquors?"

"Well, no, I do not."

"Nor I, for I have kept to the bridge."

Astonishment was written on the old vicar's countenance. "Daniel! Daniel Dois!!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, yes! it is I. And am I not delighted to see you again. I thought of the bridge at once."

How is it that so many of our ministers (unwittingly we hope) are such great stumbling-blocks to the Teetotal Reform?—*C. Chambers.*

### THE ALPINE VILLAGE.

A LITTLE Alpine village nestled down at the foot of a huge mountain of rock and snow, and there its inhabitants lived on securely with no thought of danger. By-and-bye it was rumoured that there was a great fissure in the rock which overhung them. Engineers were sent up to examine it, and reported that it was gradually widening. The people of the village were warned of the fact, and urged to remove.

But they would not believe they were in any danger. The rock had always looked fearful to strangers; but they were used to it. No danger of its coming down in their day. In vain were subscriptions started to aid them

to remove. They did not feel any need for alarm.

Last July the terrible crash came. It was in the dead of night, I think; and quite a number of persons were buried beneath it; and scores of poor families who escaped with their lives were left homeless and penniless. It was supposed that the unusual heat so melted the ice that the earth which thus far had held the rock in its grasp was washed away. How sad that they had not taken warning before!

Yet we see people just as blind to their own interests about us every day. Fast young men usually have more than one friend to warn them of their danger. But do they believe them and change their course? Not often. They see others destroyed by wine and wickedness, but never believe the same rock of ruin hangs over their heads.

Every glass makes the chasm wider and wider; and when all the senses are lulled to quiet security, the dreadful crash comes; and they awake in a lost eternity!

Shun such a fearful peril; and reach out a hand to help any one who is exposed to the danger. Oh! awaken them to see it, as you would if their house were burning above their heads. There is a power in earnest words which come from the soul; and they may arouse one to flee before it is too late.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

### WATER IS BEST.

Water is best for the man of health,

'Twill keep his strength secure.

Water is best for the man of wealth,

'Twill keep his riches sure.

Water is best for the feeble man,

'Twill make his health improve;

Water is best for the poor, I know,

'Twill make his wants remove.

Water for those who are growing old,

'Twill keep them hale and strong;

Water is best for the young and bold,

'Twill make their moments long.

Water is best for the man of toil,

'Twill make his labours light;

Water is best for the ladies who soil

Not a hand from morning to night.

Water is best for the man of strife,

'Twill make his anger slow;

And for him who leads a peaceful life,

'Tis the very best drink I know.

Water is best for the man of state,

'Twill make his judgment true;

Water is best for those who wait

His high commands to do.

Water, pure water's the drink for man,

Its fountains are full and free!

Others may drink "fire-water" who can,

Pure water's the nectar for me!

Water is best in cold or heat,

At morn, or noon, or night;

'Tis the only drink that "can't be beat,"

Clear, beautiful, sparkling, bright!

# STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

PUBLIC Service will be held in the large new School-Room, which has been erected on the Stannary estate, every Sunday Morning at 10.30, and Evening at 6. 30.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named—Oct. 2nd, Rev. T. W. Holmes, of Marsden—9th, Rev. R. Ashcroft, of Rochdale—16th, Rev. J. R. J. Binns, of West Burton—23rd, Rev. J. Mc Lean, of Glasgow—30th, Rev. A. Galbraith, of Whitehaven.

1870.

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OF THE NEWEST PATTERNS.—PRICES LOW.

Felt Hats, soft and hard for BOYS, YOUTHS, and MEN, in the New Styles. Rossini, Peabody, Whitworth, Tyrolese, St. Bernard, Alpine, &c., &c.

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both useful and ornamental, in best quality.

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19, OLD MARKET, HALIFAX.



# STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

## MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 14.

NOVEMBER, 1870.

*The Monthly Band of Hope Meeting will be held on Tuesday, November 8th, Addresses will be given by Messrs. Thomas Riley, J. W. Longbottom, and Robert Russell. Recitations will also be given. Mr. Clay will perform on the Flutina, to commence at 7.30. A meeting of the Senior Members will be held on Tuesday, November 22nd. Addresses by W. Touchstone, Esq., Manchester, and Mr. W. Bell, Bradford. Admission by Ticket to be obtained of the Secretaries.*

### JOHN MARTIN'S END.

JOHN MARTIN was a clever lad : at 14 years of age his father apprenticed him to George Thompson, the master carpenter. John was not only a clever, but a quick sharp boy ; he soon learned to handle the plane, saw, hammer, and other tools, and he learned also to turn down half-a-pint of strong ale at a draught without stopping. It was but half-a-dozen steps from Mr. Thompson's workshop across the road to the "Blue Boar," and the men often stepped over for "just half-a-pint to wet their whistles, to keep them warm in winter, cool in summer, and comfortable at all times" as they said. If beer can do all this, it must be a wonderful thing, and it certainly does a little more beside. Outside the "Blue Boar" a man generally might be seen, lounging with his back against the wall, who certainly was a wonderful walking advertisement of the merits of XX ; it was surprising that the landlord did not pay him to stay away. His face was red and pimpled, his eyes bleared and weak, an old hat without a brim was on the back of his head ; he certainly was no friend to the use of water either outside or inside, as his dirty face and half-grown beard testified. His old greasy coat was buttoned across the chest ; as much as to say "I do duty for shirt, coat, and great coat." It had seen better days, and could not well see worse, for it was out at the elbows, and split half up the back. A pair of ragged old trowsers, and boots down at heel, completed this man's dress ; and how did he earn his living ? why, by running errands, and making himself generally useful to the publican ; for these valuable services

he was allowed a seat by the fire, and the drippings of the tap-room, and if he could only drink, food wasn't of much consequence ; for, as the dry thirsty sand of the desert sucks up water, so did the thirsty soul of Teddy Mahony suck up beer to any amount.

"That's right, Jack my boy," cried Teddy approvingly, as John took his pint of beer with the rest ; "I like to see a boy take off his beer comfortable like ; none of your cold-water drinkers for me."

"You don't look as if you'd be the worse for a bucket of either cold water or hot, Teddy," cried the men, laughing.

John shuddered as he looked at this man shuffling out of the workshop with the empty pots. "Well, thank God, I can't get like him ; father and grandfather were sober, and so shall I be ; it's in the blood, I suppose."

"Have a care, John Martin ; if you don't want to become like poor Teddy Mahony, keep on the right side of the public-house, and that's the outside, and now that you are a rosy-cheeked apprentice, leave off the half-pints of ale, and take to half-pints of water," said Tom Norton.

Ten years have passed away—where is Teddy ? In the drunkard's grave, into which 60,000 go every year. Poor fellow ! his was a sad career. Teddy was born a gentleman ; he went to school, where he won prizes which he took home to his proud parents, and in due time he went to college with brilliant prospects ; but, alas ! a little cloud began to rise which was to darken the whole sky. Teddy loved company, and could sing a good song, so to the wine party he went ; and many a one he gave in return. Alas ! the devil was hard at work, and the



promising young man became a confirmed drunkard; ashamed to go home, too idle to work, and too gentlemanly to beg, he had only one thing besides his services to the publican by which to support himself, and that was his memory; whatever he read he remembered, and the inhabitants of the little town still re-call Teddy's appeal, "Give me a halfpenny, and name any chapter in the New Testament, which you like, and I'll repeat it."

Poor fellow! many were the halfpence which he received for his Scripture knowledge, every copper of which found its way to the "Blue Boar" and down Teddy's throat, five minutes after yon charitable lady or gentleman had turned the corner.

"Halloa, John! where are you off to so fast this fine morning! my eye! ain't you a swell, with a new suit of clothes, new hat, and a flower in your button hole! Let me have two guesses, you're either going a-courtin', or going to get married."

"Let me pass, Smith," said the young workman, as the blood mantled in his cheek; "if I am going to get married, you ought to wish me joy."

"All right, lad, we'll keep th' wedding to-night in the right way, and drink a few quarts to your health; you won't come and join, us I s'pose."

"No, Smith, no more of that for me. Lucy wanted me to give up the beer altogether; not but what she takes a drop herself, but then it's all at home, you see; 'tisn't the beer she cares for, it's the going to the public. But here's half-a-crown for you, so good bye."

"Good bye, and good luck to you," shouted Smith.

The wedding day is over, a year has nearly run its course, and the pretty cottage of John Martin is clean and comfortable as ever; the few flowers in the window, the nicely sanded floor, the clock, John's great piece of extravagance, ticking in the corner, the fire spluttering out occasionally, as though it was saying "Just send my old friend air to talk to me, and I'll burn up fast enough;" the strong deal table, with a clean cloth and knives and forks, the brown loaf and jug of beer, the comfortable easy chair, the shelf against the wall with John's favourite books; to say nothing of pots and pans, polished like silver, and puss the only occupant of the hearth, giving herself positively the last wash of the day, and you have John's parlour, drawing room, kitchen, and library all in one. The church clock chimed half-past six, when the door opened, and a tall strong man came in, throwing down his basket of tools as he entered. "Well, Lucy, what a cold night! I passed by the 'Blue Boar,' and what with

the lights and fire, 'twas like an illumination. My mates called me to come in, but I said, 'No, I likes a quiet evening, and I can get my beer at home.' 'He's afraid of his wife,' called out Bill Hunt, 'get home to your missis.' Lucy, do you know, I don't like it. I'll just go once, to show them that I'm not afraid."

Lucy said nothing for a moment, but a tear gathered in her eye, and fell on his great brown hand. "It would break my heart if you turned out a drunkard, John," whispered she.

Ten more years have sped away, the "Blue Boar" is lighted up as of old; a man, ragged, blear-eyed, and red-nosed, with a broken hat rammed over his eyes, stands on the door-step. "Get out of my house, Jack," shouted the landlord, "or I'll kick thee out! I wish I could take the law against thee, I'd make thee pay up thy score on the treadmill, my lad, a step for every pint; but I can't. Get out of my house, I say, and never darken these doors again, and take yer missis with yer, for she ain't much better than you."

A dirty, ragged woman, wiping spirit from her lips, took the man's arm, and with many oaths and curses, now supporting each other, now reeling across the road, this worthy couple reached their home, a wretched room with broken floor and bedstead, at the foot of which slept three little children. While this man and woman sleep the sleep of the drunkard, I will let you into their past history; you have seen them before, they are John and Lucy Martin. When you looked into their comfortable kitchen, you saw the brown beer jug; that was the snake, small and coiled up then, which has since gained his full strength, and used his fangs. When the first baby was born, John was very dull, sitting over the fire alone, and he turned into the "Blue Boar" just to have a look at the paper. The old woman who nursed Lucy said, "Poor dear, she wants a drop of cordial, just to keep up her strength, she shall take just a drop out of my bottle, she shall." The drop became many drops, the nice warm spirit seemed to send a glow all over her, and John's political news was so dry, that it wanted a tankard of good ale to wash it down, and so it came little by little that John's evenings were spent at the "Blue Boar," while his wife often slipped out to the grocer's for a drop more brandy—she couldn't be seen in a public-house, it wasn't a place for a respectable woman, but it was no harm to slip round to the grocer's. So matters went on from bad to worse, more children were born, more beer and spirit was drunk, publicly by John, on the sly by Lucy; and as drink came in at the door, chairs and tables, clothes and tools, walked out; and



soon found for themselves a comfortable lodging in the pawnbroker's shop, which they were in no hurry to leave.

Two more years passed by with their joys and sorrows, and once more we are at the miserable home, if we may call such a den a home, of the once respectable and happy couple; five or six children are quarrelling and crying on the dirty floor, their clothing is a little ragged frock a-piece, which frocks will soon fall off their backs, their toy is a broken fire shovel, which is not wanted, as there is no fire in the empty dirty grate, and a few green, half-munched apples, amidst the noise of the children; groans seem to come from a corner of the room. "Is it possible?" Yes, there, on a broken-down bedstead, covered with an old quilt, lies John Martin, his cheeks are sunken, his hair ragged, and the death-dew is gathering on his face. He stretches out his hand for water, but there is no one to give it to him, and so the afternoon fades into evening, and the evening darkness into night in that miserable room; the Angel of Death came forward to claim his victim, and where was she who had promised to love and tend this man until this angel's visit was paid? In the public-house! no need now of the half-way station at the grocer's, she can go into the "Blue Boar" and take her glass of spirits with the best, and she tries to fancy that it does her good. "No woman can wash without something to live on," she says. No truly, but liquid fire is scarcely the food which will keep body and soul together. Ten, o'clock, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, and the public-house doors are closed; Lucy, with many other revellers who make the night hideous with their cries, goes home. She feels for the door, stumbles across the threshold, and without a thought, save of enjoying a drunken sleep, she throws herself upon the bed. I would draw a veil over that which follows, but, reader, it is true, she is lying across the dying man; he moans faintly, he tries to loose himself, to shake her off, but it is in vain. He tries to pray, he cannot, he feels the rattle in his throat, one more struggle, and all is quiet. Two sleep on that bed, one in the arms of death, the other in the sleep of the drunkard. There we leave them; of the awakening time I only know that the wife's brain was so stupefied by drink, that she could scarcely understand the horror-stricken countenances of the neighbours as they dragged her from the bed, disclosing the distorted corpse of him who was her husband.

Reader! are you a woman, wife, or mother! break that black bottle which makes such frequent visits to the spirit shop, and that broken wine glass, and determine by God's grace never to touch a drop again. If you

go on in your course, you will sink as low as the miserable woman of whom you have been reading.

Reader! are you a man? look at John Martin's end, and "flee from this sin." Temperance will bring health, happiness, wealth, comfort, respectability. Drunkenness brings starvation, wretchedness, disease, death. "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Look at John Martin's death-bed, and as you look at that awful sight, say "By God's grace from this day forward, not another drop of intoxicating drink shall pass my lips." A. E. W.

## THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY ON THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

*From a Speech of the Noble Earl, delivered  
at Norwich, September 26th, 1870.*

MY FRIENDS, I am glad to meet you upon such an occasion—upon an occasion in which you celebrate the great achievements you have accomplished by your temperance association. The more I examine and travel over the surface of England, the more I examine the length and breadth of the metropolis in which I live, the more I see the absolute and indispensable necessity of associations such as this. I am satisfied that unless they existed, we should be immersed in such an ocean of intoxication, violence, and sin, as would make this country almost uninhabitable. You have, by your operations, prevented a large amount of evil; you have not accomplished all your desires, but you have resisted the progress of this evil, you have beaten back by your efforts this tide of sin, and you have to rejoice that you have been infinite benefactors to the generation in which you live. I remember being examined before a committee of the House of Commons as chairman of the Lunacy Commissioners, as to the progress or non-progress of insanity in these realms. I told them that I believed that seven-tenths of the insanity that prevails in this country, that seven-tenths of the insanity that prevails in the United States of America, and no doubt also in other countries, are attributable either in the persons themselves or their parents to habits of intoxication. If the temperance associations had not arisen some years ago, I believe the amount of insanity in this country would be five-fold greater than it is. Now, I believe your example and efforts, under the blessing of Almighty God, have greatly withstood the progress of that most profound affliction that ever comes upon man. Look how it subverts every condition



of life; how it breaks in upon domestic felicity—retards the moral, intellectual, religious, and now that we are living in liberal days, I will add the political progress of the working man. If they were but sober, decent, orderly, in their homes and abroad, what a different position they would occupy, what a different effect they would produce upon the country in which they live. I remember when in Yorkshire going over the greatest iron works in the county, and the foreman having called my attention to twelve men, said they were engaged upon the finest work in the construction of locomotive engines, and that they were all in the receipt of seven or eight guineas a week, and he would undertake to say that out of the whole twelve there was not one who had a sixpence in his pocket on that day, and the day was Friday. Well, I said, where does it go? He replied, "It goes to the pot-house or the beer-house, and to procuring every form of the grossest and lowest enjoyment; but," he added, "to show you what may be done by these people when they are temperate, two men last week left our service, the one carrying with him 500 and the other 700 guineas, with which to set up in business for themselves." I will give you an instance of the power of the peace, and the power of careful saving. You have all heard of the Ragged Schools in London, you know the destitute character, the wretched poverty, the misery of the class; nevertheless, they manage to get halfpence and pence now and then, by little jobs of some sort or other. We prevailed upon sixty of these schools to put something from their little earnings into the bank, so that at the end of the year the money might be distributed, or they might receive due profit upon it. Now, in these sixty ragged schools what do you suppose was the accumulation in the year arising from the contributions of those miserable, shirtless, shoeless creatures? Why, these poor little creatures had contributed no less a sum than £2000. I will give you another instance. You have heard likewise of the shoeblack brigade; they go out to their several posts, and the money they bring home at night is divided into three portions—one portion goes to the savings' bank for the lad himself, the second to the expenses of the establishment, and the third he is allowed to retain for his own use as pocket money. Now, these lads are all taken from ragged schools and trained to habits of sobriety and thrift. I will show you what they did at the time of the cotton famine. They did that which I believe almost to be unprecedented in history, and of which I may say that I know nothing that so redounds to the honour of working men or lads. They called a meeting of the red

brigade in their own office in York street, and they did business in the most methodical way. They elected a chairman, proposed resolutions, and they concluded with this: that as the whole of the community was giving something for the relief of the sufferers by the cotton famine, they thought they ought not to stand aloof, but that they ought also to do something, and they determined that everyone should give a shilling in the pound out of what they had in the savings' bank. They brought their money, and one lad came with 16s. to the superintendent, who said, "I cannot take that; it is too much for any lad like you to give." He replied, "Did we not come to our agreement, that we were to pay a shilling in the pound upon all we had in the savings' bank. I have got £16 there, and here are my 16s." I am proud to see such a large assemblage of women present to-night. I am very popular with the women, because wherever I go, I maintain the truth of the proverb, "That the grey mare is the better horse," and I invariably say that if in 99 cases out of a 100—there may be an exception in the hundredth—the working man would give all his earnings into the hands of his wife, and tell her to take care of them and do what was right, and ask for no account whatever, he would find himself well fed and well clothed, the children would be sent to school, the teapot would look bright, the fireirons would be clean, everything would be nice and attractive, and not the least so would be Betty herself. I believe if this were so, and if we could restore purity, comfort, and decency to the homes of England; if we could sanctify and intensify the domestic system, all the relations of wife, and husband, and children, and home, we should do more for the strength, the honour, the peace, and the comfort of the British empire than by all the regulations we could introduce and all the laws we could impose. I believe the domestic system was ordained by Providence for the honour, the comfort, and the dignity of man. I believe that it was ordained for more than this world—for that which is to come, so that under the eyes of pious and praying parents, children should be qualified for eternity, and destined "for that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." One word more. No doubt a great change has come over the political system of England—that power has passed into the hands of the masses, which formerly rested in the hands of the few. It is for you to show that the power which has so passed into your hands shall be rightly used—used for the honour of God, for the benefit of man, for the enforcement of every virtue, and for the setting of every good example; that it shall be so used as to show you have a deep



sense of your responsibility as Englishmen, as free men, and as Christians; that you recognise the rights of all, your own and those with whom you come in contact; that you recognise the great institutions of the country under which you live, that you are participators in them, that they are your right as well as those enjoying privileges at the present moment; that you will do all that in you lies to give loyally a true, a safe, a permanent, and an immoveable vitality and strength to that grand motto which has been perverted on the continent of Europe, but which has a holy and sanctifying meaning—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

### FREE PUBLIC-HOUSE. TO BE LET.

NOBLE gin palace, East End, crowded neighbourhood, pawnbroker's shop opposite, police station contiguous, workhouse round the corner. Landlord retiring on handsome competence. Counter trade in gin alone a considerable income. Instruction in chemical manipulation of liquors gratis to eligible tenant. No schools, railway station, places of amusement, or other drawbacks to a thorough, soaking trade, in the neighbourhood. Apply, at once, to Messrs. Delf, Trimmings, and Co., Liquorpond street.—*Punch and Judy.*

### SWALLOWING A FARM.

A FARMER who has occupied the same farm, on lease for about thirty years, was complaining that he had been unable to "save" anything after his long labour. A neighbour offered to explain to him the reason; and said, "During the thirty years you have been on that farm, the cost of your 'spirits,' with the interest, might have made you the owner of all the land!" On examination, the astonished farmer found that his neighbour's assertion was correct. The farm was worth above £1,000.

WALKING through the town of D—, inhaling the breeze from the sea, a gentleman said to me:—

"You see that house; fifteen years ago my Sunday-school teacher lived there, and he has since become a drunkard. He lost his business; and then got a situation as postman. He has since been convicted of opening letters, and has been sent to prison for six months. His sister-in-law, who was also a teacher in the same school, is a drunkard too."

Yet we are told that "good people" need not sign the pledge!

### "NOT A DROP MORE DOWN JOHN BROWN'S THROAT."

"Not a drop more down John Brown's throat," said a man, to his friend and neighbour. "Shall I tell ye how I came to say that first? It was a Sunday morning, and, for a wonder, I was sober, when a neighbour ran in, her face as white as a sheet, 'Oh, Brown, isn't it awful? Old Billy Kershaw and his wife are both dead!'"

"'Dead!' said I, shaking all over, 'why I had a glass of ale with'em last night at the Chequers!'"

"'Yes, well they came away about midnight, the worse for beer; the night was stormy, and the road slippery; they were both found lying on the road, on their faces, in a heap of mud—smothered!'"

"'Oh!' I cried, 'don't tell me no more, it might ha' been me!'"

"'Well, yes,' said my neighbour, 't'was the beer as did it.'"

"All the morning I was like one stunned. I kept on fancying I saw the corpses lying on the road, and the words, 'T'was the beer as did it,' rang in my ears. I'd no heart for anything. In the evening I lounged into a chapel, and the minister spoke of poor old Kershaw and his wife, and he said that no drunkard could enter heaven. 'Not a drop more down John Brown's throat,' I thought. But he went on to say, that many another sin, yes, even the smallest, would shut a man out of heaven; that we must have a new heart, washed in the blood of Jesus, and filled with the spirit of Jesus. 'Well,' I thought, 'this is just what I want.' I came to the Saviour, I asked Him to forgive me for my drunkenness, and all my sins, and He has. So, to this day, I've stuck to my promise, 'Not a drop more down John Brown's throat;' and what's better, I've found Jesus."

MR. GEORGE MULLER, at his Orphan Houses at Bristol, has 2,050 orphans in charge, and requires £100 per day for their support. The last report of the institution has the following entries: 1s. 6d., as a thank-offering from a wife, because her husband drank no beer at Christmas. From Staffordshire, £1 10s.—"instead of champagne for the wedding breakfast." The not having champagne at the wedding breakfast would provide 200 orphans with a breakfast. From X. Y. Z., £1 11s. 6d., "instead of going to a public dinner." The ticket for that public dinner would have been £1 11s. 6d., and the donor sent the money, instead of going to it, for the benefit of the orphans, whereby more than one hundred orphans were provided with a dinner.



### VALUE OF TRACTS.

A FRIEND in Tasmania writes:—On last Queen's Birthday I gave a man in our street a tract called "This Very Day," one of the Dublin tracts. Meeting him two or three weeks afterward, he showed me the tract carefully put away in a book, and some thoughts he had written on a paper about the subject it was the means of producing in his mind. He told me he had been a great drunkard for a long time, and a curse to his wife and children. He has a brother, a Wesleyan minister, in England. He has become a total abstainer from drink, and is, I believe, now under conviction for past sins, and is seeking mercy through the blood of the Lamb. His home is thoroughly altered in its appearance. He often says he will not forget the tract, "This Very Day," till the day of his death.

T. M.

### THE WIVES AND BEER.

MR. G. W. HASTINGS, the founder and chairman of the Social Science Association, told the following good story at Newcastle-on-Tyne:—"I happened to go in July to Cambridge to take a new degree which the University was granting. I went to my own college and dined in the hall, found only one fellow left that I remembered, and he was the senior fellow. One day asking after the old servants, he told me that the butler died ten years ago of delirium tremens. As for the assistant butler, he died of beer. I said, 'Can nothing be done to stop this awful state of things?' He told me something had been done. He said, 'When I became tutor I endeavoured to put a stop to the system which was in force in the college, by which the servants were partly remunerated by a weekly payment in money, and partly by an allowance of beer. I sent for all the college servants, and said to them, "I don't want to cut down your remuneration in any way. Those who wish to have their beer's worth in money may have it at the end of the week." I tried this for three months, and whether owing to habit or the common action which had been so long in force, hardly any effect was produced—the same quantity of beer was drawn from the butteries, and consumed by the men. I determined to stop it, and I next sent for the wives. I said: "I will not allow them to draw any more beer on their order, but if you like to draw it for them you may; if you don't like to draw it, come to me at the end of the week, and I will pay you the money." Next week not a single pint of beer was drawn, the wives got all the money. I believe to this day the same

practice prevails. I am glad to say that you will find the old servant still in existence. His wife has saved him from a beery grave."

### A GERMAN ON TEMPERANCE.

A GERMAN in America explains his reasons for joining the Temperance Society:—"I sall tell you how it vas. I drink mine lager (beer); den I put mine hand on mine head, and dere vas von pain. Den I put my hand on mine body, and dere vas anoder pain. Den I put my hand in mine pocket, and dere vas notting. So I jine mid de demperance. Now dere is no pain more in mine head, and de pain in mine body vas all gone away. I put mine hand in mine pocket, and dere vas dwenty dollars. So I shtay mid de demperance."—*The Christian World*.

### GOOD ADVICE.

AN elderly gentleman, accustomed to "indulge," entered the travellers' room of a tavern, where sat a grave friend by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for brandy and water, he complained to the friend that "his eyes were getting weaker, and that even spectacles didn't seem to do them any good." "I'll tell thee, friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. If thou wouldst wear thy spectacles *over thy mouth* for a few months, thine eyes would get well again."

### THE TRAINING OF THE YOUNG IN LONDON.

THE way the young of both sexes are neglected in the London streets has been long a scandal to our civilisation. Yet, bad as is neglect, the training in evil ways which little boys and girls receive at the hands of their depraved elders is still worse. A gentleman a-day or two back wrote to the papers an account of a scene which is only a sample of those that may be witnessed any time in the poorer haunts of the metropolis. At seven o'clock in the evening, the writer observed a half-starved ill-clad woman of about forty enter a public-house with her daughter, a thin cadaverous child of nine or ten. The woman called for a pennyworth of gin neat, and gave it to the girl telling her to "Drink it off directly." The poor child, with many contortions of the face, unwillingly obeyed. Then the pair went out, and the barman stated what he knew of them. The



girl sold cigar lights; "they often come in here," said the vendor of gin. "The old girl first fills the cigar box with lights, and then makes the young un drink a drop of neat gin, just to put spirit into her to sell 'em. Doesn't get much to eat, you know, but will most likely catch a licking for her supper. Lots of that sort of thing in this neighbourhood, though it don't look very motherly." "I left the house," said the spectator of the affair, "and walked towards the city, keeping in view the little gin-drinker. Presently she began crying her wares, with that energy peculiar to London street Arabs, and I began to speculate as to the future of the hundreds of children of both sexes who are thus early reared to vice and crime in our midst." And to reflect that the children of such mothers will be themselves the parents of a future generation of street Arabs! Truly the prospects of the future are not all rose-tinted.—*Eastern Post*.

EVERY day's experience tends more and more to confirm me in my opinion, that the Temperance cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reform.—*Cobden*.

## THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS ON THE DRINKING CUSTOMS.

IN contemplating the ravages, moral as well as physical, consequent upon the drinking customs of our country, we have been introduced into deep religious concern. We attempt not to define the limits of individual duty; but we desire that all our members may be willing, in the fear of the Lord, to take a calm view of this great subject. Our position as a Church, and as individuals, is not without influence. In looking at the vast extent of sin, wretchedness, and woe which attend the indulgence in this national habit, we would affectionately urge upon friends everywhere prayerfully to consider, whether anything in their conduct gives countenance to it, or whether they are doing all that is required of them to counteract it. It is alike the duty and the privilege of the Christian to deny himself for the sake of the fallen or the weak. "Hereby," saith the Apostle, "perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." If this be true of our lives, how much more in the giving up of anything in our conduct whereby our brother may stumble, or be offended, or made weak.—*London Yearly Meeting Epistle, 1870.*

## TEETOTAL HARVESTING.

At Halse, a village a few miles from Taunton, a teetotal society has for some time existed. Being an agricultural locality, considerable opposition has been manifested towards the principles of the society. To enable himself to become "fully convinced in his own mind," and, if possible, to satisfy others, John Hancock, Esq., who is himself an extensive brewer, offered during the past summer to employ eighteen men on his estate to reap, nine of whom were to be selected from the teetotalers, and nine friends of "the cup." At the end of the specified time, it was found that the teetotalers had reaped eighty-five acres, ninety-three roods, thirty-eight perches, while the extent of land reaped by their opponents amounted to seventy acres, thirty-three perches. The anti-teetotalers drank during the time 162 gallons of ale and cider, it amounting at 7d. per gallon to £4 14s. 6d., leaving £21 12s. 3d. to be received by them for their labour. The cost of the teetotalers' drink was 18s., they having to receive £31 7s., or £9 14s. 9d. more than the others. It would be as well to state that the teetotalers possessed no undue advantage over their opponents, either from better ground or otherwise.—*Spectator*.

## ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THOSE WHO WORK IN THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

"Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak; for your work shall be rewarded."—

2 CHRON. XV. 7.

Oh never give up if the motive be good,  
The thing to be won too be right;  
But work from the blush of the morning till noon,  
And on till the dew-fall of night.

How long have ye labour'd in drawing the cup,  
Which th' publican's coffer enriches?  
And will ye now faint, and your object give up  
Ere you have accomplish'd your wishes?

Nay, Sirs—if in earnest you've enter'd the field,  
Then shield not your weapon for ever,  
But wield the good sword of the Spirit for aye,  
The drunkard from thralldom to sever.

Your sowing-time oft may seem naught and in vain,  
Yet wait for the young germs appearing;  
But hark! for I hear the loud crush of the chain,  
The drunkard so long has been wearing.

Behold him emerge from the thralldom of sin,  
Behold him a drunkard no longer,  
Behold him stand first in the battle's loud din,  
And say, Is your courage not stronger?

Then seek still for wisdom and strength from the Lord,  
And daily in spirit draw near Him,  
Your pay-day may linger, but He will reward,  
He never forsakes those who fear Him.

H. M. ALLINGHAM.

# STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named—November 6th, Rev. W. W. Jubb, of Birmingham—13th, Dr. Faliding, of Rotherham—20th, Rev. W. Bettle, of Bradford—27th, Rev. J. H. Atkinson, of Hitching.

## GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

of superior make at moderate prices.

## BEST GOLD JEWELLERY,

new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.

## SOLID SILVER & ELECTRO PLATE,

both useful and ornamental, in best quality.

## E. S. PEGLER,

Watchmaker, Jeweller, & Silversmith,

19, OLD MARKET, HALIFAX.

## TIN TRUNKS, BONNET BOXES,

ROUND LOAF TINS,

Household Using Things in great variety, at

J. H. HELLIWELL'S,

Iron and Tin Plate Worker,

13, St. James's Road,

## HALIFAX.

*N.B.—Repairs promptly attended to.*

1870.

## AUTUMN DRESSES.

The Largest and Cheapest Stock we ever offered, commencing at

2s. 11d.

THE DRESS.

AT

## W. DAVY'S

CHEAP DRAPERY ESTABLISHMENT,

Near the Town Hall.

A Large and Choice Stock of

DINING and

DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS

AT

C. HORNER'S,

11, NORTHGATE.

# AUTUMN FASHIONS!

ALL THE NEW MILLINERY GOODS,

AT

H. BUTTON'S, 24, NORTHGATE.

## NEURALGIA & TIC-DOULOUREUX!

This painful affection immediately relieved and in most cases permanently cured by taking

## "FARR'S NERVINE."

Sold in Bottles at 7½d. and 13½d., by

JAMES FARR,

DISPENSING & FAMILY DRUGGIST,

CROWN STREET, HALIFAX.

## HALIFAX CLOTHING HOUSE,

70, Top of Woolshōps.

Clothing for all Classes—Good,  
Cheap, and Stylish.

J. WRIGHT AND SON,  
Proprietors.



# STANNARY

## BAND OF HOPE

# MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 15.

DECEMBER, 1870.

*At the Monthly Band of Hope Meeting to be held on Tuesday, December 13th, the Southowram Wesleyan Band of Hope Singing Class will give an Entertainment. Admission, 1d. See handbills.*

*The Annual Band of Hope Meeting will be held on Thursday, December 29th. Tea at 6.30. Tickets, 4d. each. Addresses by the Rev. E. Gratton and others. Recitations and Music. The Annual Distribution of Prizes will take place.*

**A SPECIAL NEW YEAR'S STORY WILL APPEAR IN OUR NEXT.**

**"OLD BOOTS;"**

*Or, a Gift from "The Golden Eagle."*

In a densely populated locality of Birmingham, resided Joseph Armfield, who was comparatively a young man at the time when our story begins. He had only been married eight years; his partner was a bustling thrifty body, and three children gladdened the heart of husband and wife.

He was known as a hard-working, good-natured man, but he had one failing, for he spent too much money at the public-house, where many counted him a sociable companion. He was not reckoned a drunkard either at home or abroad, nor did he but seldom lose any time to go drinking, though he often slipped out of the works to procure a pint of beer round the corner; but at night, he generally resorted to "The Golden Eagle," near his own dwelling, where he was looked upon as an agreeable fellow.

Mrs. Armfield knew too well that the bread winner spent far more money than he could afford for beer; she often mourned over the fact, and pleaded with him to drink less, that she might have more to buy clothing for them all.

Her husband promised reformation, but his good intentions soon gave way.

As Joe Armfield was leaving the tap room of the Golden Eagle one night in the Autumn of 186—, the landlady called him aside, saying, "Look here, Joe; when your little boy came to beg a short pipe, yesterday, I perceived he was badly off for a pair of boots. I've got an old pair here which my Tom has done with, they might be of some service to

you; so take them home and see how they'll fit him."

Joe looked with astonishment, and with an upbraiding conscience reluctantly took the unexpected gift from the landlady's hands, saying, "Well, thank you, we'll see;" and wishing the giver good night hurried out.

Going along the street how that old pair of boots tingled his fingers, and sent a bitter pang to his heart. "My lad badly off for boots, ah!" repeated Armfield, "Yes, too true, and I know where I've taken the money which ought to have purchased him new ones, while I'm presented with the publican's boy's left-offs. No, as my name is Joseph Armfield, my little Fred shall never wear them, but I'll keep outside 'The Golden Eagle,' and see if I can't buy him the articles new, which he wants so badly."

With feelings of indignation and remorse, Joe Armfield opened his cottage door, and dropped the old boots upon the floor as if they were too hot to hold, then lifting his foot, sent one across the house with a vengeance, muttering something as he did so.

His wife stared with no small degree of wonder, saying, "Why, Joe, what's the matter? and what is it you're kicking?"

"Why, I'm kicking the landlady's gift, which tells me what a fool I've been," said her husband, as he gave the other boot a toss to the other side of the room, and sat down in his chair.

"What's amiss, now?" enquired Mrs. Armfield, as she arose from her seat to look at the landlady's present. "Why, it's a pair of boy's old boots!" said she, holding them in her hands.

"Yes," answered Joe, "but our boy shall

never wear them." He then explained the matter.

"If I remain in the same mind I'm in now, it WILL be a lesson, indeed, and a good one, too, for I mean to keep outside 'The Golden Eagle,' and give up the drink altogether, and buy boots and other things for my own family, instead of the publican's."

"That's right, Joe, I'm glad you've got a bit of the right spirit left."

"Well, well!" ejaculated Armfield, "that pair of boots stick in my throat, and no mistake; send them back in the morning," he added, "and tell the landlady to keep them for some other customer who may want them worse." Then he sat down and wrote the following note to send with the rejected present:—

"G—— Street, August 28, 186—

To Mrs. R.—

Madam,

I herewith return the old boots you placed in my hands last night. I thank you for any kindly feelings towards my little boy which prompted the gift, which has opened the eyes of my understanding to see myself in the wrong track; and as I am firmly resolved to purchase a new pair for my little Fred, I respectfully decline your Tom's left-offs,

And subscribe myself,

Yours (touched to the core),

JOSEPH ARMFIELD."

Next morning his wife sent the old boots and note by little Fred to "The Golden Eagle," with instructions not to wait for any answer.

As there was a zealous total abstainer who worked at the same manufactory, Armfield watched for an opportunity to tell him all about the incident that had opened his eyes, and made him resolve to abstain until Christmas.

As might be expected, Edward Warner was greatly rejoiced to hear of Armfield's wise resolve, and asked if he'd sign the pledge at once.

"No," answered Armfield, "but I'll sign a private written agreement to abstain till Christmas."

It was then arranged for Warner to write out a paper, and as both lived in the same direction, he accompanied Armfield home that evening, who signed the paper, a copy of which ran as follows—

"B——, August 29th, 18—

I voluntarily agree to abstain from all kinds of intoxicating drinks from the above date until the ensuing Christmas.

Signed, JOSEPH ARMFIELD,  
Witness, EDWARD WARNER."

Mrs. Armfield looked on with no small degree of pleasure, and said, "I have been in the habit of drinking a little drop occasionally myself, but I am so delighted at Joe's spirit that I wish to place my name on the same paper."

"That's capital!" ejaculated Warner; "there's plenty of room," and he at once suggested and wrote the following:—

"So long as my husband abstains from strong drink, shall consider it my duty to abstain also, and with great pleasure add my name.

ELLEN ARMFIELD."

"Bravo lass!" said the rejoiced husband, "now we shall both pull one way, and no beer at home or elsewhere this side of Christmas."

"I hope not, nor the other side of Christmas either," said Warner.

"And I hope so too," said Mrs. Armfield, "for we want more than one pair of new boots, beside other new things."

Of course, the news spread at the works, about the old boots, and Joe's resolve, and various sneering remarks were made, but Armfield stood his ground right manfully.

During a conversation on the topic one of the workmen called him "Old boots."

"No," answered Armfield, "I wouldn't keep them, they went back to 'The Golden Eagle,' and I intend to save my cash and buy the lad new ones."

"Who'd a' thought that Joe, the engineer, would turn teetotal?" said another.

The Temperance meeting night came, and according to promise, Armfield went with Warner.

There was a reformed drunkard present who knew Joe Armfield, and gave him a very warm greeting.

The short speeches delivered were lively, and to the point, and quite beyond Armfield's anticipation.

The landlord at "The Golden Eagle" sent several sneering messages through his customers to Joe Armfield, which only tended to strengthen the lost customer in his wise resolve.

"You look as if a drop would do you good," exclaimed a workman, as he saw Joe standing by the engine-house door.

"No matter how I look," answered Armfield, "I don't feel inclined to have any."

"He'll soon break down," cried Bill Horton.

"Not he," said Edward Warner, who came up at the time, "and my advice to Joe is,

"Though drinking shopmates around you may sneer, Heed not their laughing, their taunts, or their jeer; Show them you're stedfast, with nothing to fear, Stand to your ground, stand your ground."

"Oh! you may try to back him up with teetotal rhyme and reasons, Mr. Warner, but depend upon it we shall have him upon our side of the ground before a month's over," exclaimed Peter Boston.

While another drinker who was standing by stated, that the landlord at "The Golden Eagle" said, "Joe would be on his ground again in less than a fortnight."



"I think," said Armfield, "that the landlord and all his dupes will be deceived, for the old boots have made an impression on my mind that will not easily be effaced."

"Hear, hear!" spoke up Mr. Warner, "don't be influenced by the wrong party."

The first pay night that came, Armfield sent his little boy to "The Golden Eagle," to pay the small score that was owing.

When taking the money, the landlady eyed his feet at the bar door, while the landlord came up, saying, "Well, Freddy, have you got a pair of new boots!"

"No, Sir," answered the youthful messenger, "but I shall have new boots next week, and we shall all have lots of new things at Christmas."

"Indeed," replied the landlady, "then you will be fine!"

"Ah, there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," exclaimed mine host, as he moved away, with a full pot to the tap room.

On Sunday, Joseph Armfield willingly accompanied his friend Warner, morning and evening, to a place of worship, and in thanking him, said he felt all the better for what he had heard.

Another week passed away, and as Armfield was leaving the works on Saturday, he was accosted by several of the drinkers, who offered to stand treat.

"How about the old boots?" asked Sam Paynting.

"Clear the way," ejaculated Armfield, "and while you're going to help to buy boots for the landlord and his family, I'm going to purchase a pair for my lad, instead of letting him wear the old ones from 'The Golden Eagle,'" and so saying, he bade the drinkers good day.

When Joseph Armfield reached home, Freddy stood at the door, and exclaimed, with a smiling face, "I'm ready to go for the new boots."

"Very well," replied his father, "wait while I have a wash, and we'll be off."

"I've come here to buy new boots," said Armfield, entering a respectable shop, and addressing the shoemaker, "instead of having the publican's old ones."

"A capital idea," replied the shopkeeper; "I shall be most happy to serve you at any time; but has some landlord made you an offer of an old pair?"

"Yes," answered Armfield, "and that's what's brought me here dealing with you to-day."

"There are a good many more children and grown-up people also who want new boots, and might have them too by making fewer visits to the public-house," said the shoemaker.

"I don't intend to make a single visit to any such places this side Christmas," replied Armfield.

"Well, I commend you," said the shoemaker, "and no doubt you will feel the advantage of being on the safe side."

The boots were duly fitted on the little one's feet, and the glad-hearted father, having paid the cash, moved out of the shop saying, "I think they look quite as well on my lad's feet as the landlady's old ones would."

Up the street hastened father and son, and on entering their dwelling the mother caught sight of their smiling faces, and exclaimed "Here comes Freddy with his new boots!" while the wearer strutted round the table several times to hear himself walk, and shew off his delight; but little Polly pulled rather a sorrowful face, muttering "I want new boots too."

"And she shall have some," replied her mother, as she stooped down and gave her a kiss.

When little feet grew weary and eyes dim with sleep, Freddy asked if he might take the boots with him to bed, and his desire was granted.

As week by week went by, various new articles of clothing found their way into Armfield's home; the sight of which forcibly reminded them and their neighbours of the rejected old boots.

Joseph Armfield had not abstained long, before he began to feel uneasy about smoking, and on more than one occasion told Mr. Warner, in reply to his gentle hints, that he intended to throw his pipe away, and waste no more money on smoke; "And here," said Armfield, "they say, 'tis best to strike while the iron's hot—"

"So I'll now smash my pipe, and on it will trample, And shew a much safer and better example."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Warner, as he stood by looking greatly pleased at the broken pipe and smouldering ashes, adding, "thanks to the old boots for that additional step in the right direction."

But the best step of all was becoming regular attendants upon divine worship.

About the middle of October, a Temperance tea and public meeting were to take place, and Mr. Warner asked Armfield and his wife to take a ticket each, a request with which they readily complied, the former saying, when he went to "The Golden Eagle," taking his wife with him was out of the question; for like too many more, he was enjoying himself, and amusing others, while his own partner and family were left behind in loneliness to do so as best they could; "but now I'm a total abstainer," said he, "I can take my better half with me, and that's another

step in the right direction, thanks to the landlady and the old boots."

"You're right," answered Warner, "the adoption of Temperance principles generally leads to a good many steps in the right way, and if we were asked what the Temperance reformation had done, how poor would be the answer compared to the reality!"

"The good I have already felt has been quite beyond my expectations," replied Armfield.

The Tea-meeting night came, and Mr. and Mrs. Warner called for Armfield and his wife, then made the best of their way to the place of meeting, enjoying on the route a pleasant conversation.

As the happy assembly sat at tea, a friend passing near Armfield, exclaimed, in a hearty tone, "Well, Joe, lad, how are you going on?"

"Oh! first rate," replied Armfield.

"This is better than boozing at 'The Golden Eagle,'" said a voice behind.

"Very much better," exclaimed Warner, who sat near at hand.

"And the fruits of abstaining are better than old boots," said another individual.

"It is so, lad," answered Joe, as he and his wife looked the picture of happiness.

"You'll have a social glass with us on Christmas eve," said an old companion, addressing Armfield, about a fortnight before Christmas.

"Not if I'm in the same mind as I am now," replied Joe.

"Well," rejoined the tempter, "but your time will be up then, and if you're offended with the landlady at 'The Golden Eagle,' you can go somewhere else and enjoy a quiet glass."

"If you can persuade me to alter my mind, I might do as you say," said Armfield, as he went about his work.

"Certainly, you'll not think of spending Christmas on the cold-water system," exclaimed a workman, accosting Armfield, as he was going from the pay table on Christmas-eve.

"You know," replied the reformed one, "that I've been acting on the 'cold-water system,' as you term it, for the last few months, and I'm thankful to say, that I feel a better man for doing so in every respect; and as the principles of Total Abstinence suit me and my family so well, I mean, by the help of God, to try and get through this festive season without touching a single drop of intoxicating drink."

"Don't be so narrow-minded and unsocial!" shouted another of his old companions.

"Just come and have one friendly cup," chimed in a third party.

"It's no use trying," said Armfield, "I have quite made up my mind. I have a good prospect of a happy holiday, and as a parting word, allow me to say:—

"I wish a merry Christmas,  
To work-mates, great and small,  
And that can be obtained, we know,  
Without King Alcohol.  
For he doth cause, continually,  
Distress and many a sorrow;  
Makes wounds upon a Christmas day,  
And head-aches on the morrow."

So saying, he hurried on, leaving his work-mates looking astonished!

"That's our Christmas-box," said one.

"Joe has held on better than I expected," chimed in a second speaker.

"The teetotalers are bringing him out, and no mistake," replied another.

Joseph Armfield made for home, and received a glad welcome. Preparations for Christmas were the order of the day. The children were delighted in watching and assisting mother in preparing the ingredients for the pudding and cake; in fact, there was never such a stir in the family on a Christmas-eve before.

During the evening, Mr. Warner and another temperance friend came to pay Armfield a friendly visit, with an aim in view.

"Although it was your intention to re-sign the pledge on Christmas-day," said Mr. Warner, addressing Armfield, "we're come with two pledge papers, believing that yourself and good wife will be quite willing to place your names on the same, at once."

"I'm quite ready to sign," said Mrs. Armfield.

"And so am I," rejoined her husband, "but there's no danger of Joe going to the drink either to-night or to-morrow."

"Certainly not," answered the friend, "but we thought 'twould be better to lose no time."

That Christmas-eve they both signed the Temperance Society's pledge. A pleasant conversation ensued, and in first-rate spirits, on both sides, the two unexpected visitors left.

"Shall I decorate the house to-night, lass?" asked Armfield.

"Well no," replied the smiling wife, "let's sit down and have a little rest and a comfortable supper, and you can put the holly up in the morning."

The cloth was spread, and with the good eatables, a jug of hot coffee was made, and as they sat enjoying the frugal meal by their bright fireside, Mrs. Armfield was prompted to exclaim, "This is better than your spending Christmas-eve at 'The Golden Eagle.'"

"And it's better than old boots, too," replied her husband.

Christmas morning came. The family had partaken of breakfast, the wife was clearing the table, while her husband, assisted by the



little ones, was busily engaged putting up the holly, when a loud rap was heard at the door, and she hastened to see who it was.

"For Mrs. Armfield," said a youth, as he placed a good-sized parcel in her hands, and then hurried away.

"What in the name of fortune is this!" ejaculated the astonished wife, as she turned over the package in a careful manner.

"What's up now, lass?" enquired her husband, as he moved towards his partner and asked, if the parcel was directed for them.

"Yes," said his wife, holding it up; "see here it is, as plain as A, B, C—Mrs. Armfield, G—Street."

"Well, let's open it," cried her husband, "and see if it's a Christmas-box from the grocer's or 'The Golden Eagle.'"

"No fear of it's being from 'The Golden Eagle,'" said Mrs. Armfield, "except," continued she, "they've sent us a bundle of old rags, for spite."

"Let's cut the string," said her husband (as he took up a knife for the purpose), "and see if it's fowl or fish."

"Stop," cried the somewhat frightened wife, "is there any one else living in this street, by the name of Armfield?"

"Never heard there was, and don't believe there is," replied he, and so saying, he cut the string.

"Why, I declare it's a new shawl!" said the half-bewildered wife.

"It is so," replied her husband, as he did his best to look surprised, and added, "this isn't sent from 'The Golden Eagle.'"

"Here's a letter, to say who sent it," said Mrs. Armfield, opening it, and reading—

"B—

Christmas Eve.

Mrs. Armfield,

Congratulating you for giving up the use of strong drinks, and thus strengthening your husband in his wise resolve, with the compliments of the season, a friend has much pleasure in forwarding the shawl herewith sent, for your acceptance, which you may regard as marked good resulting from *rejecting old boots*, and abstaining from intoxicating drinks."

"Oh! I can now see who the gift has come from," she said, turning to her husband, as tears dimmed her eyes, and inward emotions prevented further utterance for a moment or two.

"Better than old boots, my lass," replied Armfield, adding, "look, here's a small packet," which, when opened, was found to contain various little things for the children, who received them with smiling faces and eager eyes, and, in possession of their gifts, they danced round the house in high glee.

That was indeed a happy Christmas morning for the Armfields. The shawl was unfolded carefully, and held up by Mrs. Armfield, who exclaimed, "Well, it is a very nice

one, and no mistake," and added, "this is far beyond my expectations, and many thanks I return for the unexpected and useful gift."

Joseph Armfield had been making overtime at the works for some three months, and having conceived the idea of presenting his wife with a new shawl, had selected the article himself from a large shop, and in a quiet way, planned the sending of it by a reliable youth, on Christmas morning.

During the festive season, various inducements were employed by his old companions and others, to get Joseph Armfield to break his pledge, but he proved true to his principles, and spent a happy Christmas, while many of his mates drank more or less to excess, and of course, suffered the usual consequences.

Of course the neighbours and others heard of Mrs. Armfield's present, and it occasioned much talk in the locality, and at the commencement of the new year several determined to make an effort to copy Joseph Armfield's example and turn over a new leaf.

Three years have passed away, and the rejector of the old boots is still found in the Temperance ranks, with his wife and family enjoying manifold blessings from the adoption of total abstinence. Every Sunday they are to be seen filling the accustomed seats in a place of worship. The Sabbath, which was once a day of weariness, has become to him a welcome and blessed time of peace and rest, and inward joy. Good books are purchased for himself and little ones, and as he sits in the bosom of his family, the sentiments of his heart often are—

How sweet is the Sabbath to lighten my lot,  
There is joy in my heart, there is peace in my cot;  
Its moments, how precious, how sweetly they glide,  
As I read and I sing by my own fireside.

## HOW TO RETAIN OUR MEMBERS.

FROM a contemporary we copy the following excellent letter:—

"SIR,—In the country we hear a great many opinions and methods urged, as the most effectual for permanently retaining our new members. We have listened to the opinions, and adopted many of the methods. Among others we have provided temperance coffee-rooms, temperance cricket clubs, temperance musical bands, and public meetings, for the purpose of keeping our adult members. We have also given them temperance work to do; but in a great many instances all these efforts have failed to retain them after the novelty has worn off. We then went to work in another direction, and urged upon them the necessity of reading temperance literature, and of striving to understand the nature of the drinks they had been in the habit of

using, and when we have succeeded in removing the idea that there is strength in alcoholic drinks, we have always retained them as our earnest workers. The first step in losing members is this: a man is at work with another workman who has just been spurred to his work by alcohol, and he begins boasting of some feat of strength he has performed. The teetotal workman feels that he cannot perform such a feat, and at once concludes he is not so strong as his fellow-workman. It is at this point he needs a knowledge of the properties of alcohol. So long as a man believes there is strength in a pint of beer, we may expect him to leave us, and we shall see his wife at our door some evening, asking us to come and try to quiet her drunken husband. Just such a case has come under my notice this week. As the winter evenings have now come, we might spend a few of them very profitably in visiting the homes of our new members, and reading a good article to them, and discuss it before their wives and children, and then endeavour and persuade them to take a temperance paper weekly to read for themselves. Our good cause may be made very substantial in this way.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN ORST."

Kelvedon, October 19, 1870.

### TO YOUNG MEN.

The following paragraph should be carefully pondered by young men:—

"There is no more effectual way to destroy a great and mighty nation than to give its young men all the money they want, provide them with plays, and festivities, and amusements, and dances, and wine, and then leave them to sweat the life and manhood out of body and soul in the hotbed of pleasure and self-indulgence. That is the way Babylon was ruined. That is the way imperial Rome became an easy prey to Northern barbarians. That is the way Christian Constantinople came under the debasing and abominable sway of Mahomedans. That is the way Venice ended a thousand years of independent and glorious history with shame and servitude. And nothing worse could come upon the fairest and most Christian city in the world than to have a generation of tender and delicate young men, without energy, without principle, without conscience, but with money enough to support elegant pleasures and costly vices. Let such young men give tone to public opinion, and take the lead in the highest circles of society in any city of our land, and they would soon make it the Sodom of their country."—*Night unto Night: a Selection of Bible Scenes. By the Rev. Daniel March, D.D.*

### JUVENILE DRUNKARDS.

THREE little boys were yesterday charged at Lambeth with being drunk and incapable. Their ages did not reach thirteen years, nor their heads the top of the dock. They had helped a man to draw a barrow, and he had given them rum, telling them to drink well, as it would "warm them up." Of course they were let off with good advice, for only the pestilent folly of the man deserved punishment. Doubtless he had no intention to make the boys drunk, any more than the multitude of people who "treat" policemen, cabmen, and railway guards, and so cause an immense amount of misery and crime. They only want to "warm them up." One is sometimes forced to wish that treating were a punishable offence at other times besides at an election.

### WITNEY TEETOTALISM, THE WORKING-MAN'S FRIEND.

WE often hear it stated that "facts are stubborn things," and there is a good deal of truth in the proverb that "one fact is worth a ship-load of arguments." In support of the statement that Teetotalism is promotive of health, and beneficial to the working-classes, and in refutation of the ridiculous fallacy that hard work cannot be done without the aid of intoxicating drinks, the following "fact" is adduced.

In the Autumn of last year (1869), meeting with a non-abstaining friend, a Local Preacher in the Wesleyan connexion, I tried to persuade him to join the temperance movement, and use his influence in ridding our country from its national curse—DRINK, which, year by year, hurries so many blood-bought immortal souls to eternal woe. After raising the usual silly objections so frequently used, but so satisfactorily and easily refuted by medical testimony, experience, and scripture; he at last signed the pledge and determined to give teetotalism a fair trial.

Nearly a year passed away, and I knew not whether he had kept or violated his pledge; when we somewhat unexpectedly again met, and the testimony he bore to the benefits of total abstinence was such that it demands the attention of every working man. He told me that he had kept his pledge, and that though he had done a considerable amount of mowing and other laborious work in the scorching sun of a dry summer, he had not suffered from his abstinence, but his health was very much improved, a fact, obvious to all who knew him. Nor had he done less work; having worked side by side with others who were taking their beer, of course, in strict moderation, and most



thoroughly confounding them and their anti-teetotal notions, by the ease with which he did it. Neither did he tire before the rest, "for," says he, "I have come home at night less weary with the exertions of the day. I have slept more soundly at night, and have gone to my work fresher in the morning, but this is only part of the teetotaler's advantage," he continued, "there's the question of expense to be considered. What had become of the harvest-beer money? Part was spent in the better living the teetotaler usually gets, but not all of it; with the remainder he had bought a Dictionary, a Bible Explainer, Concordance, and Josephus's History of the Jews." No wonder he should add "no more beer for me." Let every one, working-men and Christian agents especially, who read this say, and "no more for me." While our friend, with health restored, under the cold-water treatment goes forth to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, he is not hindered in his work by being a teetotaler, but can say to the christian, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to *drink wine*, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." To the person to whom moderation is temptation, he can teach the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." To the unwary youth entering on the perilous journey of life—"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." To all, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging."

#### DRINK AGAIN! A HARD CASE.

At a Tea-meeting of the parents of the scholars attending one of the largest Sunday-Schools in Norwich, the Superintendent stated, that he had on the previous day met with a lad, who told him that his mother had gone into the Union House, and taken her two youngest children, whilst he and his elder sister were left to shift for themselves. On the Superintendent enquiring whether his mother did not earn something which in addition to the weekly allowance from the Union might maintain them, the boy reluctantly replied, "Yes, sir, but mother **DRINKS**."

#### VERY TRUE.

Nothing can be much more trying to the health of a man than a day's work in the fields under a scorching sun, while a continually increasing thirst is treated with unlimited draughts of infamous beer or cider. The custom of paying part wages in this beer or

cider is one which is so deeply rooted that we cannot hope for more than a very gradual abandonment of it. And yet one trial would prove to the harvester that cold tea or milk would enable him to do more work, with less personal discomfort, and to earn more money, than under the present system of unlimited stimulants.—*Echo*.

HERE is a good anecdote of the American war:—

"General Gregory, a Christian soldier of the same cast as Howard, is a prominent advocate of temperance. It is told of him that when his brigade was preparing for action at Gettysburg, the corps commander issued an order to supply the troops with liquor. Gregory rode up and said, 'Is that order peremptory?' 'Yes.' 'Then,' said he, 'I must resign my command. I shall undertake to do anything with these troops that can be done by brave men, but I will not undertake to control men who have been stimulated by intoxicating drinks.' The commander reconsidered the matter, and revoked the order."

#### THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK ON INTEMPERANCE.

THE Archbishop of York commenced his visitation of the clergy at Malton on Monday, and in a long charge, His Grace said no part of a clergyman's duty was so difficult and delicate as that of dealing with prevalent vices, and on this account he valued the courage of those clergymen in the diocese who had taken active steps to discourage intemperance in their parishes. With a vice so widely spread they would no doubt meet with many disappointments; but they would have at least the satisfaction of knowing that they had struck such a blow as they had strength to strike against an evil which made the poor poorer by millions every year, and which handed down from generation to generation a vast heritage of disease, and at the same time wrought lamentable hindrance to the work of God among all.

#### THE BEST MEDICINE.

TAKE the open air—  
The more you take the better;  
Follow nature's laws  
To the very letter.  
Let the doctors go  
To the bay of Biscay;  
Let alone the gin,  
The brandy and the whisky.  
Freely exercise;  
Keep your spirits cheerful;  
Let no dread of sickness  
Make you ever fearful.  
Eat the simplest food;  
Drink the pure cold water;  
Then you will be well—  
Or at least you ought to.

# STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named—December 4th, Rev. W. B. Affleck, Huddersfield—11th, Rev. T. W. Holmes, Marsden—18th, Rev. J. R. Nuttall, Bowling—25th, Rev. J. Haley, Stainland.

On Monday, December 26th, the Annual Meeting of the Sunday School will be held. Tea at Five o'clock. Friends are invited.

## NEURALGIA & TIC-DOULOUREUX!

This painful affection immediately relieved and in most cases permanently cured by taking

## "FARR'S NERVINE."

Sold in Bottles at 7½d. and 13½d., by

**JAMES FARR,**

DISPENSING & FAMILY DRUGGIST,

CROWN STREET, HALIFAX.

## HALIFAX CLOTHING HOUSE,

70, Top of Woolshops.

Clothing for all Classes—Good,  
Cheap, and Stylish.

**J. WRIGHT AND SON,**  
Proprietors.

## GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

of superior make at moderate prices.

## BEST GOLD JEWELLERY,

new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.

## SOLID SILVER & ELECTRO PLATE,

both useful and ornamental, in best quality.

**E. S. PEGLER,**

Watchmaker, Jeweller, & Silversmith,

19, OLD MARKET, HALIFAX.

## COMPTON HOUSE.

CHOOSE YOUR

## DRESSES

FROM THE

## WINDOW.

W. DAVY'S

NOTED CHEAP DRAPERY EMPORIUM,

NEAR THE TOWN HALL.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

GREAT PREPARATIONS AT

**E. Mortimer's, Crown Street.**

## Winter Fashions.

ALL THE NEW

## MILLINERY GOODS,

AT

**H. BUTTON'S,**

24, NORTHGATE.

A Large and Choice Stock of

DINING and

DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS

AT

**C. HORNER'S,**

11, NORTHGATE.



# STANNARY

## BAND OF HOPE

# MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 16.

JANUARY, 1871.

*Members desirous of selling Periodicals during 1871, must apply at the Bank, George Street, (Entrance up Post Office Yard), on Saturdays, December 31st, and January 7th, from 4 to 6 o'clock, and on Tuesday, January 3rd, from 7 to 8 o'clock.*

*A New Singing Class will be commenced on Thursday, January 5th, 1871. Members of the Band of Hope wishing to join are requested to be at the School at 7.30. Terms, 4d. per quarter. The Senior Members are invited to join.*

### A WORD FROM BESSY;

#### *Or, The Turning-Point of a Life.*

It was a calm frosty evening in the end of the year. The crescent moon was high above the tall chimneys and church spires of Birmingham, though but faintly seen through the dense smoke which always overhangs that town of many forges. But forge and workshop were fast closing for the night; weary mechanics were pouring along the gas-lighted streets, to their respective homes or haunts in the lower part of the old town, while in the upper and fashionable wards, carriages, with curled and turbaned heads in high relief inside, and groups whose gay dresses peeped from under wrapping-cloak or shawl, were hurrying by to the evening parties and concerts. The din of the great thoroughfares came softened by distance to a small suburban street, which ran almost into the fields. Quiet people, who kept little gardens, lived there; it had two shops, and gin was sold in one of them. But, though every house was lighted, there was nobody just then in the street, but a solitary man and the family group of the Jenkinsons. The latter consisted of Mrs. Jenkinson, a tall matronly lady; her eldest daughter Elizabeth, a pretty, but rather stiff-looking girl of eighteen, with the latest winter fashions of mantelet and bonnet on; and her twin little girls, Mary and Anna, who were just turned of nine, and tripped along in fine hats and polkas behind. Mrs. Jenkinson left them entirely to the guardianship of their so-called governess Bessy, and her brother Jack, who brought up the rear, arm-in-arm. at a respectful distance. They were Jenkinsons too, and

had a distant relationship to the greater family, which poverty rendered still more remote, for the one wore the dress of an ordinary mechanic, and the other a well-worn cloak and a coarse straw bonnet. Their talk was nevertheless earnest and hopeful.

"I'll soon have the money gathered," said Jack, his tone rising unconsciously; "then we'll have a house and shop of our own, and you and I will never part, Bessy."

Here he stopped, for Bessy's glance directed his attention to the solitary man on the opposite side of the street. He had the figure and step of youth, but his air was worn and reckless; his clothes had a scuffed, shabby look—they and their wearer seemed as if their fortunes had fallen together; and his face was almost hidden by an old and crazy hat, drawn down as it seemed for the purpose of concealment.

Bessy had observed him pacing along like one who had no object in his goings; he looked to neither house nor passenger, but kept his eyes bent on the pavement, as if lost in moody thought, till approaching the gin-shop, which chanced to be on that side of the street, he turned as if to go in, hesitated, and then, with a resolute movement, hurried by. It was but for a few steps, when the man came as quickly back; but again he paused at the door, and once more turned away, yet his walk had a wavering in it, and Bessy saw him look back.

"Speak to him, Jack," said she, half drawing her brother across the narrow street; "ask him not to go in."

"He'll be angry, sister, and scold us," said Jack.

"Ay, but it might save him, and, with

God's help, I'll do it myself," said Bessy. "Oh, sir," she continued, as they now met the stranger full in the clear gas-light, "don't go in. We had a father once, and he went into shops like that —"

"What do you say, girl?" said the stranger, looking up with a haggard but handsome face, which, in spite of his assumed surprise, plainly indicated that Bessy's words had been perfectly understood. "What do you say to me about your father?"

"That he went into shops like this, sir, and he is dead," said Bessy, with an earnestness which her brother thought almost bold; "and for all we learned by that—though I'm a poor girl, and we are both strangers—my brother and I take upon us to remind you this night of the old prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.'"

"And what service might the remembrance of that prayer do me, my good girl?" said the stranger, moving along with them, like one whose mind had found some temporary diversion. "One might go to worse places than a gin-shop, you know."

"Ah, sir," said Bessy, "the use of that prayer might help one to go to better places."

"Ay, girl, if one's fortunes would let him," said the stranger; "but where's the good in striving against wind and tide?"

"And where's the good in going to gin-shops?" interrupted Jack, who had by this time got over his constitutional fear of scolding, though he perceived that the stranger had a manner and bearing considerably above their class, and was some years older than either himself or Bessy.

"If one finds comfort in it, why shouldn't one go to a gin-shop or anywhere else, when things are as bad with him as they can be?" said the stranger, sullenly.

"Oh, sir," said Bessy, "it's a strange state that can't be made better or worse, if one sets his mind to it; and surely the gin-shop is not the best way. Besides, you know God has grace for us all, and we are warned not to be weary in well-doing."

"Good-night, my girl," said the stranger, wringing her hand. "I'll go straight home." And he walked rapidly away in the direction he had come, Jack and Bessy watching him till far past the gin-shop. They quickened their pace, also, for by this time the family were some way in advance.

"What odd-looking person was that you talked so long with, Bessy?" said the elder lady, for she was generally superior to addressing Jack. "I did not think you made such acquaintances."

"We never saw him before," said Bessy, reddening, "but he was hesitating at the door of the gin-shop, and we persuaded him not to go in."

"You really will have a strange time, if you preach to every low character you meet at the doors of gin-shops. I don't think young women are called upon to take such an interest in strangers," said Mrs. Jenkinson; but she paused in the midst of her lecture, for a tall stout gentleman, in the best of broad cloth and gold seals, turned the corner full upon them, whom Miss Elizabeth at once saluted as Uncle Jones.

Mrs. Jenkinson told all her friends in confidence, that "Mary and Anna ought to have a superior governess, though Bessy was a clever creature; but she had taken her partly for charity, because the girl was an orphan, poor thing, and a very distant relation to Mr. Jenkinson." Bessy's father had been the deceased gentleman's cousin-german, and rather looked up to in his humbler days, because he carried on a promising business, and was considered one of the cleverest tradesmen in Birmingham. Old neighbours still spoke at times of poor Jack Jenkinson, how unlucky he was, and how friendly he had been; all his employed people spoke well of him; and, till her dying day, his wife averred that there were few men like Jack. But he was one of those who hasted to be rich, and grasped at more of this world than he could hold. Some said it was disappointment in his speculations—some that it was bad company—which led him to early and habitual intemperance. But the man died at middle life, of what the doctor called an utterly broken constitution, leaving a sickly, worn-out widow and seven children, with scarce a wreck of provision. Yet the elements of better things were in that family. Jack's wife had been a sensible and pious woman, though latterly of feeble health, and always of gentle ways. She had taken Jack, "for better, for worse," and borne kindly with him through all his reformations and relapses, for they were many. What loving counsels and earnest prayers she had spent upon the man, were known only to themselves and their God! Energetic wives around believed that the measures were not sufficiently strong; but, though unable to prevent the ruin of her husband's business, she had economised, kept peace at home, and trained up her children in habits of industry. That training was the heritage of the orphans. They were, of course, obliged to look far below their early prospects; but by degrees the boys came to find work and wages in the factories of their native town, while the girls, of whom there were but two, assisted their mother in house-keeping for the common good, and taking in the finer descriptions of washing. Thus the poor family contrived to live, but little was saved; and, as years passed, they gradually scattered away from the old home.



After his mother's death, Jack found the cheapest possible lodgings for himself, and Bessy, quite unconscious of Mrs. Jenkinson's boasted benevolence, accepted, at that lady's request, the situation in which our story found her.

Mrs. Jenkinson's rebuke to his sister had fallen heavily on Jack's mind. At first he was angry at the hard and cold manner in which Bessy's mistress had spoken regarding so small and so well-meant an action; but when Mr. Jones appeared, his wrath changed to vexation at the whole business, and his own share in it, for Jack felt assured that all would be communicated to him. Mr. Jones, the great manufacturer of the Royal Coburg button, was one of the many men in England of whom it might be said that they made their own fortunes.

There were many greater capitalists, but no prouder man in the town than Mr. Jones. The thought that his "hand had gotten him this," with which he surveyed his warehouse, his machinery, and the scores depending on him for bread and work, had a self-magnifying effect on a mind naturally narrow, and capable only of money-making. He kept his workmen at an awful distance, admitted the existence of no opinion but his own among his neighbours, and expected to be served like a sultan by his less wealthy relations. On that point at least Mr. Jones was gratified.

He had an only son, and the design of his life was to make that son a gentleman, as he understood the term. Accordingly, the boy was sent to some of the best schools in England, and in due time to college at Cambridge, equipped, trained, and tutored, expressly for the estate which his father was to purchase for him out of the gains of his hard-working life. People said that Harry Jones was worthy of all the old man's hopes and pains. He grew up handsome, lively, and clever. There was still in his father's library a long shelf full of prize books which he had brought home from schools and colleges; he had a world of friends, and good reports of his character and conduct came from every quarter; but, in the midst of his college course, the young man lost place, prospects, and his father's graces, as it seemed for ever, for he married the kitchen-maid of an inn. The old man at once disowned him. He could have forgiven anything but a low match, and his son was too proud, or knew him too well, to seek his forgiveness. From that time Harry disappeared, as far as his former friends and associates knew. And Mr. Jones never mentioned his son. The disappointment of his long-cherished design had no power to slack his endeavours after riches. The manufactory took the place of wife and son to him. He lived alone in a great brick house, and was daily served,

flattered, and fawned upon by many a hopeful expectant of his decease, whom the old man long outlived.

Time went on, Bessy washed, mended, and heard lessons till another evening, which found her and her brother in the same quiet street. The Jenkinsons were not with them then. Jack had reached the summit of his early ambition, for Bessy and he, each carrying a bundle of their last and lightest moveables, were on their way to a small house, which, thanks to repair and change, now opened where the gin-shop had been. Its landlord had offered them the place at a reduced rent, partly because he had known their father, and partly because few families likely to pay could be accommodated there. The house consisted of a shop, a back parlour, two closets which the landlord called bedrooms, and another with a fireplace in it, which he designated a kitchen. Well-to-do people would scarcely have thought the best apartment sufficiently large for a pantry, but it was a house of their own, the chattels their neighbour had kept for them were more than sufficient to furnish it, and all their savings, together with some credit, went to stock the shop with a miscellany of small wares likely to draw custom in the poor suburb of a great town. How Jack gloried in that shop, and rejoiced in the back parlour, when he and Bessy sat down with their own kettle on the hearth, and their own tea-cups before them, need not be told; but his sister remembered that the little carpet had been darned by their poor mother, and the Bible in which she used to read stood first on their book-shelf.

There were great evenings of planning and consultation between Jack and Bessy over their new estate. At first, it was arranged that the brother should continue at his trade, while Bessy looked after the shop and house-keeping, and it was wonderful how things prospered under her zealous and careful management. She dressed dolls and made necklaces to attract juvenile pence, worked babies' caps and stitched dickies for more advanced customers; and Jack was always in a hurry home when his work was done, to do what he called balancing the books, and talk with Bessy in the back parlour. Trade came and increased steadily; the shop assumed an appearance of flourishing though humble business; all the neighbours came there; servants from greater streets began to find their way to Bessy's counter; and the Jenkinsons at length took a friendly interest in the establishment.

They persuaded Jack to give up button-making and take entirely to shop-keeping, as being more genteel, and their visits and advice served to augment the young man's pride though not his profits. Jack grew to a

gentleman merchant in his own estimation. He bought flash finery, assumed new airs, and came to consider his sister as a sort of inferior or servant to his grandeur. Just at this time Mr. Jones was seized with apoplexy, and passed away from money-making, factory, and flatterers, and the following week brought a succession of shocks till then unparalleled in the Jenkinson circle, for Mr. Jones' long disowned son arrived with his wife and three children to take possession of his father's great house, superintend the funeral, and prove himself heir-at-law; for to the amazement of his relations, and especially of the Jenkinsons, the rich old man had made no will.

Fancy things, such as the Jenkinsons had advised Jack to fill his shop with, were but little wanted in that neighborhood, and his zeal for selling them was not according to knowledge. The old goods had been put so completely out of sight, that customers ceased to inquire for them, and went elsewhere. In consequence, he had done no business that season, while his expenses had been unusually great, in spite of all Bessy's care and industry. Their savings and earnings, too, had long since dwindled away; and the creditors, to whom the greater part of their stock was still owing, became importunate. Jack had been too deeply engaged to observe the coming evil, though it cost Bessy many a troubled hour, till the girl feared that worldly-mindedness was growing upon her, as the nights became sleepless with thoughts of debt and danger. Now that creditors were pressing, and sales scarcely supplied their daily expenditure (by this time on the most meagre scale), Jack's courage fell at once, but not his pride. Like most weak people, he could not be brought to look misfortune fairly in the face, or think what was best to be done, but spent his time in useless regrets over the past.

A report of failure and poverty went abroad regarding them, and every claimant had taken the alarm, and several of the creditors called and demanded immediate payment.

"Don't be cast down about it, Jack, dear," said Bessy, laying her hand on her brother's shoulder, as he pulled out the empty till, and gazed into it with a look of stupified misery; "maybe we weren't as wise in worldly things as we should have been, but we will do better yet."

"On what?" said Jack, looking fiercely up. "We have lost everything—our very character! Won't they call us swindlers, and what not?"

"No, Jack," said Bessy, "we have not lost everything: we have still good consciences and our trust in God. Friends may be false and fortune fickle, brother, but He never fails."

Bessy's speech was broken by a sore cough, which was growing upon her as the winter came. Care and anxiety had made the girl more than usually thin and white that season; and, as if struck by some still darker thought, Jack banged in the till, and rushed into the parlour. And, scarcely knowing what she did, the girl stepped to the shop-door.

There was a sound of footsteps on the pavement, and, turning, Bessy saw a man, who had approached unobserved, and now stood as if to take notes of her and the shop.

The threats and demands of that evening rushed at once upon her memory. Instinctively she stepped in, but, to the increase of her terror, the stranger followed. There was evidently some confusion in his mind also. He looked about him for an instant, and then, like one catching at an apology, requested to see some pocket-books that were in the window. Much relieved, Bessy laid a number of them before him on the counter. He took up one after another, asking its price, but looked all the while at her, and the girl could not help observing him. He had the manner and appearance of a gentleman, but the handsome face had traces of bygone strife and trial, though no whitening was yet on the dark hair.

"Perhaps you don't like the pocket-books, sir," said Bessy, at length.

"Oh, yes," said the stranger; "I will have a couple; but might I ask if you have lived long here?"

"Not long, sir," said Bessy. "My brother has not taken the place above two years."

"Your brother?" said the stranger, speaking low. "Was there a gin-shop here formerly, and did you ever speak to a man who hesitated at its door?"

"Oh, yes," said Bessy. "But that is long ago, when I was a governess with the Jenkinsons. Perhaps it was bold, but —"

"I'm the man to whom you spoke," interrupted the stranger, "and I have come to thank you for saving me, body and soul, that night; for your words made me think as I had never thought before, and things have gone well with me since then."

"It was not I, but God, that did it, sir; and maybe He would do something for us too," cried Bessy, in her simplicity.

"Why, what evil has happened to you? Can I do anything? My name is Jones," said the stranger.

"Oh, sir," said Bessy, as the tears filled her eyes, "we can sell nothing, and everybody is dunning us."

"Here's my check-book. What's the amount of the debt?" was the stranger's rapid answer.

There was long talking in the back parlour before Jack could be brought to comprehend



that their visitor was indeed Mr. Jones, the son and heir of his former employer, and the haggard, shabby man to whom Bessy had spoken at the door of the gin-shop. "It taught me what neither school nor college had done," said he: "to make the best of things as they were, and look above my own wisdom. I have had some strivings and much to regret in life; but tell me the amount of your debt, for mine can never be paid with money."

Before noon next day Jack was a joyful man, for all his creditors were paid in good bank paper, and Mr. Jones offered to make him foreman of his own department in fabricating the Royal Coburg button. At the same time, the grateful capitalist secured the house to Bessy by a lease, which he purchased for her own and her brother's life, and requested her to fill the shop in her own fashion and at his expense, by way of present occupation and provision for future days.

There is not a better-attended shop within the streets of the neighbourhood than that kept by Bessy, nor a prettier back-parlour than that to which Jack comes home at night.

Their neighbours say that neither he nor Bessy will ever marry, they are so happy together. Better times have taken away her cough and sickly look, but she is still the same cheerful and kindly spirit. Few have ever heard the substance of our tale from her. Bessy says it was God's work, and should be spoken of with reverence; but Jack's factory friends often laugh at his anxiety to advise all ill-doing characters, especially at the doors of gin-shops, and many of them have been puzzled to find the meaning of his uniform reply—"Ha! let me alone; I learned by Bessy's example what good might be done by a word in season."—*From Friendly Hands and Kindly Words.*

#### DRINKING AT RAILWAY STATIONS.

At the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance, Gurney Pease, Esq., of Darlington, said:—"Shareholders little knew what mischief was done by liquor-selling at railway-stations. A gentleman had come to him and spoken in high terms of the railway in which he was interested,—the oldest, best and most lucrative one, and the only one that had clean hands on this question,—the Darlington section of the North-Eastern Railway. The gentleman had said to him, 'Can you tell us how it is the officials and porters of this line are so very civil and attentive?' Not knowing anything else to say, he replied that they were a very respectable class of men. On seeing the head porter at the railway-station,—one of the

most respectable porters he knew,—he put the question to him; and the porter said, 'What answer did you give?' He replied, 'I said I believed they were a very respectable class of men;'—"Oh!" said the porter, "you should have told him they were all teetotallers." The porter went further, and told him that no man had any business to touch railway work but a teetotaler. 'I have seen men,' he said, 'who have been drinking on a Saturday night, and although Sunday has intervened, they had not their wits sufficiently about them on the Monday to manage switches.' They, therefore, had not only this difficulty to deal with, that they were imperilling lives, but they, as shareholders, were also imperilling their dividends. He wished to add to his remarks upon the Stockton and Darlington Railway, the statement that they had never killed a passenger, except one who had jumped from a carriage in a state of drunkenness."

#### FATAL ACCIDENT THROUGH DRINK.

AN inquest was held at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, on Saturday, by E. S. Bignold, Esq., Coroner, on the body of John Watling, who was about 30 years of age, a team-man, in the employ of Mr. John Carman, of Weston. It was disclosed in evidence, that deceased was sent on Wednesday, the 9th ult., to Norwich with a load of barley drawn by three aged, steady horses, which the deceased had driven for years. On returning home with his waggon filled with coals, he met with the accident which caused his death. Deceased was removed first to Mr. Rising's, at Cossey, in which parish the accident occurred, and afterwards sent to the Hospital, where it was found that his head was injured, and that he had, besides, a compound fracture of his left leg. Mr. Carman called upon him the following day, but found him in such a condition as to be unable to explain how the accident occurred. All he could say in answer to his inquiry was, "Master, it was all through the beer." The jury were satisfied that deceased came to his death by accident, and returned a verdict accordingly. Mr. Carman informed the Coroner and jury that if he had wanted any man to undertake any work of importance, he should have selected deceased, as he was a uniformly sober, steady, and industrious man. Deceased leaves a widow and six children.—*Norfolk News, December 3rd, 1870.*

The above painful circumstance shows the danger in which comparatively sober men are placed by our drinking habits. There is no class of labourers exposed to greater risk in this respect than team-men.

It is not very long since that an inquest was held in Norwich on the body of another poor fellow, who on an attempt being made to lift him into his waggon whilst in a state of intemperance, fell, and was crushed by one of the wheels. Many a man who has met with a non-fatal accident whilst drinking, and consequently been maimed for life, could, if asked the cause, answer in the words of poor John Watling, "Master, it was all through the Beer."

*No. 126 of the Norwich Series is an excellent Tract for Waggoners.*

### FALLEN WOMEN PETITIONING.

THERE have been several petitions from special classes in London, some of which are of a remarkable character. The following, from fallen women, is an appeal which ought to have had an effect on the House of Commons—"To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled. The humble petition of the undersigned fallen women in the night reception house, Fitzroy place, Euston road, London, in the county of Middlesex, and reformatories, respectfully sheweth: That your petitioners unfortunately belong to a class known as fallen women, but have not lost their recollection of their former virtue and happiness. That your petitioners are of opinion that but for the temptation of the drinking saloons and public-houses very few would find their way to the unhappy condition of your petitioners. That but for the gin-palace and the public-house the avocation of your petitioners would be well nigh impossible, except on a very limited scale. For the protection, then, of the virtuous women of England, and to render the restoration to virtue and the homes of the friends of some of your petitioners possible, your petitioners humbly pray your Honourable House to pass the Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill to enable the people, by vote, to suppress all places for the public sale of intoxicating drinks. And your petitioners will ever pray, &c." Signed by 149 fallen women of London. —*Alliance News*, May 22nd, 1869.

### A NOBLE GIRL.

*By Mrs. M. A. Dennison.*

No; it was no use trying. The freshet had come so suddenly after the storm of yesterday that the mark of the stepping-stones was completely lost. What a terrific roar the boiling waters made! Nellie Ray had never seen such a sight before.

She would not have minded it so much if

she had not been a stranger; for the Ray family had moved to East Thornbush only a few weeks before. Besides, her mother was ill, her father away, and Bob and Jack, her two brothers, would not be home for hours. They went to an academy five miles off on the other side, and footed it.

How hard it was to stand there, so near home; and yet there was no possible way to get over! Nellie gazed with something like awe at the rushing, whirling, maddened stream that was so shallow and placid when she had crossed it that morning. She saw fragments of wood, great branches, and heavy timbers fly past her. What could she do? She knew nobody in Thornbush, that is, not well enough to claim their hospitality. Her feet were quite wet with trying to stand upon the hidden stones. She was a brave little girl on ordinary occasions; but as she stood there solitary and trembling, the tears gathered and she began to cry.

General Hatch, the great man of Thornbush, came along on horseback. A pretty, well-dressed child crying beside the swollen stream was a sight that appealed to his heart. He stopped and spoke to her.

"I would take you over," he said, "only there are so many things floating down that I am afraid of Tom's legs. You must come home with me, my dear. I suppose you know my little girl?"

"Yes, sir; Anne Hatch," replied Nellie, wiping the tears from her eyes, "But what will mamma think?"

"She'll know you are taken care of, my dear; perhaps I'll send one of my men up over the bridge, if the freshet hasn't broken it down. I can send him on Tom." Tom was a great brown horse.

So Nellie walked gravely back to the fine mansion where little Anne Hatch lived. Anne was delighted, and took Nellie up into her play-room, which was full of beautiful toys. Anne's mother came in with something hot and spicy in a tumbler; but as soon as Nellie smelt brandy, she started back as if it were poison.

"I never touch it, ma'am," she said. "I promised mamma I would never taste it."

"But you will take cold."

"Oh! no, I never take cold," was the confident reply. And Mrs. Hatch went away half offended.

"Mamma often gives me brandy," said little Anne. "I like it."

Nellie shook her head.

"It's wicked stuff, and makes drunkards," she said.

"I am not afraid," laughed little Anne.

General Hatch dined at six.

"We must give our little visitor some wine," he said, pouring out a glassful.



"I never drink wine, thank you, sir," said Nellie quietly.

"Oh, but you must with me. Come, here's to your very good health!"

"I promised mamma," replied Nellie firmly.

"So you are teetotalers?" queried the general.

"Mamma never has it in the house because of the boys," replied Nellie. "She says they shan't say, if they ever become drunkards, that they learned to love it in their own home."

The general put his glass down hastily. His oldest son, eighteen years old, already drank to excess. He had learned to love it in his own home.

The words sounded in the general's ears for days after the feshet. He talked about it to his wife. Stronger and stronger grew the feeling that he was wrong and Nellie's mother was right. For the sake of his three little boys, he banished the wine from his table and his house. His sons grew up strong Temperance men; even Ned, the eldest, gave up his wine.

And all this, and all the good that is likely to flow from it, because a little girl, not twelve years old, stood her ground, and feared to offend God and her dear mother. I am afraid some little girls would have been so timid, when asked to take wine in such a place, that they would have forgotten "mother's" counsels.

And I hope every little girl who reads this—ay, and every little boy—will act as nobly as did Nellie Ray.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

#### A PUBLICAN ON SUNDAY CLOSING.

At the Exeter Licensed Victuallers' Dinner, the chairman, Mr. W. Carter said:—"One of the most important questions affecting licensed victuallers was the Sunday-trading question. He believed the time was coming when the licensed victuallers would shut their houses more than they did at present, and decrease the Sunday trade. A great deal of feeling arose from this Sunday trade. He believed the publicans themselves in the main would willingly close their houses on Sunday; they would not suffer in their pockets, and they would increase the confidence of the public, add to the status of the country, and confer a great benefit upon society. He was not speaking upon the subject as a 'Sunday question,' but simply as a commercial one. No one could go to London and see the gin-shops open on the Sunday without feeling that this should not be, and it was a question for the licensed victuallers

to well consider, for apart from the evils arising from the system he did not see why publicans should have to work seven days a week when all other tradesmen only worked six."

#### CHAMPAGNE, HOCK, AND MOSELLE.

ACCORDING to a statement of Messrs. Richard Symonds and Son, there seems likely to be a considerable increase in the manufacture of imitation "champagnes," "sparkling hocks," and "sparkling moselles." From a circular issued by some Belgian chemists, it appears that they have patented a machine for the manufacture of such imitations. The produce can, it is stated, be sold at a franc a bottle, or less than 10s. per dozen, and yield a profit of more than £30 upon 1,000 bottles, with the additional advantage that the "residuum" can be "instantaneously made into vinegar." A list is given of 93 houses to whom, among others, the right to use the patent has been conceded, and that, as this list is described as the third, probably the concession has also been extensively made in Germany and elsewhere. No doubt, considerable quantities of these imitation wines will find their way from France and Germany to this country, and be sold as the genuine products of Champagne, the Rhine, and the Moselle.—*Times*.

#### THE SPIRITS OF WAR AND OF WINE.

The spirit of war—we see him afar!  
His glance is all potent to wither and mar.  
Pale terror, his trumpeter, hastens before,  
And the red flag he waves is dripping with gore.

He speaks through the cannon; he urges the blow,  
Received and returned by infuriate foes.  
He laughs in the whirr of the dread mitrailleuse;  
His music is discord of hell broken loose.

In the field of thick slaughter he raises his throne,  
And gloats as he numbers each wound and each groan;

He spares not the hearth of the mourner forlorn,  
And the sorrows of man he answers with scorn.

The spirit of wine—we see him around!  
He walks to and fro on our dear native ground.  
No sword he unbares, but his touch as it glows  
Is the spell which he craftily, cruelly throws.

He boasts not his slain, yet his victims fall fast  
As the leaves of the wood at autumn's chill blast,  
His march is not compassed with thunder and fire,  
But love, joy, and hope at his presence expire.

He brings to his aid the pleasures of sense,  
The sanction of law and learning's pretence;  
He heralds his course with the toast and the song,  
And the smiles of fair women his conquests prolong.

More fatal than war to body and soul  
Is the spirit of wine, defying control;  
And for ever we'll join this foe to assail,  
Until, by the help of our God, we prevail!

*Christian World.*

DAWSON BURNS.

## STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named—January 1st, Mr. F. H. Bowman—8th, Rev. W. W. Jubb, Birmingham—15th, Rev. Mr. Gear, Rotheram—22nd, Rev. J. H. Atkinson, Hitching—29th, Rev. W. H. Davidson, Bolton.

### Winter Fashions.

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ALL THE NEW

MILLINERY GOODS,

AT

H. BUTTON'S,

24, NORTHGATE.

A Large and Choice Stock of

DINING and

DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS

AT

C. HORNER'S,

11, NORTHGATE.

J. H. HELLIWELL,

IRON, TIN, COPPER and ZINC PLATE WORKER.

Stove piping, Chimney tops, Sheet-iron, Cores for fireplaces, with or without slide, Ash-pans, and every description of work in the best style of workmanship, and at the lowest prices.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Tin Goods of every description, Iron Pans and Kettles, Copper Kettles, Fryingpans, Fire-shovels, Bellows, galvanized Pails and Coal Skeps, Fenders and Fire-irons, Iron Bedsteads, and every description of Hardware.

OBSERVE—13, ST. JAMES'S ROAD,
HALIFAX.

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

of superior make at moderate prices.

BEST GOLD JEWELLERY,

new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.

SOLID SILVER & ELECTRO PLATE,

both useful and ornamental, in best quality.

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E. S. PEGLER,

Watchmaker, Jeweller, & Silversmith,  
19, OLD MARKET, HALIFAX.

### COMPTON HOUSE.

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Choose Your Dresses from the Window.

W. Davey's Noted Cheap Drapery Emporium,

NEAR THE TOWN HALL.

NEURALGIA & TIC-DOULOUREUX!

This painful affection immediately
relieved and in most cases permanently
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Sold in Bottles at 7½d. and 13½d., by

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DISPENSING & FAMILY DRUGGIST,

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HALIFAX CLOTHING HOUSE,

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Clothing for all Classes—Good,  
Cheap, and Stylish.

J. WRIGHT AND SON,  
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# STANNARY

## BAND OF HOPE

# MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 17.

FEBRUARY, 1871.

*On Sunday, February 12th, the Annual Sermon will be preached by the Rev. Angus Galbraith, of Whitehaven, commencing at 6.30. A Collection on behalf of the Funds.*

*On Tuesday, February 14th, the Monthly Band of Hope Meeting will be held, when Addresses will be given by the Rev. Marshall, Randles, and others. The Band of Hope Union Singing Class will also be present, and sing a selection of Pieces. Conductor, Mr. James Allen. Chair to be taken at 7.30. Admission Free. No Collection.*

### THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S STORY; OR, "LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

"I NEVER hear those words, 'Lead us not into temptation,' without a shudder," remarked my companion, as we sauntered home from fishing one beautiful evening, in a slow and thoughtful mood. "They always remind of a bitter time, when I led a poor fellow,—though God knows I did it unwittingly,—into such temptation as was his destruction for this life, if not for the next. May God forgive me for what I then did! I erred, as I said unthinkingly, but the dire results have never ceased to fill my soul with horror."

It was golden summer, and the setting August sun was pouring his slant rays across the wide expanse of ocean, over which I and my companion were then gazing. My friend was a commercial traveller, somewhat advanced in years, and as it was the summer vacation when I was released from school duties, we were spending our holiday at one of the beautiful watering-places which now adorn the western coast of England. In the course of my early morning rambles, I had met with my companion, as he too was wandering in search of health, and from the chance acquaintanceship of seaside strollings, something like a friendship had sprung up. Mr. North, my companion, was, as I have said, advanced in years. His step was firm, and his mien erect, but his hair was white, and his countenance bore on it a look which betokened

sorrow and care. The lines of his face seemed to tell of a secret remorse, which was always at work, gnawing at his conscience. Yet there was something very fascinating in his conversation, for he was a man of large information and polished manners. He had much acquaintance with men and things, and in our long rambles by the shore, I ceased to remember the flight of time, as I listened to his tales of past times.

"Sit down here," said my companion, "and listen awhile. I will tell you the incident to which I refer. It will be painful for me, but perhaps it may do you good, and teach you a lesson. Above all, it may warn you—and I trust it may—against offering others the *accursed drink*."

As he spoke these words, I could see that the deepest founts of feeling were stirred up, and his voice shook and trembled, as if with the recollection of something very bitter and overpowering. I ought to have said that our conversation had been upon the drinking system; I had been adducing arguments *for*, and my companion *against*, the system. My friend recovered himself in a few minutes, and resumed—

"In my young travelling days, I indulged in a practice which was productive of much harm—indeed it worked great mischief at times, both to buyers and sellers. But it was common to those who kept the road at that time; and, in fact, you would find many now-a-days who entertain the same notion. It is this—that the more you treat a customer with drink, the more likely you are to do business with him. Many a time, when a customer has said that he did not require any more goods, I have invited him

to accompany me to the tavern to partake of a social glass, and have then, while he was under the influence of sundry glasses of brandy-and-water, taken large orders. It was the common custom among travellers to do this, and he who could, by this or any other means, sell the most, received most praise and most commission. Of course it was my ambition, not only to make as much gain as I could, but also to rise in the estimation of my employers, and so I adopted this kind of dealing in order to make my way in the world. It was a bad practice, and could I have foreseen the ruin and misery it was about to cause through my adoption of it, I would far rather have died in childhood. Yes! a thousand times sooner, for then I should have been innocent of blood-guiltiness.

"Blood-guiltiness! did I say? God forgive me, for I did not intend it. But I must tell you what I mean, or you will think that I am running mad. One of my customers was named Luke Gilbert, and a decent, respectable kind of a tradesman he was. He was married, having a wife and two or three little children. He was always a safe buyer, though not a large one, and was as prompt with his payments as the quarter-days themselves. He was a member of a Christian church, and had been so for very many years. Being considerably his junior, I used to respect his word when he declined to buy more largely than I wished, and forbore to press him; but on this journey all those scruples vanished before the all-absorbing desire to make as much money as I possibly could, both for myself and the firm. Luke Gilbert was a teetotaler, and all my pressing invitations to him to accompany me to my hotel and partake of a friendly glass had hitherto been of no avail. But I had laughed at him, and reasoned with him several times, until he seemed on the point of yielding, and on this journey it was fated that I should succeed. He seemed wary of purchasing to any great extent, but I felt sure that I should persuade him into making some good bargains if I could only induce him to take a glass or two of spirits with me. You may feel assured that I meant no harm; could I have foreseen what would follow, I would have cut off my right hand rather than have persuaded him to break his pledge.

"I succeeded in getting him to accompany me to the 'Red Lion,' my quarters for the night, and after showing him some patterns, finished by ordering in some brandy-and-water, together with cigars. Luke smoked regularly, indeed, smoking was a great habit of his; so he willingly accompanied me with a cigar, and finally, though not without some hesitation, drank a glass of spirits and water. Hour after hour flitted by, and as I praised my goods, he became more and more enamoured

of them, until he ordered over two hundred pounds worth, which was an immense purchase for him. As midnight drew near, his taste for the drink increased, and when he got up to depart he was more than half intoxicated. Now, I never meant that this should happen. I would have spurned the thought of making any man *drunk*, and being assured that it was the result of his being so unaccustomed to liquor, I proposed to see him home. To this proposition he replied with some anger, but I succeeded in smoothing down his ruffled temper, and prevailed on him to allow me to accompany him. To tell the truth, I was now in mortal fear lest the neighbours should see him in this plight, and so cause him the loss of his character. But I felt sure, that once inside his own door, he would be safe.

"With some trouble I got him home, and delivered him to his wife's care. Deeming everything safe, I then returned to my hotel, and retired for the night.

"On awaking in the morning, the first sounds I heard in the house were a confused noise, as of rushing and trampling, and then a woman's shriek of 'murder.'

"Hastily throwing on my clothes, I rushed downstairs, and found that all the inmates of the hotel, save a little scullery-maid, were gone to Luke Gilbert's house, it being rumoured that he had killed his wife. 'And they do say, sir,' added the girl 'that it was the drink he took here last night as was the means of his doing it.'

"Could I believe my own ears? It seemed for a moment as if I were in some horrible dream and I half hoped to wake up somehow and find it all a delusion. But I darted out of the house and up the street, and in a minute or two gained the house. There I found a crowd of persons horror-stricken and wondering, eager to force their way into the house, but kept at bay by the determined conduct of two or three policemen. Pressing through the crowd, I sought and obtained an explanation. It was indeed true that Mrs. Gilbert was dead—*murdered by her own husband*—and that the deed was committed in consequence of his intoxication over night. It seemed that he fell upon her when drunk, and in a frenzy of passion beat out her brains! Can you fancy my feelings? Wonder not when I tell you that I sank back into the crowd fainting, from sheer horror at the result of my own work. Here was a wife murdered, two or three children orphaned, and the father's life as good as forfeited to justice, and all through my insensate desire to do more business than the man would consent to do in his own sober senses.

"How I got back to my hotel, I never knew; but once there, I made haste to pack



up, and returned to town. Going at once to the firm for whom I was employed, I told the whole story, and entreated them to remove me from my post. They would not do this, but appointed me to another district. I went to the county gaol, and saw Luke Gilbert, after his condemnation, and oh! how agonising was the interview! I shall never forget it. Poor fellow! he forgave me, but he could not forgive himself for acceding to my solicitations. Looking up at me with an indescribable expression of remorse and sorrow, he said:—

“You led me into temptation that night. God knows that I never lifted my hand against the partner of my life before—not once during all the twenty years of our marriage; but how this came to pass I know not. I have no recollection of it. I knew nothing, until they told me next morning that I was a murderer. I must die: may God forgive me, and forgive you too! but remember, when I am gone, that you never entice another fellow-creature into temptation and sin through the thrice-accursed drink.”

“On that day week he was swung off the gallows, protesting his ignorance as to how he committed the crime, and imploring God for pardon. The minister of the church in which he had been for so many years a member, was by him in that last dread hour, to minister the consolations of the Gospel, and I—I was at a little distance, watching; but if ever I prayed in my life, I prayed then for the departing soul of that much-wronged man.

“I made his children my charge, and saw to it that they were provided for until they were able to provide for themselves. But though my employers besought me to remain on the road, I could not. I loathed the work, and very soon retired from it. Since then, I have been up and down the country as a temperance lecturer, and if bitter hate towards the drinking system of our country *can* qualify a man for temperance labour, then it has indeed qualified me. But the bitterness of the lesson, by which I was so qualified, will never be forgotten by me on this side eternity.”

E. R. P.

### THE RECLAIMED DRUNKARD.

THE following incident, related by Mrs. P. Palmer, took place at a camp-meeting in America:—The public services of the day had closed, and those not disposed to remain on the ground over night were departing. We were about leaving for the night, with the physician of a neighbouring village, when a most degraded, besotted-looking drunkard, pausing at the door of the tent, inquisitively

looked in. Such a down-trodden, low, sunken-looking being, I think I never saw on a camp-ground before or since. One might have imagined, from his appearance, that he had not performed his toilet after any fashion, either in washing or changing his apparel, for many days. As I looked on him, my heart yearned sadly over him, and I thought if the Saviour was on this ground in person, as in Jerusalem in the days of His incarnation, would not this man, above all others, attract His attention? He “came to seek and to save the lost,” and the nearer a man is being lost, the more does he need salvation; and the greater and more immediate his demand on our sympathies. But it was now high time to hasten away; and the kind physician, whose hospitalities we were sharing, was not well, and waiting with some anxiety to leave the ground. Yet so strongly were the sympathies of my heart enlisted, that I resolved to endeavour to do just as I believed my Saviour would have done, under similar circumstances. I addressed him affectionately, and said, “O, my friend, why do you indulge in that which is so destructive to soul and body?”

“W-h-a-t—d-o—y-o-u—s-a-y?” he stammered out.

I repeated, with a yearning heart, and in a sympathising tone, “Will you not resolve, in the *strength of the Lord*, that you will never taste another drop of liquor?”

I was only answered in a gruff, guttural, half-intelligible tone, my meaning, probably, being scarcely apprehended. The intoxicating draught had well-nigh done its worst for this poor inebriate, and it was only the fact that he had a soul that cost the price of the Redeemer's blood, that raised him above the brute creation. But this consideration told with almost agonising weight on my heart, and a kind, waiting husband, and waiting, hurrying friends, all failed to move me. With still greater importunity, I urged the question yet again and again.

“Will you not resolve, in the strength of the Lord, to give up the use of intoxicating liquor? It has already well-nigh ruined you, soul and body. It is destroying your prospects for time and for eternity. O, will you not give it up, and resolve, in the strength of the Lord, never to take another drop? You, doubtless, have often resolved in your own strength that you would do this before. But, mark, I do not ask you to do it in your own strength.”

And still he stood mute, unmoved by my most tender entreaties. Each moment seemed the last that I could stay, and yet I could not give him up.

Addressing him again, I said, “I want to pray with you, that the Lord may strengthen

you; but I cannot ask the Lord to strengthen you to do a thing that you have not resolved you will do. How can I ask the Lord to strengthen you to keep a resolve which you have not made? God promises grace to help in time of need. The moment you make the resolve in the strength of the Lord, that moment Almighty strength is pledged to sustain you.

He suddenly yielded, and exclaimed in a firm voice, "In the strength of the Lord, I will!"

Seldom, if ever, have I witnessed such a sudden and miraculous effusion of the Spirit into any poor soul. His spiritual susceptibilities, which before had seemed too obtuse ever to be reached, were now strangely touched, and, to the amazement of all, he cried out, "Oh, wife! wife! wife! how have we lived!"

He rushed to a bench standing near, and fell on his knees, crying for mercy. His wife, a poor broken-hearted woman, not known to us till this eventful moment, was quickly by his side, and there in humble confessions to God, and to each other, they implored mercy through Christ. Many and earnest were the petitions presented in behalf of these penitent, weeping suppliants. And it was not till near midnight that we felt that we could leave them.

The next morning witnessed the drunkard and his wife yet stronger in their purposes to lead a new life. They seemed to have lost all idea of self-dependence, and were trusting in the Lord to strengthen them. In drawing nigh unto God, in the decision that they would forsake the intoxicating cup and every evil way, God drew nigh unto them, and gave them to see the sinfulness of their hearts and lives. They were now earnest, humble seekers of salvation. When the invitation was given in the public congregation to those who had resolved to give up all, and follow Christ, to come forward, where they might have the prayers and sympathies of the pious, this man and his wife eagerly hastened forward.

The hour of deliverance came. Toward evening of the same day, the inebriate was enabled to exercise faith in the Saviour of sinners. I was near him when his soul was emancipated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. O, it was indeed beautiful to see that dark countenance suddenly lighted up with holy joy, as the Saviour said, "Peace, be still!" The sun, suddenly emerging from the darkest thunder-cloud, gives but a faint emblem of that sudden transition from darkness to light. The child of wrath had been born into the kingdom of grace! The heir of sin and death had been made an inheritor of God, and an heir of eternal life! His wife was also, the

same afternoon, made a partaker of the like precious faith.

About two years subsequent to the conversion of this man, I was again in the same region. Said the lady of the minister in charge of a large church in that region—

"Do you remember the drunkard you spoke to that evening, in the tent door?"

"Indeed, I do."

"O, I wish you could have heard him give in his testimony, a week or two ago, in our love-feast! He is a happy Christian, and has ever since been doing well for himself and family."

Was not this a gem worth striving for? O, shall I not, in the day of eternity, see it sparkling in my Redeemer's crown! Surely, such a sight will be worth a life-time on earth!

### WHO HAS NOT HEARD OF FATHER MATHEW?

WHEN forty-seven years of age, he had acquired a wide and varied experience of life amongst the rich as well as the poor, and found that strong drink, both in its direct, and yet more terrible indirect influences, was a most mighty agency for evil; desolating the fairest homes, and blighting the noblest manhood and womanhood of his country. He saw there was not a vice it did not strengthen, nor a virtue it did not weaken; that it was a great stumbling-block in the pathway of individual and national well-being, and that it caused degradation and ruin, both temporally and spiritually, in every class and on every hand.

How came Father Mathew to take the pledge? There were three good, earnest Christians, who conducted a Temperance Society in Cork. One of them, William Martin, a "Friend," often appealed to Father Mathew, saying "Oh, Theobald Mathew, if *thou* would but take the cause in hand!" The appeal fell upon the earnest heart of the good priest, and when Father Mathew told William Martin it was his intention to espouse the cause, and proposed a meeting should speedily be convened in his own school-room, he replied, "Oh, Theobald Mathew, thou hast made me a happy man this night."

The meeting was held April 10th, 1838, and there, "in the name of God," Theobald Mathew signed the pledge, and sixty other names were added. This was the beginning of that surprising Movement which grew and increased mightily. 25 000 pledges were taken within the first three months. And as time passed, Father Mathew's heart was gladdened by seeing starvation replaced by



plenty, fighting by peace, and the public-house deserted for God's house.

The welfare of his country was strikingly advanced—in the words of the *Times* he reduced the consumption of spirits by nearly one half, and crimes *more than one half*.

This is what one man, with God's aid and blessing, effected.

### DO WHAT YOU CAN.

A LOWLY man, Joel Stratton, laid his hand on the shoulder of a despairing drunkard, and with his word of love and cheer won him to teetotalism. Little did he think what would be the result. That ill-clad, hopeless, heart-broken man was John Gough.

### DO WHAT YOU CAN.

### WHAT THE EAST END LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION SAYS ON TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

"SIGNING the pledge has been often referred to in connexion with the cases of reformation described in these pages. No one can be long engaged in such a work as this, without being appalled at the havoc caused by intoxicating drinks among the class of people with whom we labour, and whom we seek to save. More or less, this is the great snare of working men, and this is certainly the cause of most of the painful cases of backsliding over which we have to mourn. Around us are thousands who have already offered time, and means, and happiness, and all that is most valuable on earth, at the shrine of strong drink, and who, through it, are in danger of losing all that is most precious in eternity; and it seems to us that no one can go heart and soul into the work of saving them without themselves renouncing the cause of so much misery and crime, and also urging with all their might those most interested to do the same. Hence at almost every station we have a temperance meeting nearly every Saturday night. These meetings are conducted in a strictly religious manner. Only Christians are allowed to take public part in them; they are always opened by singing and prayer, and it is no uncommon thing for a temperance meeting to be concluded with an anxious meeting, at which souls seek and find Jesus. In this way thousands have been induced to sign the pledge, and many have in these meetings made our acquaintance who have come the next night to hear the Gospel, thus making the temperance pledge the stepping-stone to

godliness and eternal life." Numerous illustrations of these remarks are scattered through this report.—*From the Thirty-fourth Annual Report of the Norwich and Norfolk Temperance Society, 1870.*

### THE CONVERTED "TRAMP."

AFTER the morning service at Yeovil Church, I was in the habit of addressing the *tramps* at a lodging-house, and distributing "silent messengers of mercy." One Lord's Day, when about to commence, a man thus accosted me: "Sir, there is a woman upstairs who won't come and hear you." I pleasantly replied, "Then I must presently go to her." Accordingly, after conducting the little service, I was conducted to her room. Some one, however, had informed her of my intention, and, on knocking at the door, she said, "Who's there?" I replied, "A friend." She answered, with a fearful oath, "You shall not come here." I discovered that she was under the influence of liquor, and kindly requested to see her, at the same time gently lifting the latch, but the door was fastened! She said then, with great vehemence and an oath, "If you come here I'll stab you." All I could now do was to place a *tract* under the door, and pray for a blessing. About two years after this I gave a temperance lecture at Milborne Port, at the request, and under the presidency, of the High Sheriff of Dorset, Sir William Mellcott, Bart. At the close of the lecture a respectable-looking female approached the platform, and requested to shake hands with me; I, of course, consented; but said, "You have the advantage of me; I have not the pleasure of knowing you." "No, sir, that is true; *you never saw me in your life, but you have heard me.*" On asking for an explanation, she said, "Do you remember a woman at the Yeovil lodging-house saying she would stab you if you entered her room?" "Perfectly," I replied. "I am that woman," she rejoined; "and yet, thank God, I am not. The tract you put under the door was the means of my becoming a teetotaler, and then seeking Jesus for the salvation of my soul. I am now living near here, and, seeing your name announced to give a lecture, I came to thank you for the great benefit, by God's blessing, I derived from your tract."

### COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

LAST week the *Times* gave two columns and a half to a letter from Mrs. Fawcett, wife of the Oxford professor and Brighton M.P., and sister of Miss Garrett, M.D., containing

an elaborate argument against free-school education, and in favour of the compulsory system. Mrs. Fawcett showed her acquaintance with one fact that has been strangely ignored in many of the discussions upon elementary education. The words are:—

"It will be a matter which can only be decided by direct observation of the working of compulsion to find out whether there are any parents, not already pauperised, who are absolutely unable to pay their children's school pence. The cry for free education will of course be a great encouragement to unprincipled or selfish parents to protest that they cannot pay for their children's schooling; such as these would gladly have a little *more money every week to spend in a public-house*, and experience will probably prove that such parents will show the greatest resistance to the compulsory system, as long as they are called upon to pay for it. As a rule, it is not the poverty, but the self-indulgence of a parent which stands in the way of his child's education; this self-indulgence would be checked by making him pay the school pence; it would be encouraged by a system of free education. *Many millions are spent every year by the working classes in spirits alone, and this fact is not compatible with the theory that poverty is the most formidable obstacle in the way of education.*"

### ONE MAN SAVED.

DURING the last year efforts have been made to place a Temperance Library in the various Mission and Industrial Schools of New York City, together with schools connected with the Children's Aid Society. A recent letter received from one of the missionaries tells the following story, which speaks for itself:—"When at the school the other day, the teacher, taking up the 'History of a Three-penny Bit,' said, 'That book has saved one man from ruin.' Maggie took it home and read it in the family. Her father listened to the stories. He had been drinking hard for years. He was observed in tears during the reading. At the close he asked, 'Is that all?' 'Yes,' said his daughter. 'Then I promise never to drink again. My Maggie shall never suffer like that little girl'—pointing to the picture of the heroine in the book—'from her father's drinking.' He has taken the pledge, and is at work again."

### THAT ONE NAME.

A DEAR little girl was once deeply engaged in the temperance work. She had her little pledge-book always with her, and tried hard

to induce every one she could to sign it. Her father was a drinking man, but the little girl offered it to him the first of any one.

A blow which levelled her to the floor was the reply, and the words, "I'll teach you to be saucy to your parents!"

But the child picked up her pledge, and bore all meekly, as the Saviour bids us take all injuries.

She induced her teacher and most of her school-mates to sign the pledge, and when she had time, went round in the neighbourhood and got signers there also.

The father had been uneasy ever since that blow. He saw what his child was doing, and it could not but impress him. For two weeks he remained at home every evening, and did not drink a drop; a thing which had not happened before for years. One morning he asked kindly—

"How many names have you got in your pledge now, Mary?"

"I'll bring it and see, father," said the child, with delight.

He counted them up and said, "You have a hundred and fifty."

"Dear father, do you sign it too," she said sweetly, clinging to his neck, and kissing his haggard cheek; "then there will be a hundred and fifty-one."

It was what had been on the poor man's mind these long weary days, and he burst into tears as he said, "I will sign it."

Oh! that one name was more to little Mary and her mother than all the rest of the hundred and fifty.

Remember, dear children, every addition you can make from the enemy's ranks to the temperance army is just such a blessing to some home circle. It is the very one of all the earth most important there—somebody's son, or father, or brother. Nobody is so low down but he has some one still clinging to him, whose life he makes wretched. So labour even for the lowest; not only for his own sake, but for those that belong to him.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

### GOOD TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.

AT one of the stations on the Chicago Railway recently, an anxious inquirer came up to the door of the baggage-car and said:—"Is there anything for me?" After some search among boxes and trunks, the baggage-man rolled out a keg of whisky. "Anything more?" asked the wet-grocer. "Yes," said the baggage-man; "there's a gravestone that goes with the liquor." The countenance of the wet-grocer assumed a wrathful appearance, and the car-door was shut with a slam.—*Boston Nation.*



## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S OPINION.

TEMPERANCE puts wood on the fire, meat in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, and clothes on the bairns.—*Franklin.*

## WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

READER, what are you doing to stay the tide of intemperance that is sweeping over the land, and wrecking in its onward, rushing course the fondest hopes of many a heart, burying beneath its relentless waves the poor and the rich, the ignorant and the learned, men of genius and of influence, and leaving its wake strewn with degradation and misery, heart-broken widows and wailing orphans? Are you sitting with folded hands, looking idly on, and in effect saying—"What is that to me?" Ah! it is much to you. It may seem as nothing to-day, but on the morrow, that tide rising higher and higher, may cross the threshold of your home, and the dearest idol of your heart, swept beyond your controlling influence, be wrecked body and soul. Why then sit ye here idle? Up and be doing. There is great work for you to do. Will you not commence at once? Oh, that some voice coming from a heart warmed and filled with true charity, with pity for the tempted and fallen, could waken you from this lethargy, could rouse you to a true sense of your responsibility, and make you realise that an all-wise Judge will call you to account, and ask what you did to save your tempted fellow-beings from the terrible curse of intemperance.

## A KNOTTY QUESTION.

BRITAIN'S eyes at length are open  
To the ravages of drink;  
Britain's voice in thunder speaking,  
Bids her senators to think,  
And in gravest consultation  
To devise a speedy plan  
Soon to rid our drink-cursed country  
From this foe of God and man.

*Close the drink-shops!* is the loud cry  
That is heard on every side,  
Gathering strength and rolling onward  
Like an overwhelming tide;  
Patriots—Christians—rise in thousands,  
And with one consent demand—  
*Close the drink-shops!* those black fountains  
Of the misery of our land.

But in yielding tardy justice  
To a nation's earnest cries,  
There are questions of grave import  
That before her rulers rise—  
How to compensate the losers—  
Who their gains so long have made  
In this soul-destroying traffic,  
This demoralizing trade.

We are Britons, therefore just men—  
Bright in honour, sterling true;  
We must see that none are injured,  
We must give to all their due.  
Let us ask them what their claims are,  
Let us render what is right,  
And to find due compensation  
Follow reason's guiding light.

Have they been our benefactors?  
Can their noble deeds be told?  
Are we better, richer, happier,  
For the drinks that they have sold?  
Hark! from every rank and station,  
From sad hearts weighed down with woe,  
Groaning 'neath their baneful influence,  
Comes one universal *NO!*

E'en the sober have been sufferers:  
They have had to pay the cost;  
Scarce one family but suffers  
For some homeless wanderer lost;  
Steady, busy men have laboured,  
And their hard-earned wages paid  
To repair the frightful damage  
Caused by this unhallowed trade.

Bid it cease. All shall be gainers;  
E'en the pitted, losing few,  
In the blessed, happy future  
Shall find better work to do,  
Where, if profits may be smaller,  
And the labour somewhat more,  
No foul blot shall stain the conscience,  
And God's love shall bless their store.

Let them taste the sweets of labour,  
Of the hand or of the brain;  
This shall amply compensate them  
For the shame and guilt, and pain,  
That must burden heart and conscience  
As they feel before their God  
Guilty of their brothers' ruin—  
Traffickers in human blood.

Give them too, God's precious Sabbath:  
'Tis their right and 'tis their due;  
They have souls as well as bodies  
To refresh and to renew;  
Long in worse than Egypt's bondage,  
By stern iron custom bound,  
Break their chains—give them their rest days,  
As the circling weeks roll round.

But reward them not with money  
For the ruin they have wrought.  
All the forms of outraged feeling  
Start and shudder at the thought  
What! when taxes have been doubled,  
Life held cheap, and bread made dear,  
When workhouses, jails, asylums  
Have been crowded year by year—  
When our country hath been groaning  
'Neath the ruins drink hath made,  
Shall we pay the men who sold it—  
Who the gilded man-traps laid?

Rather compensate the widow  
O'er the drunkard's grave who bends;  
Rather compensate the orphan,  
Robbed by drink of earthly friends;  
But expect us not to pay them,  
Whose dark doings we deplore,  
'Tis enough if we forgive them,  
Bid them go and sin no more.—E. C. A. ALLEN.

# STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

Stannary Young Men's Christian Association. Annual Tea and Meeting, on Shrove Tuesday, February 21st. Tea at 5, Meeting at 6.30. Tickets for Tea, 9d. each.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named—February 5th, Rev. E. Franks, Leicester—19th, Rev. A. Galbraith, Whitehaven, (See announcement on first page.)—19th, Rev. G. Hunsworth, M.A., Mixenden—26th, Rev. W. Burrows, B.A., Upper Mill.

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# STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

## MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 18.

MARCH, 1871.

**DISSOLVING VIEWS.**—*The Monthly Band of Hope Meeting will be held on Tuesday, March 14th, when a Splendid Collection of Dissolving Views will be exhibited, explanatory Lecture by Mr. F. H. Bowman, F.R.A.S., &c. Admission, One Penny each. The Views are of a superior character, and can be well recommended to the Members and Friends.*

### THE BEST JUG TO FETCH BEER IN.

PETER STOKES was a Somersetshire man, who had for many years successfully managed a small farm in this fertile agricultural county. His industry and neighbourly kindness caused him to be much respected by all who knew him ; but he had one sore trouble. His only son Robert was a drunkard, and often caused his father many a heartache by his sottish habits. In his youth Robert seemed likely to turn out respectable and worthy of his father. He was then very useful on the farm, and on the market-days at Bristol he was regularly sent off in charge of a waggon-load of potatoes, and it was these market-days which ruined him at last ; for as he passed through the pretty village of Langford, and came to the "Darlington Arms" inn, he used to bait his horses and call for a draught of beer or cider for himself.

Whilst drinking this on the bench outside the public-house, he gradually formed a close acquaintance with one Jack Tiller, a blacksmith of Langford, who was fond of a glass, very talkative, and always full of jokes. His merry speeches delighted Robert, and thus tempted him to spend many a quarter of an hour, when he ought to have been driving the horses on towards Bristol. Of course, whilst waiting for the end of the stories which the blacksmith so often began, Robert's glass would get empty, and his friend would then tell him to "wet his pipe again," and at the same time call for another glass for himself. And so a love for drinking gradually stole over the good-tempered and active youth, and began to produce painful fruits ; for on one occasion he came into

Bristol so stupid from the liquor he had taken, that he missed his way, and lost so much time in finding it again that he was too late for the market. Another week he was robbed of all his money by two clever rogues, who invited him to drink with them, and then picked his pockets when he had become sufficiently intoxicated for their purpose. His father saw with grief that it would not do to entrust Robert with the Bristol journey any more, and therefore in future took the waggon himself.

But the love of drink and of low company had now become too strong with Robert to be shaken off. He did try for awhile to keep steady, and not go beyond "one or two glasses." But whenever he sat down with a lively group at the public-house, "the one or two" always became one or two more ; and thus Bob again and again got so very tipsy that his companions had to lead him home in a reeling and stupid state.

To make matters worse, he had, unknown to his father, married Jack Tiller's daughter Sally, a dressy flirting girl, who had "set her cap" at Robert for some time ; for although she saw he had a weakness for drink, yet he was good-looking, and his father was supposed to have saved money. As soon as the marriage came to the ears of Mr. Peter Stokes, he induced a neighbouring farmer to take Robert into his employ, and for a while the young man was more sober. But Sally was not a true helpmate ; she spent much of her time in gossiping ; and when Robert came home in the evening, he seldom found a comfortable supper prepared for him. He therefore often found his way to the public-house, and gradually relapsed into his old

habits. His master also warned him that he must quit his service the next time he was seen drunk. This occurred very soon, and Robert was at once discharged. Poverty and disgrace now followed closely on his heels, and if it had not been for occasional help from his father, he would have had to enter the poorhouse. But from time to time some of the neighbouring farmers gave him odd jobs, and his wife being obliged to stir herself, was able to earn a few shillings by washing.

They had now been married several years, and had a family of young children. Tom, the eldest of these, became a favourite with his grandfather, who took him off his parents' hands and adopted him as his own child.

One fine evening in May Mr. Stokes returned from market, where he had made some good bargains, and was consequently in a very pleasant humour. Sending his grandson to the public-house for a jug of ale, he sat down by the open door of his clean kitchen, and there rested before partaking of the bread, cheese, and cold bacon which the girl had got ready for him. In less than ten minutes Tom came back with a troubled face, and holding out the jug empty, but dripping and upside down, exclaimed, "Look here, grandfather; see what father has done!"

"Father!" said Mr. Stokes; "why, what do you mean? How's this? What has father to do with this large hole in the jug?"

Tom then explained it all. He had gone briskly to the inn, and had the jug filled with foaming ale. Just as he came out of the door with it, amongst a group of idlers he saw his father, who was plainly the worse for liquor, and called out to the boy, "Hulloa, Tom, lad! what's got there? Ale! and very good, too! Bring it here, I say!"

Tom said, "I can't, father. 'Tis for grandfather's supper. He's just come home tired from market."

"So be I tired, lad," said Robert; "and if the ale be good for father, ain't it good for me too?"

So saying, he rushed after Tom, who in his haste to get safe off with the ale, tripped over a stone, fell flat on the ground, and broke the jug. A roar of laughter was raised by the bystanders at the inn-door. Poor Tom, however secured the broken jug, and ran home to his grandfather to tell what had happened.

When Mr. Stokes heard him repeat the words, "*If the ale be good for father, ain't it good for me too?*" he seemed struck with deep thought. Again and again he repeated the words to himself; but, saying nothing further to Tom, he returned to the table and silently ate his supper. The next day the minister happened to call upon Mr.

Stokes, and the conversation turned upon Robert, and amongst other matters the breaking of the jug was mentioned, and the speech which had accompanied it. The good man, who had known Robert all his life, spoke kindly and feelingly of the sad condition of the poor fellow. Mr. Stokes also said: "Since last evening, sir, I have been thinking whether I really did all my duty to Robert by keeping him out of harm's way. I brought him up, you know, to take a glass now and a glass then, and perhaps if it had not been for that he might never have become what he is. Do you think, sir, I could do him any good now by giving it all up myself, and then trying to get him to follow my example, just for his own good, for the good of his wife and family, and of his poor soul? I often think what will become of his soul, sir, if he continues as he is."

His visitor, whilst admitting that he did not think there was any danger of Mr. Stokes ever becoming too fond of ale, yet praised his fatherly feelings, and to encourage his good resolution, quoted the holy words of God's Book (Rom. xiv. 21), "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

Mr. Stokes thought over the matter still further after the clergyman had gone, and the same afternoon he walked over to Robert's cottage, and had a long and earnest conversation with him. What passed between father and son we do not know, but from that time forward Robert was again a useful help to his father, and neither the old man nor the young one were known to drop in at the public-house for "a glass or two," and it became a familiar household word between them, that a jug with the bottom out was *the best jug to fetch beer in.*

#### CHRISTIAN FORBEARANCE.

Two men, living in one of the large manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, were sitting together in a public-house over their beer and pipes, as, unhappily, many men do, instead of going home to cheer and comfort their wives after the day's toil.

They sat late and drank deeply, until, though they could still converse, they were scarcely masters of themselves. At last one said to the other, "Jack, thou'lt get a good blowing-up when thou goes home."

"Why?" says Jack; "what makes thee say so?" "Why, thee knows thy wife'll storm at thee for being boosy." "Aw nay," says Jack, "t'wife winn't say ought." "Well," says Bill, "I'll lay thee half-a-crown she does." "Good," said Jack. "I'll bet



with thee she doesn't." And so saying he went staggering home, his friend following to see the greeting.

On reaching the cottage, great was Bill's surprise to find it very tidy, and the wife sitting by a bright little fire with clean hearth. Not a word was spoken. Poor Jack managed to get before the fire, where his slippers were warming ready for him; and lo! what an unexpected scene presented itself to the astonished Bill! Quietly Jack's wife stooped down and actually undid her husband's boots, that he might slip his feet into the nice warm slippers. Bill could be silent no longer, but called out, "Well, if I ain't fair capped?"

"At what?" said the wife, who of course knew nothing of their previous talk.

"Why that thou doesn't swear at him for being drunken." "Nay," said she, "he's my husband, and while I live I'll try and do my duty by him; but I cannot help remembering that the Bible says 'Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God.' (1 Cor. vi. 10.) However, while we both live together, I'll try and do the best I can for him."

Poor Bill could not understand it at all, and went home, having of course lost his half-crown.

On awaking next morning Jack said to his wife, "I'll never drink no more, lass; I tell thee I never will."

"Why, whathas made theesay that, Jack?" said she.

"Why thy kindness to me last night, when I was drunken. I shall never forget it while I live, and thou'lt see if I do."

The poor woman fervently in spirit sent up a prayer of thanks to God; and she then earnestly begged her husband not to trust to his own strength for keeping his resolution, but seek in prayer for help from above; which the poor man did, and we are sure not in vain. He became a sober, godly man, and has continued steadfast ever since.

This is only one instance of good resulting from kind, silent forbearance. We do not say it would always be followed by the same blessed results; but, doubtless, in many cases it would be; and what real happiness and comfort a poor wife must feel who is able to take such a course.

Oh, wives and mothers, who are tried with unsteady husbands and children, see to it that you get the love of Jesus in your own hearts by coming to the Saviour, and finding peace through believing in Him; for then only will you be enabled to have that charity or love described by the apostle in 1 Cor. xiii., which "beareth all things," "endureth all things," and which "never faileth," and in the exercise of which many a poor sinner has been won to give up his sin, and to lead a new and better life.

## ACTING LIKE FATHER.

Two children, a brother and a sister, played under an old apple-tree, keeping house, with ample accommodation, so far as space was concerned, but with a very small amount of furniture.

This last, as usual in such housekeeping, consisted of bits of crockery, some diminutive pewter dishes, and a tea-set furnished by the oaks growing at a short distance. Conspicuous, however, among these treasures was a black bottle, so cracked as to be useless for its original purpose, yet seeming to Johnny Carr a wonderful possession. The father, ragged, dirty, and cross, was coming up the road, when he observed his children; and, moved by a curiosity new to him, stopped to watch them, while they were unconscious of his presence.

Johnny was rude and boisterous, finding fault with the frugal supper of bread and vegetable cheeses, and declaring there was nothing fit to eat. "That's the way father does," he said, in reply to his sister's remonstrance. "Father always scolds and knocks things about, when he comes home to supper."

"But it's wicked, if he does," urged Susy. "It makes mother cry, and I don't love him when he does so. Mother says you ought to be gentle and good."

"But that's when I'm Johnny," answered the boy, stoutly. "Now I'm father, I must act like him; you said I might play I was father; so I must drink out of this black bottle, and—"

"Oh dear, dear! I forgot how wicked father was, when I told you you might play you was him. Please don't do so any more."

But Johnny was obstinate, and, holding the bottle to his lips, made great show of drinking, after which he behaved worse than ever, talking in a louder tone, and at last uttering an oath, all that he might "act like father." This so shocked Susy that she started for the house to tell mother, her brother following, scarcely less shocked than herself. He had but one excuse to offer. He was playing that he was father; yet he acknowledged his guilt, and promised there should be no repetition.

Poor Mrs. Carr thought this the darkest day of all her life. She did not care for supper, although she had done her best with the scanty materials provided, and waited anxiously for her husband. An hour went by. Then another, and another. Her children slept, both with traces of tears upon their cheeks. Later, when the stars came out, a wretched, humbled man entered the house; and in after years Johnny Carr was proud to "act like father."—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

## TAKE NOURISHMENT INSTEAD OF BRANDY.

(EXTRACT from the "Missing Link" Magazine, September 1, 1870.)—"I wrote before about Mrs. —, telling you that during her illness the end of last year she had been enabled to give her heart to the Saviour. She still keeps close to Jesus, and is able to meet with us. She suffers from disease of the heart, and when she was so very ill the doctor ordered her to take brandy whenever she felt the fainting fits come on, and I believe for some weeks she used as much as 14s. worth per week; but, after her conversion, she spoke of it to the Bible-woman, and said she felt very unhappy about taking so much brandy. Our medical lady ordered milk and an egg beat up in it, also corn-flour, arrow root, beef tea, or a chop. When the husband was at home he took it in hand to see that she persevered, and nurse and the Bible-woman took turn about in going out and in and making the things, and before the first week was out she got better and stronger than with all the brandy; and she said she was so thankful to do without it. She said the feeling was dreadful; sometimes after taking so much in the night she lay helpless all day, and knew it was the effect of the brandy. When I see her going about now, I feel so thankful that the Lord gave her a tender conscience that she feared to sin, even though it was ordered medicinally."

## MORTALITY AMONGST TAILORS.

At an inquest lately held by Dr. Lankester, on the body of a tailor, who died suddenly at the age of 79, and which was proved by medical testimony to have been caused by effusion of serum on the brain, the coroner made some remarks which tell rather badly on the operatives of our trade. He stated that the deceased no doubt lived to his great age, having regard to his sedentary habits, in consequence of his abstinence from intoxicating fluid. Very few tailors lived very long, because it was well known that, as a rule, they were given to drinking to excess, and never had an opportunity of working off its effects. He also said that in 98 per cent of the inquests he held upon tailors, deaths resulted from drinking habits; and the inquests were all held upon the bodies of comparatively young men. To many this is no new information, as by their experience and contact with the journey-men of our branch of trade, they may have become personally acquainted with the facts we have stated; to others,

these remarks will be somewhat startling, exposing, as they do, a state of things by no means creditable to the body, and banefully prejudicial to the moral status of the class, while plainly showing what may perhaps be one cause of the decline so frequently admitted of both numbers and excellence of the journey-men tailors of the present day. This is the more extraordinary, as tailors are generally considered thinking men, and we would have hoped that one good result of the possession and exercise of their intellectual faculties would have been to raise their moral standing in society.—*Gazette of Fashion, January, 1871.*

## THE LITTLE GIRL STEADYING HER FATHER'S HAND.

In a quiet rural town in New Jersey there once lived a notorious drunkard, who was in the habit of whipping his poor wife whenever anything happened to rile his temper. He was so deeply sunken in the mire of intemperance that he was not ashamed to threaten openly to "lick Sally," his wife. One evening, Mr. George W. Reed, an eloquent champion of temperance, invited the unhappy drunkard to attend a meeting he had called, and listen to a lecture on temperance. The drunken man, accompanied by his daughter Selina, attended the meeting, threatened to "lick Sally" when he reached his home, if the speaker offended him. The house was crowded, and at the close of the service the gray-haired old drunkard was seen pushing his way to the door; and all who knew him supposed he was hastening home to whip his wife; but judge their surprise when they saw him take a black bottle from his pocket and throw it into the street. Then he returned, and forced his way to the desk where the secretary was taking names, and attempted to sign the pledge, but his hand shook so badly he failed to do so. In this extremity his little daughter came forward, and, seizing her father's hand, steadied it for him while he signed the pledge.

That night, while Mr. Reed, who was the guest of a gentleman near the schoolhouse where the meeting was held, was resting himself and chatting about the meeting, a rap was heard at the door, and the next moment little Selina stepped in with a cheerful and radiant face, and asked Mr. Reed and his host to walk down the hill and witness what was going on at her father's house. A few steps brought them to the window, and there they saw the old man and his wife "Sally" on their knees. The latter was praying to



heaven for strength to be given to her husband that he might be able to withstand temptation and keep the pledge. That prayer was answered. He never after that assaulted his wife—he kept his pledge—he met with a change of heart; and four years afterwards he died the death of a Christian, with a cheerful hope of a blissful immortality.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

### DRINK AND NAVIGATION.

SOME two or three years ago a fleet of ships left the Mersey on a fine autumn day, and whilst they lay off the bar a storm of great violence suddenly sprang up. The next morning most of them were stranded, shapeless wrecks on the sandbanks of the estuary, and a score or two of lives had been lost. The storm was severe, but not more than usual at that season, and the real cause of the disaster which followed was traced to the fact that the crews were helplessly drunk, as the crews of outward-bound vessels on foreign voyages usually are. The fact had long been notorious, but it was brought home to the minds of all men in a singularly painful manner, and the memory of that day will never be forgotten in Liverpool. The result was happily exceptional, but the cause is permanent, and is unfortunately as common to the Thames as to the Mersey, to the Humber as to the Tyne and will continue until something is done to check the fearful evil from which it arises. The other day "The Lady Palmerston" went down the Thames in charge of a pilot, and when off Woolwich, a man fell overboard. The ship proceeded on her voyage. The man was picked up, but died soon afterwards from the combined effects of immersion, disease, and drink. The incident is almost an everyday one, and the evidence given on the inquest was in no sense unusual, and yet how fearful! The pilot stated that the greater part of the crew were drunk—in fact, there were not three sober men on board. And then he added, "It is almost always the case, on a vessel going out of port, to have nearly all the hands drunk, and to be obliged to take 'lumpers' to navigate the vessel." The captain was not on board, and the ship was in charge of the captain's brother, who was below. It is not sufficient to say that such a state of things is disgraceful. It is something more. There can be no justification for an evil so full of danger, and surely it is not a necessary penalty we must pay for the liberty of the subject, that our finest ships should be sent to sea in charge of men so drunk that they cannot navigate them down a tidal river, and who must be days before their heads are cool enough to know what they are doing,

and whose nerves are strong enough to be of service in the hour of danger.—*Leeds Mercury*, January 19.

### THE SALE OF WINES AND SPIRITS BY GROCERS.

*To the Editor of the Lancet.*

ONE of the saddest facts of the present day is the rapid increase of intemperance amongst women. But this is only in the natural order of things. During the last ten years it has become the interest of every grocer and confectioner to push the sale of wines and spirits. A grocer, a very conscientious man, discussing the subject with a near relative, assured him that he had every reason to believe that if he would add the sale of these articles to his trade, he could increase his profits by £400 a year. Believing that such increase would be proportionately injurious to his customers, he refused the earnest and repeated solicitations of the agents of wholesale wine-merchants. Others are not so scrupulous. A woman in humble circumstances, in a village in Cheshire, went to buy a quarter of a pound of tea. The grocer said to her, "If you would buy a pound, I would give you a glass of brandy." The woman answered, "I will buy a pound if you will give me the price of the brandy." "No," was the naive reply; "I want you to taste my brandy, because I think that if you did you would like it, and would then buy a bottle!"

### BEEFSTEAKS AND ONIONS.

ONE of our oldest Temperance advocates at the commencement of his career, as a lecturer, delivered a teetotal address at Burton-on-Trent, which is now so noted for its breweries. Our friend has the happy knack of turning the laugh against any opponents, and at that time, opponents were much more numerous than now. Whilst proceeding with his address, some interruption was caused, and one of his hearers accosted him to the following effect. "Hould thy noise, mon, about thy teetotalism; we dunner want such rubbish as that here. Give me a quart o' waater i' one hand, an' a quart o' beer ith t'other, an' ony sensible mon can tell thee which is best." "Stop a bit, friend," replied the teetotaler. "You have the advantage of me. Let us have a fair start, if you please. Remember, your quart of beer costs you sixpence, my quart of water costs nothing. Now with my sixpence, I'll buy half-a-pound of beefsteak, two pennyworth of bread, and a

pennyworth of onions. I'll put that, and a quart of water in one hand, and a quart of your swipes in the other, and now, I ask any sensible man which is best?"

It need hardly be said, that a loud laugh was raised at the Burtonian's expense, and beefsteaks and onions won the day, and we believe that whenever teetotalism has "a fair start," it will commend itself to the good sense of every right-thinking, unprejudiced person, and will win the day.

W. T.

### A MODEL BARRACK-ROOM.

IN a certain regiment now at Aldershot, may be seen a room deserving this title—an ordinary barrack-room on the topmost floor of the lofty barracks, but fourteen of the men in it are total abstinents; their pledge-cards in neat frames hang round a looking-glass over the fireplace, and above them is the inscription, "Success to Temperance." Books, papers, and song-books are there for the use of any comrades who like to drop in and spend a quiet hour, and many a man finds his way to the well-known "teetotalers' room," to sign the pledge, or to get the friendly encouragement he may be needing. If it were not for the drink, all our barrack-rooms might be as happy as the one described, instead of merely places in which to sleep and eat, and dress, and to escape from at all possible times, as a well-conducted man is too often glad to do. Success to temperance! by God's blessing it will yet make many model barrack-rooms.

### THE RAILROAD.

"No man and no woman is safe who has formed the habit of looking to drink for solace, or cheerfulness, or comfort. While the work goes well, they will very likely be moderate, but the habit is built, the railroad to destruction is cut ready for use, the rails are laid down, the station houses are erected, and the train is on the line, waiting only for the locomotive; it comes to us; it grapples us, and away we go down the line to destruction."

### DRINK AND WORK.

How much is it to be desired that young men would heed the admonition so often addressed to them on the relations between "drink and work." Why are they so reluctant to learn from the experience of the aged? Why will they not let the mistakes of the

elders teach them lessons for their own good? Is there no way for them to find out that "strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise," but by a sad personal experience? "I drink to make me work," said one: to which an old man replied, "That's true; thee drink and it will make thee work! Harken to me a moment, and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good loving wife, and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have now laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy years of age. Had it not been for the drink, I might have been now an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark, it *makes me work now!*"

### THE AMERICAN DOCTORS.

DR. N. S. DAVIS, of Chicago, in a public speech recently stated that out of 400 physicians in Chicago, there were at least 100 who used no liquor as medicine, and the number was daily increasing.

### HOW THE DOCTORS ARE MANAGED.

THOSE who have been at a loss to account for the disinterested medical opinions that are regularly published in the newspapers, respecting "nourishing stout," and other intoxicating beverages, may derive a gleam of light from the following circular, forwarded to us by a medical gentleman who received it by post a few days ago:—

"British Brewery, Stockwell,  
24th December, 1870.

"Sir,—We beg to inform you that from this date we shall allow to the medical profession an additional discount of 10 per cent., making, together with that which we now allow for cash, a clear discount at the rate of 1s. 6d. per nine-gallon cask, or about 15 per cent., except on the half-guinea ale, the card-price of which is net, and on that therefore the discount in this case will be 1s. per nine-gallon cask, or about 10 per cent.

"Soliciting your favours, we have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servants,  
"WALTHAM BROTHERS.

"P.S.—If cash is sent with the order, the net amount only need be remitted; if not, the drayman will be instructed to deduct the extra discount when the beer is delivered."



## HABIT v. RIGHT.

"AND the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

This is not a sermon. I hope one may quote a text of Scripture without being expected to preach.

There are times when the people of God may be guilty of sins, real sins; but when their eyes are not open to see it, and their disobedience or ill-doing is overlooked—winked at, as the apostle says—and their guilt perhaps passed over. But when the time of enlightenment comes, then comes also the need of repentance. Then with a clearer light comes the need of a clearer conscience and purer life.

Time was when Christian men in New England dealt in slaves. Could they do it now?

Time was when Christian men sold rum. Can Christians do it now?

Time was when ministers and deacons met together and drank and were merry. What would be thought of them in this day, were such a thing even reported?

Time will be when some things will be seen more clearly still, and men will know and understand that their own personal habits involve questions of right and wrong.

Also that though a course of wrong-doing may be "winked at" may be borne with, nothing can avert the evil consequences.

I saw the other day a sketch of the lives of two men who were friends. Alike in many things, good men, they loved each other, they sharpened each other's wits, and helped each other by good counsel. And so their lives flowed on together, and men called them blessed. Of one I need not speak; his life was a blessing and a success, his habits were simple and true, his children followed in his steps, and both theirs and his were those described in the Scripture as "ordered by the Lord."

His friend had one habit which was the bane of his life. He was constantly habitually under the influence of a narcotic which disturbed the balance of his system. He was a man of power, but his power is now little recognised except in name. And he cut short his days.

"Ah! I knew him," said Dr Blank, one day, "and his children too, and a more puny, miserable set of creatures I never saw. Not one of them had any nerves or constitution."

"But why did not some one talk to him?"

"Oh, he was told that the use of tobacco was doing him harm, but he would not, perhaps he could not, see it.

"We did not understand as well, in those days, the inherited evils. And then some

constitutions do bear up wonderfully. You sometimes have to follow longer than one man's life before you are convinced that nature has not been cheated for once."

"But good and intelligent men surely should be open to reason?"

"Not where habits are concerned. There is another principle which I have seen enunciated lately, and which will come some day to be understood.

*"The use of narcotics and stimulants dulls the moral sense."*

That is the reason why remonstrance and argument have so little effect.

If men persistently do even a doubtful thing, the process goes on which we used to think rather hard upon the Jews. They "shut their eyes and close their ears and harden their hearts." And even when one appeals to them, as might have been done to Dr. T., "that both thou and thy seed may live," it is doubtful if it can have any effect.

The good and evil of our lives do not end with our breath.

## SAVE YOUR YOUNG MEN.

FROM what? Not from hard work and exhausting toil, for this is the appointed lot of men, and we should not expect to escape from it; by this right character is formed, and the earth brought to yield her riches. Not from protracted and close study, for thus only are attainments, brain power developed, and the professions filled with able men. Not from rigid economy, years of toil, and slow increase of wealth, for this is far better than fortunes made in an hour. But save them from the fascinations of the gaming-table, and especially from the insidious, fearful curse of intemperance. It is burning out the very vitals of morality and manliness in a hundred social circles. It is destroying by thousands the youth in our best families. It is sweeping through and through the country, and carrying away to worthlessness and crime the young men who would be pillars in the church and state, and it is gaining power daily. Ministers, teachers, fathers, mothers, sisters, call upon the young men to touch not, taste not the accursed bowl.

## THE CURSE OF ENGLAND.

THE *Westminster Review* says—"Drunk-  
enness is the curse of England; a curse so great that it far eclipses every other calamity under which we suffer. It is impossible to exaggerate the evils of drunkenness."

# STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named—March 5th, Rev. W. B. Affleck, Bradford—12th, Rev. D. Fraser, M.A., L.L.B., Airedale—19th, Rev. R. Ashcroft, Bamford—26th, Rev. Mr. Gear, Rotherham.

**J. H. HELLIWELL,**  
IRON, TIN, COPPER and ZINC PLATE WORKER.  
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Watchmaker, Jeweller, & Silversmith,
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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 19.

APRIL, 1871.

The Monthly Meeting will be held on Tuesday, April 4th, when the Rev. F. Wagstaff, of Cullompton, will give a Lecture entitled "The Good Samaritan." To commence at 7. 30. Admission Free. In the Autumn, it is intended to offer prizes for the best Essays on "Future Legislation," in Reference to the Drink Traffic, to be competed for, by our own Members only. Further particulars will be announced.

THE TEMPERANCE COTTAGE.

THE cottage was just outside the village, on a little bit of land reclaimed from the waste, built of rough stone, with four broad mullioned windows in front, and with a porch covered with wild woodbine and monthly roses in full bloom. The little garden before it was the picture of neatness and productiveness, and a narrow sanded path led up between boxed borders and bleached apple-trees, in a straight line from the green wooden gate to the open door in the porch. Bees were humming in the sunshine outside the cottage, and a little girl was humming in the shadow inside, and both sounds spoke of happiness. I was tired and heated, for I had walked some miles, and the day was sultry, so I was not sorry to stop awhile under the shadow of an ancient yew-tree to look at the cottage, wishing, as I saw its pleasant face, that every working-man and woman in the land had as sweet, and healthy, and comfortable a home. Among the wood vines and roses of the porch, adorned but nothidden by them, was a small inscription cut in the stone, "Temperance Cottage;" and in a corner of the garden, under the shade of an alder, not far from the gate, was a well, with a bright red pitcher standing by it. At sight of the well and pitcher a thirst that I had felt for some minutes became increased, and the thought of a draught of cool clear water was very tempting. Might I venture to open the garden-gate, walk up to the porch, and ask of the little humming-bird within, whose fresh voice I could hear even here, for a cupful of water from the well? I thought I might, especially as, after

seeing "Temperance Cottage" on the porch, I had no fear of finding within a surly half-drunken man or woman to refuse me. No, indeed! Little Bessy, or Mary, or Janey, or whatever her name might be, would not be singing so pleasantly of "buttercups and daisies," if a drunken father or mother dwelt with her!

In another half-minute I was at the porch. How sweetly smelt the honeysuckles and roses, and how gaily flitted the butterflies and bees about columbines and larkspurs, and how cheery was the voice of the little maiden within! She had not heard my approach,—she was far too busy with her singing, and her arrangement of plates and mugs for dinner; but when I knocked at the door with my stick, the song ended at once, and tripping to me from the kitchen came a red-cheeked, black-haired girl about twelve years of age, with a smile upon her face, to ask me what I wanted.

"A drink of water."

"Yes, sure!" And quick as a fairy—I was going to say—but then I have not seen fairies, and don't know how quick they are—quick as a bee I will say, who has only half-filled his honey-bag, she fetched a mug from the table, took me to the well, drew a pitcher full of the shining, cooling liquid, and, filling the mug with the same, gave it to me with a curtsy.

"Thank you, my dear,—and what is your name?" I asked, when I had satisfied my thirst.

"Lily, Sir."

"Lily?" I said, "That is a pretty name! As pretty a name as Rose. But how came you to be called Lily?" And I looked at the

red-cheeked maiden's black hair and sun-burnt skin with a smile.

"It was my mother's name, sir," she replied.

While she was speaking, a thick-set, broad-faced man, in a white woollen jacket, entered the garden. As he came up the path I saw that he limped in his walk, but otherwise he was strong and healthy. Lily left my side directly, saying, "Now I must go and see to father's dinner." But the new-comer stayed to talk with me. I found the man in the white jacket to be the owner of the pretty cottage, and not only the owner, but the builder also, as he told me with some pride. He had been more than a year building and finishing it altogether.

"And a toughish job it was, sir," he went on to say, "for though I'm a mason by trade, I never built a house i' this way before,—every stick and stone of it. But I was minded to have a house of my own, and I worked hard, holidays and overtime too, and here it is!"

Of course I praised it, as it deserved, and praised its builder too, for his industry and perseverance, and then I said, "You call it 'Temperance Cottage,' I see"—looking up at the inscription on the porch.

"Yes, sir. By God's blessing, temperance enabled me to build it. A man like me can't build a cottage of his own, and go to the public-house too."

"That is true," was my reply. "And you've tried both drinking and temperance, and found the last the best, I suppose?"

"Well," answered John King, for that was his name, "I'll leave you to judge, sir, which I found the best. Drinking gave me this lame leg," and he held the leg out that was shorter than the other by two inches; "and temperance gave me that cottage. I know which I think the best of the two. Drinking took away my character, and temperance got it for me again. Drinking helped to kill my poor wife and two children: they died for want and cold, sir, while I was at the public-house"—he said this in a lower tone,—"and temperance gave me yon industrious pretty lass to call me 'Father,' though she's none of mine,—I've 'dopted her, as she's neither father nor mother of her own, poor lass! Drinking always kept me ill and out of temper. Temperance keeps me well in health, and by God's grace, I am as happy as I can ever hope to be now. So I call this bit of a place of mine, '*Temperance Cottage*,' and I think it's about the right name. And if I were to put a label on myself, and write on it, '*Temperance Jack*,' I think *that* would be the right name, too."

His open, honest, cheerful face told me that what he said was true. How could I

doubt it? Here was the man hale and hearty, as no drinker ever was or is; here was the house with its sunshiny face, its honeysuckles and roses, its temperance name, its well-cared-for garden; and here also, was the black-haired, red-cheeked Lily, singing with a merrier voice than ever drunkard's child sang, *at home*. I had no wish to disbelieve him, and I didn't.

Before I left him, he had told me something of the tale of his life. He had been a great, and apparently incorrigible, drunkard, a careless husband, and a bad father. No wonder, therefore, that his wife and children were sickly and unhappy, and no wonder that, when fever came about his dwelling, they were among the first to take it and die. Better food and better clothing might have saved them; but beer and brandy were dearer to him than wife and child, and they perished! He was grieved at their death, for he had not lost all natural affection, and, to forget his grief, he drank still more. One day, when driving a cart, while in a state of intoxication, he fell under the wheel, and was run over, and his thigh broken. In the long illness that ensued he was visited by a lady, who had witnessed the accident, and by her he was induced to sign the pledge, and become an abstainer. Bravely and conscientiously he kept the pledge, and in a while, by steadiness and good conduct, he retrieved his character, and became as much noted for sobriety as he had been for drunkenness. How differently the world went with him now! He soon gathered together furniture for a comfortable home, for he was a clever workman, and could get good wages and plenty to do. But he was a lonely man. Those whom he might have had round him to comfort and bless him were gone; and it gave him many a heart-pang to remember that his neglect and unkindness had shortened their days. Three graves in the churchyard, his lame leg, and the memory of his mis-spent years, remained to him to remind him of the evils of drink!

One morning, as he was going to work, he came across Lily. She was not at all a rosy-cheeked girl in those days, but a little pale-faced, ragged child, fatherless and motherless, and almost friendless. Something in her looks interested him: he inquired her name, and found to his surprise, that she was the daughter of an old pot-companion of his, a young man whom he had led into habits of dissipation that had ended in his premature death. John King's heart was touched: he remembered with remorse the evil part he had played to Lily's father. He could not now make compensation to *him*, but he could benefit his child, and he determined to do so. Full of this thought, he soon won her affection

by his kindness; and when he proposed that she should come and live with him, and be to him as a daughter, she was only too glad to do so. The people with whom she lived were very poor, and very well pleased to be relieved of the burden of her maintenance, and thus he gained his adopted child without any difficulty. Lily's adoption was a success. She turned out a good, affectionate little maiden, proud of her "father" and her new home, and very obedient and anxious to do her duty; and he himself, now drink was not in the way, made a good parent and guardian to the orphan.

Then came the building of "Temperance Cottage," an affair of great moment to John and Lily. When it was finished, and the garden laid out in front, do you think Buckingham Palace would have looked to *them* as pretty? I think not, for this was all according to their own taste, and fitted to their wants, and what is fitted to us, and what we love, we soon get to think beautiful. To me, also, it looked very pretty, that warm July morning, and many visits I paid to it during the long summer days. But all things must have an end, good things included, and those visits of mine had an end. And when, a year or two afterwards, I inquired after John King and Lily, and the cottage, I found that the cottage remained, but the birds it had contained were flown to the land that we knew so little of when I was young, and that is talked so much of now,—Australia.

John King had had a first-rate situation offered to him in that far-distant country, and he had accepted it, sold his cottage, and sailed sway with his black-haired Lily, to the other side of the globe. Perhaps he has raised another "Temperance Cottage," a larger and grander one than that he called his own in England, but I scarcely think it can be a pleasanter.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE HOUSE.

"THE landlord does not charge us any rent for the room we meet in. But of course we spend a trifle *"for the good of the house."*

These are the words that scores and hundreds of men use when they speak of their club-night, or their meetings at public-houses. The smallest sum that a sober man can spend "for the good of the house" is three-pence, generally he spends sixpence, often eight-pence or a shilling; and when his spendings have reached the last amount, he is hot and thirsty, and foolish, and goes on spending till "the good of the house" brings bad, and nothing but bad, to him and his.

Working men! there is one house that you

are bound to do all the good you can to, and that is *your own house* at home. What are the flaring, tawdry, noisy taverns and beer-shops to be compared with the little spot where your wife is waiting to hear your footstep, and your children run to welcome you? It may be but a poor place, that house at home, but it is yours; there you are master. Give your leisure time to it: when you leave your work, go home at once—"for the good of the house."

When you are tempted to any bit of foolish extravagance, think a moment—I won't buy this ounce of tobacco, I'll put the coppers away "for the good of the house."

"I'll not take a pint to-night, for one pint draws on another: I'll go home and put by the beer-money 'for the good of the house.'"

Perhaps you say, "How am I to save? the money'll go somehow if the landlord does not get it." My friend, it can hardly go in so bad a way as when you are spending it for the good of the public-house. There never was a time when the working-classes had such opportunities for saving as now. Have you thought of the Post-office Savings' Banks? There you can deposit small sums weekly without any trouble. These sums will soon mount up, you get interest for them, they are in safe keeping, and you can get them out at a week's notice.

I have known working-people who did not like the old Savings' Bank system, because they did not want it to be known that they were saving; and many would not begin, because they could not get up a decent sum to commence with. Well, at the Post-office Savings' Bank your secret is quite safe, and you can begin with a shilling. Ah, if all the shillings you have spent for "the good of the house" these last ten years, were in the Post-office Savings' Bank now, what a fine sum would belong to you, and to many a working man!

It is computed that there are ten thousand common public-houses and beer-shops (not including inns, hotels, and eating-houses) in London. The working men have been toiling for the good of these houses. They have made them bright with paint and gilding, and warm with fire and light; and meanwhile their *own* houses have been dark, and cold, and dismal. It is not the pounds of the rich man, but the *pence of the poor* that has been given for the good of the public-house.

Working men and women, begin this very week, if it be only with a few halfpence; never mind how few, make a beginning at once *for the good of your own house*. Scrape up a shilling by stinting yourselves in some trifles, and commence being depositors at the Post-office Savings' Bank. Persevere for one

year, and then you will find that a habit of carefulness has been learned, and that in every sense you are better and wiser when you leave off spending for the good of the public-house, and take to saving for the good of YOUR OWN HOUSE.

“NEW SHOES;” OR, GOOD FOR TRADE.

It is interesting to observe how “good for trade” it is when a man gives up his drinking habits. There was a noted drunkard in York, who for twenty-five years had never entered a place of worship, and had during that time been accustomed to wear the “cast-off things” of others. After joining the Temperance Society at the Merchants’ Hall, he soon began to clothe himself in decent garments, bought with his own honest and hard-earned wages. The tailor, the hosier, the draper, and various other tradesmen, reaped the benefit of the man’s reformation. It was quite an event in his life when he entered a shoemaker’s shop to be “measured” for a pair of new shoes, as he had never done such a thing for twenty years before! What a mighty change would be effected in our country if the fifty millions now spent yearly in strong drink were devoted to industry!

COMMENTS OF THE JOURNALISTS.

MR. DALRYMPLE’S BILL.

LAST night, before a Norwich audience, Mr. Dalrymple, M.P., handled the dull, dreary, uninviting, but still important question, “How to Cure the Sot.” The hon. gentleman carried his audience with him, and the picture which he drew of the ruined drunkard and the reformed drunkard fairly brought down the “house.” The system which Mr. Dalrymple purposes to adopt may be described in Parliamentary language as “stopping the supplies.” Once having got his drunkard into the reformatories or refuges, which he proposes to establish by law, the drunkard would be debarred—by force if necessary—from any further consumption of the poison which had involved his ruin; and the theory which Mr. Dalrymple sets up for trial, is that unless a man is hopelessly saturated with alcohol, there is a chance of recovery even under apparently hopeless circumstances.

The bill of Mr. Dalrymple does not deal with the casual drunkard. Any man may tittle to excess now and then, without finding his way into the refuges or reformatories which the hon. member aims at; and the

theory of the liberty of the subject is to be respected as far as possible, even in the case of the drunkard. Upon the whole, we are bound to say that Mr. Dalrymple made out a very good case, and that in temperate well-chosen language. The whole question of drunkenness seems about to receive a larger measure of public attention than has yet been extended to it. The last Reform Bill made members of Parliament comparatively independent of publicans and spirit-sellers, and there seems some chance of the evil which they too often work being circumscribed. The trade of keeping houses of entertainment is in many instances, no doubt, carried on in a respectable fashion; in other cases, the drink-shop is a mere manufactory of the sots for whose reformation Mr. Dalrymple is laboring.—*Eastern Counties Daily Press*, Feb. 7.

ONLY ONE DAUGHTER.

“You have only one daughter, I think!” said I to a dying woman, as she spoke in tones of lamentation about her family.

“Only one, thank God,” she replied, “and one too many.”

“But you once had a large family?”

“I had five daughters; four died young, for which I am thankful.”

The daughter to whom she referred had once been her mother’s pride and her mother’s help. But there was no religion in the family, and when the girl married, all she wished for was an easy and pleasant life. They soon afterwards heard of a “good opening.” This was a public-house, which was recommended as a place which was well frequented, and if made attractive, could not fail to do a large business. And it turned out that it did a large business in bodies and souls of men. The first notable victim of that house under the new management was the landlord’s wife. Within two years she had become a slave to drink. This caused constant bickerings between her husband and herself, which latterly produced bitter alienation. What followed may be easily guessed. The drunkard became the courtesan. The publican, not himself altogether dead to shame, sold the concern and fled from the place. His wife, with her little children, left it in shame and beggary, and now, drunken and debauched, haunts the door of her dying mother like a fury who would fain add to the terrors of death.

GINX’S BABY: HIS BIRTH AND OTHER MISFORTUNES.

THERE has recently been published by

Messrs. Strahan and Co., under the above title, one of the most terrible satires upon popular dealings with those great social problems to which temperance reformers and others have for years been demanding attention. The following could not have been put stronger by the most fanatical teetotaler in our ranks:—"If the Ginxes and their neighbours preserved any semblance of health in this place, the most popular guardian on the board must own it a miracle. They, poor people, knew nothing of 'sanitary reform,' 'sanitary precautions,' 'zymotics,' 'endemics,' 'epidemics,' 'deodorisers,' or 'disinfectants.' They regarded disease with the apathy of creatures who felt it to be inseparable from from humanity, and with the fatalism of despair. Gin was their cardinal prescription, not for cure, but for oblivion: 'Sold everywhere.' A score of palaces flourished within call of each other in that dismal district—garish, rich-looking dens, drawing to the support of their vulgar glory the means, the lives, the eternal destinies of the wrecked masses about them. Veritable wreckers they who construct these haunts, viler than the wretches who place false beacons and plunder bodies on the beach. Bring down the real owners of these places, and show them their deadly work! Some of them leading philanthropists, eloquent at missionary meetings and Bible societies, paying tribute to the Lord out of the pockets of dying drunkards, fighting glorious battles for slaves, and manfully upholding popular rights. My rich publican—forgive the pun—before you pay tithes of mint and cummin, much more before you claim to be a disciple of a certain Nazarene, take a lesson from one who restored fourfold the money he had wrung from honest toil, or reflect on the man to whom it was said, 'Go, sell all thou hast, and give to the poor.' The lips from which that counsel dropped offered some unpleasant alternatives, leaving out one, however, which nowadays may yet reach you—the contempt of your kind."

A CHAPTER OF ABSURDITIES.

1. To desire to have men sober, and vote a licence to make them drunk. 2. To mourn over drunkards, and vote a licence to make more. 3. To pity a drunkard's family, and vote for the chief means of their misery. 4. To expect to restrain men from evil by telling some of them they may do it. 5. To think that authorising a business will discourage it. 6. To expect that making the sale of intoxicating drinks legal will not encourage the sale of them. 7. To expect that making the sale of them respectable will not encourage the use of

them. 8. To regret the upas, and keep watering the main root. 9. To believe that we should not 'do evil that good may come,' and licence men to sell poison for the sake of having orderly houses to drink in. 10. To think that drinking intoxicating liquors in orderly houses will not promote intemperance. 11. To profess benevolence to our fellow-men, and vote for the cause of idleness, quarrelling, poverty, and misery among them. 12. To pray for a blessing on our neighbours with our lips, and seek a curse with our votes. 13. A government instituted and sustained for the good of the people, licensing a trade that brings evil upon them.

THE INFLUENCE OF OUR CUSTOMS ON FOREIGN NATIONS.

INDIA.—A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Calcutta, thus reports a conversation he had with a class of young Hindoos at one of the Presbyterian Colleges. "Now, what do you think the young men of Bengal incline to, as a rule, after they leave college? I ask because there is a common belief that they often fall into drinking habits, and are lost to society?"—A student, shaking his head gravely.—"It is a sad truth, sir." What is the cause of it?"—Another young man.—"It comes from the West." . . . "What do you mean by saying that intoxication comes from the West? The Englishmen you come in contact with are not drinkers?" "No, we have two examples, one good and the other bad, and, unfortunately, some among us think the bad better worth imitating than the good." "Do you think that Government could do anything?"—"It could prevent the opening of drinking places." "Would that be good?"—Several—"Yes," and one "Yes, if it could be done without infringing liberty."

ANOTHER WARNING AGAINST THE FIRST GLASS.

HENRY WELCOME, who was hanged on January 20th, in Windsor, Vermont, for murder, when asked if he had anything to say before being launched into eternity, replied—"I hope my situation will be a warning to all young men to be obedient to their parents, keep out of bad company, and away from low places. That is what has brought me here; and I hope God will have mercy on me for Jesus Christ's sake. I wish to say no more now, except to caution all against tasting liquor, because if they take one glass, they must have another."

A GOOD CREATURE OF GOD.

THE REV. DR. GUTHRIE says—"I have heard a man with a bottle of whisky before him have the impudence and assurance to say—'Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving;' and he would persuade me that what was made in the still-pot was a creature of God. In one sense it is so, but in the same sense so is arsenic, so is oil of vitriol, so is prussic acid. Think of a fellow tossing off a glass of vitriol, and excusing himself by saying that it is a creature of God. He would not use many such creatures, that's all I'll say. Whisky is good in its own place. There is nothing like whisky in this world for preserving a man when he is dead. But it is one of the worst things in the world for preserving a man when he is living. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whisky; if you want to kill a living man, put the whisky into him. It was a capital thing for preserving the dead admiral, when they put him in a rum puncheon; but it was a bad thing for the sailors when they tapped the cask and drank the liquor till they left the admiral as he never left his ship—high and dry."

THE COST OF SUNDAY DRINKING.

ALTHOUGH it may be difficult to make an accurate estimate of the above cost, an approximate estimate may be made which may be of some service to those who are labouring to suppress intemperance. Some years since Mr. Porter, Secretary of the Board of Trade, stated that ten million was the amount annually spent in Sunday drinking. Mr. Candelel, the Secretary of the Manchester and Provincial Licensed Victuallers' Association, stated that the sum of £8,000 is the profit every Sunday on the sales of the 5,340 licensed victuallers connected with that association. The estimate is certainly a low one, as it amounts to but thirty shillings per house per Sunday; yet if the same estimate applies to all public-houses in England (69,369), a total of £104,053 is obtained in these houses each Sunday, or £5,410,756 yearly on the Sunday sales of every year. If but a fifth is added for the 52,584 beerhouses, a total of £6,492,907 is arrived at.

If these profits represent one-third of the money received, the annual expenditure in strong drink on Sunday would be £19,478,721. But the following estimate would give a much larger amount:—A brewer stated to the writer that he closed thirty-seven of his public-houses on Sunday for four months, and by doing so lost £2,000. This would show

the average profits of each house per Sunday to be £4 10s. The same rate of profits on 69,369 public-houses would be £312,320 each Sunday, or £16,232,320 for the year. Adding one-fifth for the beerhouses, the annual amount would be £19,478,784. Another estimate may be formed from the number of visits paid to the houses where strong drink is sold.

It was ascertained that on a single Sunday the visits in Manchester to 1,456 spirit-vaults, beerhouses, and public-houses, were 212,243.

There is no evidence of a change in the habits of the working classes in this particular. Hence the visits to 2,622 public-houses and beerhouses would be at least 424,000 on a single Sunday. If each visitor on an average spends sixpence, the amount received at all the bars would be £10,000; each of the 479 public-houses might receive £4 10s., and each of the 2,143 beerhouses might receive £3 6s. from the amount.

The crime committed through Sunday drinking reveals the fearful amount of money spent in drink on that day.

THE TEMPTATION;

OR, THE EFFECTS OF "ONE GLASS."

On passing through one of the wards of a large prison, I accosted an elderly-looking convict. He held down his head as though ashamed to look me in the face.

On handing him a tract to read, he said, "I knew your voice as soon as I heard you, sir; I have heard you before to-day, sir."

After a few words of explanation I found that we had been at one time members of the same congregation, and had sat under the same faithful ministry. I anxiously inquired how it was that he had fallen so low as to become an inmate of a prison.

"A glass of ale, sir, was my ruin," he replied.

"How could that be?" I inquired.

"I was at one period of my life, sir, very intemperate, but was happily led to give up drinking entirely, although I did not sign any pledge, which I now lament. I became a regular attendant at a place of worship, and joined the society. I went on very happily for some years, until one evening I was returning from home, when I met with some friends from Hull. They prevailed upon me to go to the public-house to have but "one glass." Conscience reproved me; but having entered upon the enchanted ground I was readily induced to take more liquor, until I became overcome by it. The next morning I was ashamed to show myself, and left home for Leeds. My old appetite

for drink had been re-kindled. I became reckless, and joined a set of counterfeit coiners. We were discovered, tried, convicted, and now I am about to be transported. Oh, that I had never touched that ONE GLASS!"

T. B. S.

THE BREWER'S DOG.

"A GENTLEMAN, taking an evening walk along the road, saw two men supporting a third, who appeared unable to walk.

"What is the matter?" he inquired.

"Why," was the reply, "that poor man has been sadly bitten by the brewer's dog."

"Indeed," said he, feeling rather concerned at the disaster.

"Yes, sir; and he is not the first by a good many that he has done a mischief to."

"Why is the dog not made away with?"

"Ah, sir, he ought to have been made away with a long time ago; but it wants resolution to do it. It is the strong drink, Sir—that's the brewer's dog."

BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

A FEW years ago, there appeared in an American paper, an exquisite poem, entitled "Beautiful Snow." At length it found its way to England, accompanied by the tale that the original had been discovered upon the person of a young woman who was frozen to death in the streets of St. Louis. For a long time the writer preserved his *incognito*. Some months since, the secret was revealed, and Major Sigourney, nephew of the celebrated poetess of that name, became known as the writer. The April number of *Harper's Magazine* contains a companion poem, entitled "Beautiful Child," which is marked by all the elegance of diction characteristic of its predecessor. Who would have thought that in a few weeks its gifted author would have filled a suicide's grave? Yet such is the case. We learn that on the night of the 22nd April, Major W. W. H. Sigourney was found dead in the outskirts of New York, under circumstances leading to the belief that he had shot himself. He had in early life married a Miss Filmore, a lady of great personal attractions, and with her made a voyage to Europe. During their absence, rumours unfavourable to her character reached the Sigourney family. Shortly after her return to New York, she showed that the curse of the 19th century—the demon drink—had added another name to the list of its victims. She abandoned her husband, became an outcast, and was next heard of as an inmate of the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. Her husband's love was still sufficiently strong to induce him to make another

effort to save her, and through his influence she was released, only again to desert her home. In the winter of 1853, the papers spoke of a young and beautiful woman having been found dead under the snow, in a disreputable street in New York. Something seemed to tell Sigourney that the body was his wife's. Upon making inquiries, he found his surmises were but too true, and, after claiming the remains, he had them interred in that picturesque "silent city" which overlooks the busy harbour of New York. The story of that erring wife was told in the touching language of "Beautiful Snow." What wonder that he shunned the publicity that his authorship would have conferred?

"Beautiful Snow" and "Beautiful Child," in *Norwich Series of Tracts*. 100 Copies for 12 Stamps; 250 for 24 Stamps, by Samuel Jarrold, Norwich.

TEMPERANCE puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, and clothes on the bairns.

MAGISTRATES' MEMORIAL IN FAVOUR OF SUNDAY CLOSING.

OVER 800 Magistrates, including the Mayors of 30 boroughs, have signed a memorial in favour of Sunday Closing.

AND ARE YE SURE THE NEWS IS TRUE?

AND are ye sure the news is true?

And are ye sure he's signed?

I can't believe the joyful tale,

And cast my fears behind!

If John has signed to drink no more,

The happiest wife am I

That ever swept a cottage hearth,

Or sung a lullaby;

For there's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck at a'!

And gane's the comfort o' the house

Since he to drink did fa'.

Whose eyes so kind, whose hand so strong,

Whose love so true as mine.

If he has bent his heart and hand

The total pledge to sign?

But what puts doubting in my head?

I trust he'll drink no more!

Be still, be still, my beating heart;

Hark! hark! he's at the door!

For there's nae luck about the house.

And blessings on the helping hands

That send him back to me;

Haste, haste, ye little ones and run,

Your father's face to see!

And are ye sure, my John, you've signed

And are ye sure 'tis past?

Then mine's the happiest, brightest home,

On Temperance shores at last.

There's been nae luck about the house,

'I'll now be comfort a'!

And heaven preserve my ain gude man,

That he may never fa'.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

Stannary Mutual Improvement Society. Annual Tea and Meeting on Easter Tuesday, April 11th. Tea at 5.30. Meeting at 6.30. Tickets for Tea, Ninepence each.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named—April 2nd, Rev. F. Wagstaff, Cullompton—9th, Rev. J. Henderson, Honley—16th, Rev. J. H. Teesdale, Market Weighton—23rd, Rev. R. H. Dugdale, Huddersfield—30th, Rev. J. M. Campbell, Langham.

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MILLINERY GOODS,

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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 20.

MAY, 1871.

The Usual Monthly Meeting will be held on Tuesday, May 9th, in the large School-room, at half-past seven o'clock. Addresses, Recitations, &c., will be given by members and friends. The attendance of all is requested.

TOM JOINER'S "GOOD ANGEL."

(From the Sunday Magazine for February.)

THE following narrative is given in nearly the same words as it was told to the writer by as fine a specimen of the British workman as ever stood in a workshop.

I couldn't even say my A B C at that time—could I Mary!—and as to book-learning, I was the only one in our shop not able to read the newspaper. I was almost ashamed to listen to them, and always kept out of sight when they were reading. At breakfast-time they would all be sitting down on a heap of shavings and sawdust in one corner of the shop, reading and talking, while I would stay in the next shop pretending to work, but I stopped there, not to work, but to *think*, and the only consolation I obtained was the knowledge of my ignorance. You might have seen me crouching behind the door, with my ear against the crevice, listening until I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself and my lack of education. But then, thought I, there is not a man in the workshop who can plane, or join, or chisel, or cut, better than I can, and I do it without the aid of books—so you see that although I envied them when they were reading, I hadn't the courage to take kindly to learning.

"No," I said, "if a man comes to be thirty years of age and knows his trade well without having had any book-learning, he is sure to get on in the world."

That was the way I put it to myself, and I believe that is the way with hundreds of others. Some say learning makes a man

proud—not a bit of it; nor does it make him over-ambitious. I'm quite content with my present situation, and do not intend putting myself very much out of the way to get rich faster, for I believe that they who run too swiftly soon lose all their breath.

What did I do with myself of an evening? Sometimes, when I could afford it, I went to the theatre, and sometimes to the music-halls, and when I couldn't afford it, I only went to the nearest public-house to drink five or six glasses of ale and smoke my pipe in company with a lot of others.

I was going to tell you how I came to be foreman in the shop where I now work. I shall come to it presently. When I married Mary I didn't know B from a bull, as the saying is; and on taking her the first week's wages she said, holding up a shilling, "I am going to put by a shilling every week to buy papers and books for you when you can read."

"That won't be for a long time to come," said I. "How long did it take you to learn?"

"Not a great while; about twelve months, I think."

"It seems to me, Mary, that's a long time. But why should I learn to read?" I asked. For I didn't like even Mary to know that I *wanted* to learn, and was too proud to commence.

"Never mind," said she playfully, "you shall buy a spelling-book to-night, and I'll teach you myself."

"Nonsense, Mary, you've quite enough to do to attend to the house, to say nothing of your dressmaking."

"I can find plenty of time to teach *you*, Tom," and she came up to me, and laid her hand so lovingly on my shoulder, and fell to

coaxing me in such a pleasant manner, that I could oppose her wishes no longer, and went straight to the bookseller's shop for the spelling-book, and that very same night Mary gave me my first lesson. I never had *many* hours to spare, and haven't now; so you must not expect that I know a great deal; but I can and do read and understand my Bible and the newspapers, and on Sundays, when we go to church or chapel, I can always join heart and soul in the service, because I now know what it all means. We read the Bible together every evening, Mary and I; she reads one chapter and I the next, and we should do so in the morning also, but you know how early I go to work—long before she is awake.

About a month after we were married, whom should I meet but a very old mate of mine, Jack Ruggles? 'Twas Saturday night.

"Well Tom," said he, "how are you? I haven't seen you this age."

"Middling, Jack; nothing particular to complain of."

"Still at the old shop?"

"Yes, and likely to stay there, if I mind what I'm about."

"That's the sort. I've heard you are married—is it true?"

"It is," said I.

"Well, come and let us have a glass over it." I didn't make any objection, although I would rather have gone home to Mary. I didn't like to refuse, or he would have said I was under petticoat government. That's what they always say when they see a newly-married man wants to go home to his wife, and they want him to go drinking. We went into the "Slow and Easy," and called for a pot of beer, and then several of our chums dropped in, and, I am sorry to say, I drank more than was good for me. I got drunk—don't look so grave—'twas for the *last* time. I thought of Mary at home expecting me, and wondering whatever had happened. What could she say? Could she fancy I was getting drunk at the "Slow and Easy"? No—never!

Instead of giving me the courage I was lacking, this thought made me drink the harder to drown it. In the days when I was courting Mary, I never drank anything intoxicating until after I left her; she did not know—for I never drank at home—that I was not a total abstainer. She told me afterwards she always thought I was one, or she would never have married me.

We stopped at the "Slow and Easy" drinking for five hours—in fact, until half-past eleven; and then were turned out by the landlord, probably because we were too drunk to drink any more. Just as we were pushed like dogs into the street, against whom should

I stumble but Mary and my master, both hurrying to the police-station to inquire whether anyone like me had been seen during the last few hours. They were afraid I had met with a most serious accident.

If I were to live a thousand years I should never forget the amazed look of scorn and contempt Mary cast upon me. It made me mad—mad! I swore at Mary, and called her such bitter names as I would give the world to revoke; and with my fist knocked my employer into the gutter; and, as it was very muddy, he wasn't in a good temper when he found out whose fault it was.

"Tom," said he, after a time, during which he had been scraping the dirt from his clothes, "go home now with your wife. I shall have a few words to say to you on Monday morning."

Drunk as I was, I was ashamed to say a word to Mary until we got home, and then only to wish her "Good night."

The next morning I awoke in a frightful state of nervousness—too nervous to leave the bed. Mary, after getting me a cup of good tea to settle my nerves,—it's wonderful how drink unmans one and muddles the brain—told me all that had occurred the previous night. Strange to say, I hadn't the slightest remembrance of knocking the governor into the gutter—most likely because I had been thinking so much about what Mary's feelings must have been to find me intoxicated so soon after our wedding-day. But I found the governor had not forgotten it when I went to work on Monday morning.

"Tom," he said, "I always thought you a steady, *sober*, upright workman." He laid particular stress upon "*sober*," he did. "I thought and hoped that all my men knew how to conduct themselves with propriety and sobriety."

And then he gave me a downright good lecture, ending by saying he would never have a drunkard in his employ, and gave me a week's notice to quit.

Mine was a good place, a very good place, and I was loth to leave it. But you know all working men are more or less obstinate—the old spirit of independence, I suppose. At any rate, I was obstinate, and said I was under no obligation to him, and a great deal more to the same effect. I was certain at the time that if I choose to be humble, to beg his pardon, and promise to be careful for the future, he would have kept me in his service; but no, I was downright stubborn, and although he had been an excellent master, I abused him terribly. He kept very cool, however, and when I became quiet, he called me and said, "Tom, we'll part at once; here's a week's wages instead of the notice, and you will oblige me by going at once."

At that moment I congratulated myself upon getting away with a week's wages, feeling quite sure that I should soon obtain another situation, and went home to Mary with a rather light heart, but at times my conscience—that indescribable monitor—told me I was wrong, and that I should be sorry for what had happened. In spite of my implicit confidence that I should readily obtain employment, I could not help occasionally whispering to myself that trade was very dull, and that our master—for I couldn't help calling him so, having been in his service fifteen years—had, only the week before, discharged three hands, because there was nothing for them to do.

I was out of work six months. Mary's dressmaking supported us the first three of them. Of course I was ashamed of the fact, but what could I do? I could not starve, and no one would employ me. If anybody wanted a hand, they referred to my late master for a character, and asked the reason of my leaving. And he, like the Christian man he was, told the truth. But he also added that I was a very good workman.

It was no use—we were starving! Mary had over-worked herself, and was now very ill. We got into debt, gradually but deeply, and there wasn't a single shop-keeper who would trust us further. One by one every article of furniture except the bed on which Mary was lying, even the bedstead, was either seized by creditors or sold by me to obtain drink—for I *would* have drink, taking care, however, never to get intoxicated—while Mary was dying for want of the common necessities of life. I became thoroughly reckless, and cared for neither man nor God.

Mary's friends at length heard of her miserable condition, and wanted to take her away from me. But, like the brave, true wife she is, she refused to go until every means she could think of to make me better had failed. They then brought her money and provisions, which she insisted upon sharing with me, in spite of their remonstrances.

Still, after all her kindness and self-denial, I would not listen to her advice and entreaties to become a teetotaler.

When she became better, she said to me, "If I were you, Tom, I would go to your old master, and tell him honestly how we are situated; ask his forgiveness for your misdoings, and I'll be bound he'll take you on again."

"No, Mary," I said; "I'd sooner starve."

"Don't talk like that, Tom, or I shan't love you half so much as I do now. You know we are deeply in debt and penniless, and the landlord threatens to turn us into the street. Do, please do, Tom, go to your old master. I'm sure he'll give you work."

"No, I won't," I answered sharply.

Mary seemed greatly hurt, but said nothing. After that, instead of getting better, as before, she became worse. Day followed day, and week week, and still things were in the same unsatisfactory state. I could *not* get work, not even an odd job. Mary was dying.

I hadn't any faith in prayer then; but I thought that was the time to try it, if ever.

We couldn't be worse off than we were, so I took to praying to God that Mary might get better; and, certain it is that Mary from that time began to mend, and I, too, seemed all the better, although I was half starving.

"I've had such a strange dream," said Mary to me one morning when she was nearly well, and when there wasn't a bit of crust in the house to eat, "I dreamt, Tom, that you were back at your old shop, and that you were foreman there. Do go to the old master to-day, and ask him to give you something to do."

"No I won't," I replied as sharply as I could; for I was determined I wouldn't humble to him.

"Then I will go for you," she said very quietly.

"Nonsense, Mary. You'll go on a fool's errand."

"I can but try," said she; and before I could say anything further, she was ready to start. Then she came towards me, and putting both her hands on my shoulder in that confiding, loving manner which cannot be resisted, and raising her clear, heavenly eyes, beaming with hope, to mine, she sweetly said, "Tom, we have been married only a short time, and I am quite disappointed in you. I don't know why, but I always thought you were a teetotaler; and as I know you always keep your word, please promise me you will be one now and for ever."

"It's precious queer," said I, "if I'm not a teetotaler now; for there's no money to buy drink or anything else with whatever."

"I know that," she said; "but I want you to *promise* to be a teetotaler always; or, if you think that's too hard, until we live in a house of our own"; and she finished by giving me one of those bewitching smiles all women know so well how to bestow when occasion requires.

"I'll promise *that* with the greatest pleasure," I answered, "for when you were very, very ill, Mary, dear, I had time to think over matters, and I came to the conclusion that if I hadn't got drunk on that unlucky evening, I should have been in work now, and able not only to support you, but to purchase those nourishing things the doctor ordered."

"Never mind, Tom dear, all will be right in the end, you may depend upon it, now that you have promised to abstain. That dream

I had in the night, though, still haunts me. I wish you'd go up to the shop."

"No, I won't," I said again, "but *you* may if you like."

"All right," she nodded, with another smile, and after giving me a kiss she went out. I did not think for a moment she was in earnest, or I wouldn't have let her go.

In about an hour she returned with the pleasant news that she had been to the shop, had seen the master, and that I was to go to work again on the following Monday morning, provided I meant to keep my promise of being a teetotaler.

"Mary, my dear," I said to her, "when I say a thing I mean it; and, by God's help, I'll keep fast to my word."

"I believe you with all my heart, Tom, or I wouldn't have gone to the shop so willingly. I'm sure you'll keep your promise."

And I did. I went to the old shop the next Monday morning a little before six o'clock, and the governor at once asked me if it was true I was a teetotaler, and whether I meant to keep the pledge. I asked him if he ever knew me to break my word. He said "No," and I told him I wasn't going to begin then. And I set to work, singing as merrily as a lark, and quite astonished and alarmed the other workmen, ay, and the governor too, by the vast quantity of work I managed to get through during the day. And the whole week passed so quickly and happily that I was really surprised to find how soon it was ended. And when I took home to Mary every farthing of the first week's wages, we danced like two little children, and laughed till we cried. And everything seemed so very joyous and different from the dull dreary weeks I had wilfully wasted—not perhaps altogether wasted, for I had been learning a wholesome lesson—that we thought we were living in another and more beautiful world. The next day, Sunday, we went to church very early, and asked the minister to offer up that thanksgiving in the Prayer-book which says:—"For all Thy goodness and loving-kindness to us and to all men, *particularly to those who desire now to offer up their praises and thanksgivings for Thy late mercies vouchsafed unto them.*" Great mercies indeed had been vouchsafed to us.

Mary again set about teaching me to read and write, and this time with some success. In a few months I was a tolerably good scholar, and began to devour all sorts of books eagerly, particularly volumes of history, biography, and travels.

When, a year after my return, our foreman gave notice that he was going to set up in business for himself, our master came to me and said that in consequence of my keeping the pledge he would make me foreman

in his place. I was to have five shillings a week extra the first six months, and after that another five shillings a week.

We were exceedingly careful and thrifty, and soon paid off our debts and began to save.

The house we live in we bought some time ago, and we have something put by towards buying more. Haven't we, Mary?

Now, can you wonder that I call her my "good angel"? She taught me to read and write, she maintained me when I was out of work, she obtained work for me when I wouldn't seek it myself, and it was in consequence of her making me promise to become a teetotaler that when the foreman left I stepped into his place; it's through her that I am the owner of a house, and to her I owe it that I am not an outcast and a vagabond.

The old saying is a true one: "There is nothing on this earth so good as a good wife."

JAMES PITT.

WASTE!

"SEVENTY million bushels of grain or produce are destroyed in manufacturing the intoxicating liquors consumed in one year in this country. A bushel of malt is equivalent to a bushel of barley, which weighs 53lbs., and will give at least 40lbs. of flour, which will make 60lbs. of bread, or fifteen four-pound loaves per bushel, making a grand total of grain or produce destroyed equal to 1,050,000,000 four-pound loaves, or about 170 loaves yearly for every family of five persons throughout the United Kingdom.

If these loaves were used as paving stones, they would pave a road of 10 yards wide more than 1,800 miles long, or above nine times the distance from London to Manchester. If the loaves had to be carted away from some baker's shop in London, and tumbled into the Thames, and one horse and cart were engaged to do it, taking 550 loaves every half hour for ten hours each day, it would take more than 330 years to cart them all away, or it would take 330 carts one year to do it.

What a sensation of horror it would produce, if some fine morning 330 carts, each laden with 500 loaves of bread, were to draw up to London Bridge, and the various drivers began to prepare to shunt their contents into the river. If such a thing were attempted, those who ventured upon the experiment would be quickly tumbled in after the loaves; and yet, if this were done every day during the year, and the grain were thus destroyed, instead of being destroyed by being converted into intoxicating liquors, it would be a most unspeakable blessing to the community; for, if thrown into the river, the bread would be lost, but that would be the end of it; as it

is, it is not only lost, but converted into a maddening liquor, which ruins and destroys the people, not only as to their substance, but their virtue also, and fills the land with mourning, lamentation, and woe. Better would it be to destroy only the grain than both the grain and the people."—*From the Sword and Trowel.*

JOHNNY'S MATHEMATICAL CALCULATIONS.

JOHNNY was poring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him, and he found it very interesting. When Johnny undertook anything, he went about it with heart, head, and hand.

He sat on his high stool, at the table, while his father and mother sat just opposite. He was such a tiny fellow, scarcely large enough to hold the book, you would think, much less to study and calculate. But he could do both, as you shall see.

Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother; and Johnny had been so intent upon his book that he had not heard a word; but as he leaned back in his high chair to rest a moment, he heard his father say, "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night. Drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes. "How many did *you* drink, father?"

"I drank but *one*, my son!" said the father, leaning down upon his little boy.

"Then you was only one-tenth drunk," said Johnny reflectively.

"John!" cried his parents sternly in a breath; but Johnny continued, with a studious air—

"Why, yes; if ten glasses of wine make a man beastly drunk, one glass will make him one-tenth part drunk; and—"

"There, there!" interrupted the father, biting his lip to hide the smile that would come; "I guess it is bedtime for you. We will have no more arithmetic to-night."

So Johnny was tucked away in bed, and went sound asleep, turning the problem over and over to see if he was wrong. And just before he lost himself in slumber he had thought, "One thing is sure, if Dean hadn't taken the *one* glass, he would not have been drunk; and if father had taken nine more, he *would* have been drunk. So it is the safe way not to take *any*, and I never will." And the next thing he was snoring, while Johnny's father was thinking—"There is something in Johnny's calculation, after all. It is not safe to take one glass, and I will ask Dean to sign a total abstinence pledge with me to-morrow." And he did so, and

they both kept it. So great things grew out of Johnny's studying mental arithmetic, you see.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

MAN'S LOVE OF STRONG DRINK.

THE appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the lives of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more shame, sorrow, and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens of thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands—of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes, scattered all over the land, in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love drink better than they do the women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these lines, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement made in regard to the matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and the horrors of a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realisation of hell as can be reached in this world, at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty,—and not unfrequently the beggary,—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse drink, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.

And now what do we see in the year 1871! Women, in our great cities—women here and there all over the country, where like social customs prevail—setting out upon their tables the well-filled decanters which, before night shall close, will be emptied into the brains of young men and old women, who will go reeling to darker orgies, or to homes that will feel ashamed of them. Woman's lips will give the invitation, woman's hand will fill and present the glass, woman's careless voice will laugh at the effects of the mischievous draught upon their friends; and, having done all this, woman will retire to balmy rest,

where she may reckon the number of those to whom she has, during the day, presented a dangerous temptation, and rejoiced in it!

O woman! woman! Is it not about time that this thing were stopped? Have you a husband, a brother, a son? Are they stronger than their neighbours who have, one after another, dropped into the graves of drunkards? Look around you, and see the desolations that drink has wrought among your acquaintances, and then decide whether you have a right to place temptation in any man's way, or to do aught to make a social custom respectable, which leads hundreds of thousands of men into bondage and death. Why must the bottle come out everywhere? Why can there be not a festal occasion without this vulgar guzzling of strong drink?

Woman, there are many things that you can do, and this is one: you can make drinking unpopular and disgraceful. You can discountenance drink in your own house, and you can hold in doubt every young man who touches the cup. Bring up your children to regard drinking as not only dangerous but disgraceful. Place temptation in no man's way. If men will make beasts of themselves, let them do it in other society than yours. Recognise the living, terrible fact that drink has always been, and is to-day, the curse of your sex; that it steals the hearts of men away from you, that it dries up your prosperity, that it endangers your safety, that it can only bring you evil. If social custom compels you to present strong drink at your feasts, rebel against it, and make a social custom in the interests of virtue and purity. The matter is very much in your own hands.

MINISTERS AND THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

A BROTHER writes from Hull:—I do think if the ministers of the gospel would simultaneously practise and teach the need of abstinence from these drinks, such is the respect the people have for their teachers their example would be followed in very many cases, and the various churches of our land would be rid of the greatest hindrance they now have to encounter. Should it be a sacrifice, will it not be said, Inasmuch as ye did it for the poor drunkard, ye did it unto Me? A word as to my own experience. I sat under the sound of the gospel (or part of it) from 1813 till 1834, and never heard the drink traffic denounced from the pulpit, and it became a part of my business for a living for my family. But when a stranger from Scotland taught us that 40,000 men are

employed in malt-kilns, and they must work on the Sabbath-day, I felt I could not have clean hands while either buying, or selling, or in any way partaking of, these drinks. I gave up the trade, trusting my young family to the Lord, and true to His promise, He has opened my way. I have now been thirty-four years an entire abstainer, and while engaged in tract-distribution, and to some extent in the visitation of public-houses on the Sabbath, I have no hesitation in saying that strong drink is truly England's bitterest curse.—*From the Christian.*

A TERRIBLE BUT TOO COMMON EXAMPLE.

THAT was a sadly-suggestive death which occurred in the Harrisburg Prison recently. The deceased was a man in the very prime of manhood, the son of most excellent parents. He was most carefully trained at home, sent to Europe to finish his education and complete him in all the accomplishments—a young man of remarkably fine talents. He studied and graduated with high honours in law, medicine, and theology; he was learned in the languages, was a skilful surgeon—inherited a fine fortune, became addicted to intoxication, spent his patrimony, wasted his mother's money and that of his relatives, became a low drunkard and vagrant, made himself a common nuisance, and had to be locked up in gaol as a protection to the community; was discharged from gaol only to return again, and again, and again, until about ten days ago he returned for the last time, and died on Wednesday morning, a raving maniac, from the effects of his frequent and violent drunken debauches. How many brilliant young men who have entered on the same path will take heed, and save themselves and families from the shame of such a career and such a death!—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE LICENSING BILL.

THIS long-promised measure of Mr. Bruce's is attracting great attention from thoughtful philanthropists, and the opposition of those interested in the liquor traffic. The latter fact leads to the belief that there is much that is good in the bill, although earnest temperance men will be anxious for revision in the clause respecting the continuance of existing licenses ten years. And to have the entire closing of public-houses on Sunday, and greater power in the hands of the rate-payers to vote existing licenses.

THE

REV DR. CHALMERS' DAUGHTER.

IN one of the alleys running off from Fountain Bridge, Edinburgh, a street crowded with drunkenness and pollution, is the low-roofed building in which this good woman is spending her life to help unfortunates out of their miseries. Her chief work is with drunkards, and their wives and daughters. Some of the poor women of the neighbourhood who have sober husbands complain against her, saying, "Why do you pass us? Because our husbands are good, you do not care for us. If we had married some worthless sot, you would then have taken care of us in our poverty!" In the winter, when the nights are long and cold, you may see Helen Chalmers, with her lantern, going through the lanes of the city, hunting up the depraved, and bringing them out to her reform meetings! Insult her, do they? *Never!* They would as soon think of pelting an angel of God. Fearless and strong in the righteousness of her work, she goes up to a group of intoxicated men, shakes hands with them, and takes them along to hear the Thursday-night speech on temperance. One night, as she was standing in a low tenement, talking with the intemperate father, and persuading him to a better life, a man kept walking up and down the room, as though uninterested in what was said; but finally, in his intoxication, staggered up to her, and remarked: "I shall get to heaven as easy as you will; do you not think so?" Helen answered not a word, but opened her Bible and pointed to the passage: "No *drunkard* shall inherit the kingdom of God." The arrow stuck between the joints of the harness, and that little piece of Christian strategy ended in that man's reformation.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.*

A DANGEROUS ENEMY.

It seems to be the plan of Satan to blast everything he touches, and to so entangle the young that if they endeavour to renounce his service they will never be fit for anything else. Hence he leads them into all manner of evil habits, vices and excesses, and thus ruins their minds, wrecks their constitutions, and turns them out at last, worthless and useless specimens of his evil handiwork.

One of his means of doing this is by tobacco; and so insidious are its workings that very few dream how deadly is its influence on its victims till too late.

An account was published in the *British Medical Journal*, showing the result of the investigations of a learned physician, Dr.

Decaisne, on the influence of tobacco on the circulation of the blood. The doctor says he has been struck with the large number of boys, aged from nine to fifteen years, who smoke; and he has been led to inquire into the connection of this habit with the loss of health. He has observed *thirty-eight boys*, aged from nine to fifteen, who smoked more or less. Of these, distinct symptoms were present in *twenty-seven*. In *twenty-two* there were various disorders of the circulation, of digestion, palpitation of the heart, slowness of the intellect, and a more or less marked taste for strong drinks. He mentions also several other dangerous effects, as traced in the bodily system.

Once entangled in this vice, there is little probability of escaping its grasp. Probably nine out of ten tobacco-users persist in it to the day of their death. The will is weakened, the mind benumbed, the conscience quieted, the spirits depressed, the health impaired, and many a time, wine with its mockings, and strong drink with its rage, destroy the victims which tobacco has lured within their grasp.

Let it alone!

H.

TEMPERANCE ABROAD.

WE are glad to find the Temperance Question is making rapid strides in Australia, one evidence of which is the amount of attention devoted by the press to this topic; and in other of our colonies we rejoice to see signs of new life and energy in battling with the drinking customs.

A SAD CONFESSION.

THE other day, while a teacher was hearing a boy recite his lesson, the following passage occurred:—"The wages of sin is death." The teacher, wishing to get the word "wages" out by deduction, asked, "What does your father get on Saturday night?" The boy answered promptly, "He gets drunk!"

TEMPERANCE.

MORE of good than we can tell,
More to buy with, more to sell;
More of comfort, less of care,
More to eat and more to wear;
Happier homes, with faces brighter,
All our burthens rendered lighter;
Conscience clean and minds much stronger,
Debts much shorter, purses longer;
Hopes that drive away all sorrow,
And something laid up for to-morrow.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named—May 7th, Rev. J. H. Stanley, Airedale—14th, Rev. H. J. Boyd, Saddock—21st, Rev. W. B. Affleck, Bradford—28th, Rev. J. Atkinson, Pudsey.

CLOCKS

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Watchmaker, Jeweller, and Silversmith,

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Spring Fashions.

ALL THE NEW

MILLINERY GOODS,

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H. BUTTON'S,

24, NORTHGATE.

FIRE STOVE ORNAMENTS,

NEW! ELEGANT! CHEAP!

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NEURALGIA & TIC-DOULOUREUX!

This painful affection immediately relieved and in most cases permanently cured by taking

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new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.

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BRASS PRESERVING PANS,

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IRON BEDSTEADS,

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Clothing for all Classes—Good,
Cheap, and Stylish.

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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR

No. 21.

JUNE, 1871.

The Usual Monthly Meeting will be held on Tuesday, June 13th, in the large School-room, at half-past seven o'clock. Addresses, Recitations, &c., will be given by members and friends. The attendance of all is requested.

HARRY STONE:

OR,

"IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

"Do you see yonder well-dressed mechanic? Just stop and look at him from head to foot. Good broadcloth coat that! none of your shoddy and machine work, at 30s. the suit, which will drop to pieces some fine day before you have paid for it, but good honest cloth, and honest work; trousers to match, with a stripe down the side, which gives a half-military look to our friend; a good pair of boots, well-soled, well-nailed, and well-blacked; a blue silk handkerchief with yellow stars, fastened by a little pin, shaped at the top like a horse shoe; a black hat, not a Lincoln and Bennett, but one which would pass muster even by the side of its more aristocratic cousins—all this clothing, the covering and shell of the nut, showed off a strong, well-built form, long-armed and broad-chested like a mastiff, a fresh, healthy face, and sunny blue eyes, full of life and spirit, though sometimes rather down when times were extra bad, from a six weeks frost, or when all the hands were out on strike, and Harry out too, an outing which as he said was "never much to his taste, for it never gave a man's pocket a lining, either gold or silver, but on the contrary pulled out what little lining he had before." Harry is not now out on strike, neither is he out on the spree, as you, my reader, may perhaps fancy, by which name you mean pots of ale, clouds of tobacco smoke, a public-house party, a half-walk, half-drag home, and a splitting headache the next morning; if you call it "a spree," to give your money and your time

for a hot room, oaths and curses, a walk through the streets, feeling more like going up a steep ladder than walking on plain ground, and such a head-ache the next day that you can scarcely raise your head from the pillow, while your hand shakes so that you must have a sip of brandy just to set you on your feet again, if you call that "a spree," and mean that it's something pleasant, why I don't agree with you. Harry was out a pleasuring, his master in Burnton had given him a holiday, and he got up bright and early in the morning, and looked out of the window; every thing looked beautiful; the sun had risen over the smoky chimnies, whose throats were sending out their black stream into the sky—a pale, watery, smoky-blue sky—but wonderfully clear for Burnton, Harry had thought for months of this holiday, and had planned to take his wife and three children out to the Chewton Hills; he bought a penny tin box with a slit in the lid, and there every Saturday night in went "beer and smoke" as he called it—not beer to the drunkard's tune—but the pint a day and pipe, which the Moderation lads allowed themselves. The night before was not to be forgotten, the penny tin box was lifted down from the mantelpiece by little Jenny, "Jenny Wren" as her father sometimes called her, who clasped it in her little fat hands, and put it before father on the table. Charley and Susy sat looking on, and the mother, with the stocking on her hand which she was hard at work darning for to-morrow, looked on with a happy smile.

"How will you get the money out, father!" said Charley; "it went in, but there's only one hole, it can't come out!"

"Well, my lad, we must see. Why is my money box like a public-house? Why because there's the way in, but there's no way out. Here, lad, hand me my hammer and chisel, here goes! Ah! I thought that my tin box would hardly be one of the Defiance Safes, proof against burglars." The small white coins fell thick and fast on the table, and the heap was high.

"Now then, three-pences and four-pences, you'll make pounds. Now, Charley and Susy, help, gather them into shillings! What! don't you know a three-penny from a four-penny piece? just feel the edge, quite plain. Ah, that's a three-pence; one, two, three, four pounds, five shillings; well done, beer and smoke! This is 'solid smoke' anyhow." The children's eyes sparkled, as they looked at the pile of money.

"And will you take us to Chewton tomorrow, to see green grass, and sheep and cows, and ride on a gate, and go a nutting; and will you buy mother the red shawl she said she couldn't afford, and a cart and horse, and all you said, father?"

"Gently, gently," said Harry; "carts and horses belong to rich men, and not poor fellows like me; though if I go on saving like this, there's no knowing what I mayn't do, but you shall go for your trip, and mother have her red shawl, as sure as my name's Harry Stone."

While Harry and his wife and his children have taken second-class railway tickets, and have just been put down at Chewton Road Station, where the young ones skip about and pick flowers, which they throw away and gather more, and Harry and his wife come on behind with their happy faces, I will tell you their story, and how they came to be out a holiday-making on this bright summer day.

Harry was apprenticed when a lad of fifteen to a plumber and gas-fitter, a hard pinch it was for poor George Stone his father, to pay the premium; he pulled out an old stocking, and counted over the gold many a winter's evening, before he stepped over to Mr. Karslake, just to open the business.

"George," said the plumber, "thou'st been a steady, hardworking man, I'll do thee a turn; I'll take half the premium, and will bind Harry to work out the other half when his articles are out, it's the least he can do for a father like you."

"Well, well," said George Stone with a sigh, "thank ye kindly, Mr. Karslake, for me and mine; pray God the lad will be a good lad, and do his duty."

A year and six months had passed away, and Harry was nearly seventeen, straight and well grown as a young poplar; but George often sighed, when the neighbours said,

"What a fine manly lad Harry has grown! why he'll soon out-top you, George!" and his mother often had a quiet cry in the evening, about which no one knew the reason. Harry, like many lads, was fond of having his own way, and being "independent," as he called it, and he little thought that the pleasant evenings which he often spent at the "Green Man," with the music and the drink, and a raffle now and then, were breaking his mother's heart. True, his conscience smote him when his father opened the door at twelve o'clock at night, and when he saw his mother's eyes brimful of tears following him about the room, but he forgot it all, when he turned into the workshop. A few months after this time, a neighbour bustled into Stone's kitchen, "Well, Mrs. Stone, wonders will never cease; I didn't think that you meant your Harry to go a soldiering, but there he is at Burnton, ribbons and all, who so gay as he? 'Harry Stone,' I said, 'what are you after now, lad?'"

"Why, in Her Majesty's service, to be sure, where any lad of spirit should be; and Mrs. Bassett, will you please tell mother I'll write to her from Portsmouth; and won't I bring her a shawl from India, that's all."

"Poor fellow," said Mrs. Bassett, wiping her eyes, "he was a little fresh then. I pity you, neighbour, with all my heart, for it's bad news I've brought."

Poor Mrs. Stone rocked herself to and fro, "Oh Harry! Harry! what is a shawl from India, compared with all this disgrace?"

Some years have passed since that day, and in the married quarters of one of the great military cantonments in India, loud words are heard, then a fearful curse, a blow, a piercing shriek, and a heavy fall. The sentry on duty rushes into the room; a woman lies stretched on the floor, and a man in undress uniform, his heavy military belt in his hand, is lifting it for another blow, when his uplifted arm is caught by the sentry and hand-cuffed. He is led to the cells. That soldier is Harry Stone, that woman weltering in blood, is his wife. In the solitude of the cells the drink passed off, and Harry's muddled stupefied brain cleared. He pressed his hands on his aching forehead, as the events of the night before came to his remembrance; and as he remembered the blow and fall, he shrieked in the agony of his heart, "Oh my Susan, my own wife, have I killed you? Oh God, that the drink should have made me a murderer!" He felt mechanically for his side arm, but it was gone. "They've taken that away; well, if they hadn't, I might have saved them the rope I suppose I shall be hung by; but oh, hanging is nothing compared to what I feel," and he struck his clenched

hand on the table, as he saw lying before him wherever he turned his eyes, the bleeding, senseless form of his wife. A rattle outside, a key grated in the lock, and a corporal entered.

"Is Susan dead?" cried Harry.

"Court martial at 9 o'clock," was the curt answer, as the handcuffs were adjusted and the prisoner placed in the midst of the escort.

"Shoulder arms, march!" said the corporal, and the little procession moved into the room where the court of justice had assembled.

"Forty-eight hours cell, and dismissed the service," was all that Harry remembered, although he had a confused recollection of old acts of drunkenness and insubordination on his part spoken of and commented on."

"A good soldier enough," said one officer, "if you can keep the drink from him;" "but one of the worst in the regiment," said another; "if he gets anything stronger than water into him, he's more like a tiger than anything else."

The corporal and guard marched Harry back, and the key again grated in the lock. He tried to sleep, but no sleep came to him, memory was all alive; the years ago when he had left his home and his mother, the voyage to India, his life there, all floated before him, and something seemed to say, "The drink is your foe, it has dogged your steps ever since you were fifteen, it has broken your mother's heart, kept you back, given you cells and punishments over and over again, and now it's got you in a corner by the throat; it made you all but kill your wife, who has been an angel to you, Harry Stone, and it will kill you, body and soul."

Harry gasped for breath, and struggled with an imaginary foe, till, worn out and exhausted, he laid his head on the table, and burst into tears.

"Captain Peters was right," whispered he, "keep the drink from me, and, please God, I'll be a man again; but how's that to be done, I wonder?"

As he wondered, his eyes closed, and he slept. It was very early the next morning when Harry opened his eyes, and saw an officer looking at him with deep pity.

"Captain Peters," said he, as he rose and made a salute.

"Yes, Stone, I want to make one effort to save you; drink has ruined you for this world, and it will for the next, unless you will sign the pledge to give it up."

"A pledge, sir! yes, that I will; I was only thinking last night, how I could get free from my old enemy."

He wrote his name in the book, and his eyes swam as he looked at the card headed, "with Divine assistance." "Yes, yes," said

he, "I want that, and I'm all right; mother prayed for me—I'll pray for myself."

The rest of the story is soon told. Captain Peters got Stone and his wife and children to England, and wrote to a relation of his, whose name and factory are well known at Burnton, who gave him a place in his works.

George Stone and his wife came over by excursion train, paid for by Harry, last Christmas, and a happy party they were, with the roast beef and plum pudding; and, I daresay, they will come next Christmas if Harry keeps up his tin money-box plan, which I know he will; and even if he didn't do that, he has a little book in a stout cover, with a good many stamps of the Burnton Post-Office in it, and figures too, which figures mean a nice little nest-egg for a rainy day, and to pay the old people's journey. For as Harry said as they sat on the grass in a pretty hollow on Chewton Hills, and he lifted a cup of tea to his lips, "Here's my love to the old people, and you Susan, and the young ones, and 'it's never too late to mend.'"

A. E. W.

SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

"Who will sign the pledge?" cried out Willie Grant, one bright summer morning, as he rushed upon the school-ground, where a number of boys were standing.

"What kind of a pledge have you got?" said John Davis, the largest boy in the group.

"Why, a temperance pledge," answered Willie, his bright eyes gleaming with pleasure. "It is a pledge that requires us to abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks, beer, cider, and tobacco. I know that it is all right, for Mr. Warner, our pastor, wrote it, and wished me to present it to every boy in the school."

"Mr. Warner had better be doing something else than writing temperance pledges," answered John Davis, in a very important way. "I, for one, will never sign away my liberty; and I tell you, the boy is a fool that writes his name upon that paper. I shall smoke a cigar when I please, and drink cider every time I get a chance."

Willie Grant had not expected any opposition to the pledge; for he had much confidence in his good pastor, Mr. Warner, who, he thought, would not require him to do anything that could possibly be wrong. A shadow came over his face as John Davis said those words, for John possessed much influence over the other boys. But Willie was firm in standing for the right, and never ashamed to do what he believed to be his duty. And so he said, "Well, I shall sign it; for I know that Mr. Warner would never have

asked me to write my name to it, had it *not* been right." Saying this, he drew a pencil from his pocket, and boldly wrote his name under the pledge.

"I will sign it too," said Lewis Ellwood; "for my father does not wish me to drink cider or smoke cigars."

"And I too!" cried out little Henry Mason; "for *we* never have any cider, and tobacco makes me sick."

Half-a-dozen more boys were ready to write their names upon the paper that Willie Grant had held up before them, for they also loved and respected Mr. Warner too much to heed the words of John Davis. Nearly all of them had attached their names to the pledge, when John Davis, seeing that he was losing ground, walked haughtily away. That evening Willie Grant met him, and he was smoking a cigar, and did not even look at Willie, who walked hastily along to escape the fumes of tobacco.

A year or two passed away, and all of the boys that signed the pledge which Willie Grant had presented to them remained true to their obligations. But how was it with John Davis? He still smoked cigars, and it was whispered by the boys in school that he drank something stronger than cider. In a short time he was expelled from school for bad conduct; and the boys were all glad when he was gone.

Five years have passed away since Willie Grant and the other schoolboys signed the pledge. John Davis is a poor, miserable drunkard; without friends and influence in the world. He is still young in years, but old in sin and shame. His red, bloated face does not wear the trace of health like Willie Grant's. Willie is nearly a man, but he still keeps his promise in the pledge sacred. He is loved and respected by all who know him, and bids fair to become a useful man in the world.

Boys! sign the pledge, and then keep it sacred. By doing this, you will never become drunkards. Do this, and it may save you a lifetime of shame and misery, and from resting in a drunkard's grave!—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

WILL YOU HELP?

WILL you help? The very last conversation I had with that noble man—George Wilson—was on this subject. He said: "Mr. Garrett, I often wish that the clergy of the Church knew how much good they could do by abstaining." I said, "Yes, I wish they did." "I have a friend," he continued, "belonging to one of the first families in the county. He is a young married man

who has been very intemperate. His wife, mother, and friends have wept and prayed about him, and at last he has signed the pledge for a twelvemonth. Only this morning his mother, who drove to see me in her carriage, said, 'Oh! Mr. Wilson, I am so unhappy about my son. I heard him say last night he should be glad when the twelvemonth was over; and it has been such a blessed twelvemonth to us all. He said he should be glad when the twelvemonth was over, because, to use his own words, "Go where I may, I am now branded as intemperate. I mix with company every day. I sit down at a table at which I am the only one that has not wine. My glass of water is saying to all around, Here is a man who was a drunkard. If there were only another glass of water; if only somebody else did not drink, I could stand it, the rest of the company would not point at me; but my glass of water being the only one, it tells the company that I am a slave to drink; and I shall be glad when it is over." There are men like that in almost every society; men who are moral paralytics. They cannot fight the battle, and we ministers and you Christians are those to whom their eyes are turned. They say, "If he would only have water instead of wine; if he would only stand by my side and help me, I would thank him here, and bless him hereafter." In your example they would find a harbour of refuge.—Rev. Charles Garrett.

GIVE IT UP.

I PREACHED in my own pulpit the other night, and afterwards in walking round the chapel I came to a gentleman and lady, whose names I did not know. I spoke to them, and asked the man, "Are you on the road to heaven?" He said, "No, sir." I said, "Well, then, come with us, and we will do thee good." "You don't know what I am," he said. "No, I don't know what you are, but this I know, that you are a sinner, and that Jesus Christ will save anybody who will come to Him." He said, "I cannot see how He could save me." "Where is the hindrance?" I asked; and then, with the tears running down his face, he said, "The fact is, sir, I am a publican. That is the reason. I don't see how God can call a publican His son." I said, "Well, if you can't go to heaven in the trade, you had better give it up than lose your soul." "I don't know what to do," he said; "I know you are right anyhow." I said, "Well, if I am right, be right yourself. For my own part, I would rather go to heaven from a workhouse than go to hell from a palace. Do what is right, and God will help you." He looked round to his wife, and it is always a good sign when

a man looks in that direction for counsel. "My dear, what must I do?" and she looked at him and said, "Give it up." He put out his hand and said, "Mr. Garrett, I will give it up, cost what it may." I like to clench the nails; they sometimes get out before one knows where one is; so I said, "When?" His wife replied, "Next week." "Yes," he said, "I will give it up next week." I said, "That is right"; then said his wife, "Very well, my dear; if you are going to give up the trade, give up the drink too." "What do you mean?" he asked. "Sign the pledge and have done with it altogether. Have you a pledge-book, Mr. Garrett?" "No," I said, "but I have the notes of my sermon." I may here remark that I have hundreds of names on the notes of my sermons, for if a man denounces the drink, he will find the people respond. I wrote out the pledge on the notes of my sermon, and there, in the midst of the prayer-meeting, where people were praying and God was answering, the man took my pencil and signed his name. He turned to his wife and said, "I have done it," and like a true, good wife, she said, "Very well; I will stand by your side," and her name was put beneath that of her husband. The next week there was a public-house to let, and to-day those two people are members of the church, and, I trust, on the road to heaven. Oh, my brothers! come out of the thing; leave it, and live no longer to be the curse of your neighbourhood, and at last you may attain to the reward of the righteous.—*Rev. Charles Garrett.*

HOW TO FIND THE MEANS?

I REMEMBER looking last week at a beautiful chapel, holding perhaps 1,800 or 2,000 people. A gentleman connected with it, after pointing it out to me, said, "There's not a penny of debt upon it." "How did you manage that?" I asked. "Oh," said he, "we are all abstainers. We agreed that we would all give up drink, and put what we were accustomed to pay for drink into the treasury, and the result is that we have got this house of God without a penny debt upon it."—*Rev. Charles Garrett.*

THE TIMES

ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

ONE significant "Sign of the Times" is the changed tone of many of the public journals on this question. We have extracted the following from the "Times" of May the 1st:—

The Licensing Bill is offensive to the Liquor Trade, and all those who live and thrive by that trade are bent upon defeating the measure. We have already admitted the potency of their resentment, but, whatever may be the fate of Mr. Bruce's proposals, it is perfectly certain the question will not sleep, nor, indeed, be long suspended. It will not be enough to deter the Government from pressing or proceeding with the present Bill. The Licensed Victuallers must prepare themselves for the continuance, and perhaps the increase, of an agitation against which, in the long run, they will find it impossible to stand. They have declared their policy and expressed their demands with a candour which does them credit, but which at the same time reveals the untenability of the position they have assumed.

What is felt by every person conversant with the subject is that a very large proportion of the actual expenditure upon intoxicating drinks is unnecessarily, wastefully, and detrimentally incurred. What is wished is to divert this money from the publichouse to some better destination.

Publicans' profits represent mis-spent money.

The publicans desire to keep *all* their trade instead of a third of it, from which it follows that two shillings out of every three of their customers' money must be thrown away for their sake. Do they really believe such claims can be permanently sustained? They have everything against them, except the vicious propensities of nature. The efforts of every teacher and preacher are directed towards keeping the people away from the publichouse. Every man labouring in his sphere for the good of the country does his best to promote those very objects which it has been now proposed to accomplish more speedily by direct legislation. The fixed purpose of every minister of the Gospel, every active philanthropist, and every working-man's friend, is to reduce the profits of the Liquor Trade, to depreciate the property invested in it, and, generally, to produce the identical consequences predicted from Mr. Bruce's Bill. The views entertained are not expressed in those words, but that is their true purport. There is a standing conspiracy of all the friends of popular progress against the prodigious and productive investments now declared to be in peril.

If pauperism is to be diminished, thrift encouraged, and crime depressed, half the profits of the liquor traffic, to say the least, must go. The prospect cannot be agreeable to those engaged in the business, but there is no use in blinking it. To put the case in half-a-dozen words, the profits in which the liquor-sellers now claim a vested interest are

realized to a vast extent at the cost of popular degradation, vice, and misery, and the question is simply whether the Legislature of a country is not justified in placing, with due consideration, the welfare of the people above the gains of a Trade.

THE JUG OF BRANDY.

A COLPORTEUR in Virginia says that some ten years ago a young man offered to give him a jug of brandy towards paying for some Sabbath-school books. He took the jug and broke it before him. He recently met that young man again, and was told by him that the breaking of that jug set him to thinking, and at last brought him to Christ. "To-day," said he, "I feel that I love God; but if you had not taken that brandy and broke the jug, I might have been lying in a drunkard's grave; now I am on my way to a better world."

STOP AND THINK.

FIFTY young men were, some years ago, in the habit of meeting together, in a room at a public-house, to "enjoy themselves." One of them as he was going there one evening, began to think there might be danger in the way. He stopped and considered a moment, and then said to himself, "Right about face!" He turned on his heel and went back to his room, and was never seen at a public-house again. He has become rich. Six of the young men followed his example. The remaining forty-three got a-going and couldn't stop, till they landed most of them in the drunkard's grave. Beware, then, boys, how you get-a-going. Be sure before you start that you are in the right way, for when you are sliding down hill it is hard to stop!

THE MONEY-BOX.

"THE other day I saw a money-box. There was nothing strange about my seeing one, nor was there anything strange about the box itself. The strange thing was—the place in which I saw it. That place was a cottage. Now, that a money-box should stand in a cottage is not remarkable, but that it should stand in *that* cottage! And why? Just because not long ago the couple dwelling there needed no money-box, for they had *nothing to put into one*. When I say they had *nothing*, perhaps I am not very correct, for they earned as good wages then as they do now; and still, if you had asked them to

keep a money-box in those days, they would have told you it would be of no use, "*as they had nothing to spare*." Now, they find that it *is* of use, and I believe the box is growing quite heavy—so heavy, that before the cold weather is over, a warm blanket may perhaps come out of it. And where does this money come from? A few words will tell. Not far from the cottage, a "British Workman," (a Public-house without the drink) has been opened. The man attends it. He and his wife have both signed the pledge. The money which not long ago daily found its way from their pockets to the pocket of the nearest publican, now finds its way into their own box, and some day soon man and wife hope together to enjoy some solid comforts, purchased with the contents of their new money-box. If any of our readers doubt the substantial value of total abstinence, let them try for a few weeks the plan of a money-box, carefully putting into it, day by day, the exact sum they formerly spent in intoxicating drinks. When they have satisfied themselves that this is a saving worth making, let them improve upon the plan by transferring the money weekly from the box to the bank, the savings' bank, where it will not only be kept but will grow. Let them notice, too, that when, in the above instance, the money left the public-house for the money-box, the woman began to leave her home on Sundays to attend religious service, and there is ground for hoping that her husband will soon accompany her. Is not this a move in the right direction?

MONEY INSTEAD OF BEER.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

NINE of the nurses and other servants of the infirmary have voluntarily requested the board of governors to be allowed to give up the daily consumption of beer, and to be paid the cost thereof in money. The governors have most cordially assented to the request, and have agreed to pay to each abstainer the sum of £2 10s. a year in lieu of beer. It is estimated that the cost of beer to each servant at 2d. per day amounts to £3 0s. 10d. a year, and in the nine cases now mentioned to £27 7s. 6d. a year. The governors will pay to each servant giving up beer the sum of £2 10s. a year, and in addition there will be a saving to the infirmary of 10s. 10d. a year, or a total saving in the nine cases of £4 17s. 6d. a year to the institution. So much for the money saving to the infirmary, and to the nine servants. What the servants will also gain by giving up the drowsy liquid in greater vigour and health,

every abstainer knows from experience. We commend the excellent example of the servants of the infirmary to our domestic servants in general, and to our population at large. We hope this voluntary movement for temperance will have its influence in other public institutions of a charitable kind. £27 7s. 6d. saved yearly in the Ashton Infirmary by nine servants giving up beer drinking—that means so much less spent in mischievous drinks, hurtful to mind and body, and so much more to be laid aside in the bank against a “rainy day” and old age.—*Ashton News*.

TESTIMONY OF EDWARD BAINES, M.P.

WE know, many of us, by happy experience—the experience of almost half a lifetime—that total abstinence is consistent with the highest health, the greatest activity, the truest enjoyment, and the widest degree of usefulness. I was not intending to refer to my own experience, but a gentleman said to me, “You must tell us your case”—(a laugh)—and I have no objection just to say that some thirty-three or thirty-four years ago I thought that I would try—as I wanted to convince some men who were going down hill and ruining their bodies and souls as fast as they could—that it would be expedient to try that which alone could ever rescue them, viz., total abstinence. I was induced, under these circumstances, to try whether it would do for me; so I tried for a month; and at the end of the month I was as well as I was at the beginning. I tried for another month, and just with the same experience; and so I have gone on for all the months and years that have passed since 1837. More than thirty-three years have now passed, and I can tell you that, in a very active life, a life of great industry and some considerable stress, and a great variety of experience, bodily, mental, and moral—in all my experience, I may almost say I have never had an ailment, and I am as well now as when I signed the pledge. But you know that is no extraordinary case. We have gentlemen here who are much older abstainers than I am. There are gentlemen of forty and fifty years’ experience, who could give similar testimony with myself in regard to the health they have enjoyed and the work they have done. Well, if we could tell the stories of horrors and miseries that we in our experience, and even in our own circles, have known to arise from intemperance; or if we could tell the delightful stories of men reclaimed, of families restored, of happiness diffused, of piety inculcated, and of all kinds of usefulness commenced and carried on; why, we here, in our experience, could fill volumes with the tale of these things.

LITTLE KATY’S MORNING VISIT.

THE sun was shining brightly, and the sweet roses filled the air with fragrance, as Katy and her good dog Brave were walking home from an errand of love. A shadow rested on Katy’s heart, reflected from the sad scene she had just visited. As for Brave, he seemed in gayer spirits than ever, glad to be on his homeward way again.

They had been with a basket of comforts to a poor drunkard’s home. The mother was ill from want and evil treatment; and a dear baby lay dying by its sick mother’s side. It was pitiful to watch the restless tossing of the little skeleton arms, and listen to the feeble moanings which came from the thin white lips. Katy could not but compare it with the rosy, vigorous baby in her own home, which she left crowing on the carpet, and dashing his playthings about with a joy and energy such as the drunkard’s baby never knew. The shadow of its sad life fell even on its earliest cradle-pillow. Katy set down her pail of flourishing, savoury broth, and warmed a bowlful, as her mother had directed. The very odour seemed to revive the sick woman; for it was famine more than fever that was wasting away her life. Katy took the little babe on her lap, and gently bathed it, as she had often done her own little brother. Then she removed its soiled rags, and dressed it in clean, fresh garments she had brought from home, and fed it with warmed milk. It was soon in a quiet slumber.

“Mother will come down this afternoon,” said Kate, as she placed the remainder of the food in the cupboard, and made the bed and wretched room more tidy and comfortable.

“I am very thankful to her and to you, my child,” said the poor woman. “You have done us all a great deal of good. Oh! if he would only do right, we might all get on so comfortably.” And she sighed as she turned her face wearily toward the wall.

“There is the great trouble, after all,” thought Katy, as she walked homeward. “Nothing can do them good for more than an hour or two, when he is all the time coming home and spoiling it all. How thankful I am that my father isn’t a drunkard, nor even likely to be! It seems to me I should be always afraid if he even tasted a drop of liquor, if he wasn’t a strong temperance man.”

A NON-CONDUCTOR.

WHISKY-DRINKING never conducted wealth into a man’s pocket, happiness to his family, or respectability to his character; therefore, whisky is a non-conductor, and consequently it is best to let it alone.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named—June 4th, Rev. Mr. Grear, Rotherham—11th, Rev. A. Russell, M.A., Bradford—18th, expected to be the Rev. S. Thompson, Mexborough—25th, Rev. J. T. Barker, B.A., Dukinfield.

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,

of superior make at moderate prices.

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new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.

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both useful and ornamental, in best quality.

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19, OLD MARKET, HALIFAX.

HALIFAX CLOTHING HOUSE,

70, Top of Woolshops.

Clothing for all Classes—Good,
Cheap, and Stylish.

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Proprietors.

Millinery, Baby-Linen, and Ladies' Underclothing Establishment,

22, OLD MARKET, OPPOSITE MR. DYER'S.

A. & A. SUTCLIFFE, Proprietors,

A CHOICE SELECTION OF MOURNING BONNETS ALWAYS ON HAND.

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Spring Fashions.

ALL THE NEW

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FIRE STOVE ORNAMENTS,

NEW! ELEGANT! CHEAP!

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T. TOWNEND,

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Artificial Teeth fitted on the best principle,
with all the latest improvements, at reason-
able prices. For neatness and durability not
to be excelled.

TEETH CAREFULLY EXTRACTED.

STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 22.

JULY, 1871.

The Usual Monthly Meeting will be held on Tuesday, July 11th, in the large School-room, at half-past seven o'clock. Addresses, Recitations, &c., will be given by members and friends.

All the Members are requested to read the Circular enclosed with this "Visitor," respecting the Halifax Band of Hope Union Demonstration, and to leave their answers ready for the Visitor when he calls.

HARRY WALTON'S HARD TIMES.

*A tale of the "British Workman" movement.
by John H. Scaife.*

IT was a cold December night, the snow fell softly and quickly, filling every nook and cranny with its soft white flakes. Christmas time was drawing near, and the shops were all ablaze with light; in every window were to be seen signs of the approaching festive season. People hurried along the streets, ever and anon stopping to gaze at shop windows, crowded with Christmas cheer, and then starting off again with renewed vigour, anxious to get home out of the cold.

The gin palaces were as thronged as ever, and sounds of drinking and revelry from these brilliant dens of vice, fell upon the ears of the passers-by.

Coming from the doorway of the "Fox and Grapes" was to be seen a man; he would not be more than thirty, but dissipation had wrinkled his brow, and bent his form, so that he looked at least forty years old.

Harry Walton (for that was his name) was a mechanic, and a first-class workman, when sober. But drink—drink—which has been the ruin of thousands of good men—proved his ruin. When yet a young man, and a happy husband and father, he was led away; the tap room and gin palace possessing greater charms for him, than wife and home, and often,—too often alas—was he to be found sitting with a "few jolly fellows," squandering away his hard-earned money in drink.

His wife bore all this very patiently, believing that Harry would turn over a new leaf by and bye. But a second, and still a

third child, was added to the family, and made no difference to him, he still went on in his ruinous way, sinking deeper and deeper in wretchedness; night after night was he to be found at the gin palace or beer-shop, sometimes singing at a free and easy, and sometimes, under the influence of drink, debating on "The Slavery of the Working Classes," (unconscious that they voluntarily enslaved themselves to a merciless tyrant, King Alcohol).

But Harry could not work and drink, and often on a Monday morning was he to be found trying to drink off ("drying off" he called it) the effects of his Saturday and Sunday debauchery.

At last his master grew tired, and Harry was told, that unless he kept more regularly to his work, he would have to leave.

For a week or two, he managed to keep sober, and his wife thought, that at last the long-wished-for reform had come; but at the end of the third week, the temptation was too strong for him, he turned into the "Fox and Grapes," for, as he said, "just one glass," and unfortunately for him, some of his old companions were seated in the tap-room, who, directly they saw him, called out "Come and have a drink;" he paused for a moment irresolute, but the voice of his companions again calling, put to flight his good resolutions, and when once he joined them, his spirits rose, and glass after glass, and song after song, soon found him in his old condition; and when late at night, he staggered home to his sorrowing wife, he had only two or three shillings left.

He went on now from bad to worse, he lost his work, and time after time was taken on

again; but at last, a few weeks before our story opens, a slack time came, and Harry was again out of employment. His poor wife had a sad time of it, article after article of clothing went to supply herself and children with the bare necessities of life. She was able to use her needle, which, when work was to be had, was the means of providing a scanty sustenance for the family. But lately work had become scarce, and utter ruin seemed to stare them in the face, and had it not been for a few friends who had known Ellen when a bright and blooming girl, we scarcely know what would have become of her and the poor children.

On the night on which our story opens, Harry had been to his old haunts, trying to induce the landlord to trust him for a glass or two of spirits, but in vain; he told him that not a single drop could he have without money. Harry pleaded hard for "just one glass," but it was of no use, the landlord was firm, "No money, no drink," was his motto. Harry rose slowly, and crept wearily out of the place; he had not spirit enough left to tell the landlord what he thought of such "scurry" treatment. But when he got outside, he turned round to look at the gaudy, glittering den, and as he looked, bitter thoughts came crowding into his mind; he seemed to see the history of the past few years before him, the vision of his poor wife and children, in poverty and wretchedness, came to his mind, and he thought, what a fool I've been, for years have I brought my grapes (which should have gone home) to be swallowed by this "Fox," and now this is the treatment I receive; thinking thus, he walked listlessly on, till at length he stood opposite a house, where all seemed light and warmth within, and looking up to see the name of this new "Public" (for such he took it to be) he saw written on a large sign "British Workman," and then in the window, he read:—

"A public-house, without the drink,
Where men can sit, talk, read, and think,
Then safely home return."

"Why," he said to himself, "this must be one of those new teetotal places I've heard so much of," and just then, he was roused by a hand laid on his shoulder, and a voice exclaiming, "Well Harry, how are you? What are you doing here?" and turning round, he saw a fellow-workman, Tom Somers.

"Well, Tom, is it you? I was just looking at this new place!"

"Well, I'm just going in," said Tom, "come along with me." Harry shook his head sadly. "Oh! never mind the money," exclaimed Tom, "this is a first-rate place, plenty of fire and comfort, and nothing to pay, without you like;" and taking Harry by the arm,

he walked in. He was met at the entrance by the "landlord," who warmly welcomed him and said, he hoped Tom was bringing them a new customer.

Tom took Harry into a small room, and after calling for some warm coffee for both, he began talking to him in a kind and friendly way, about his drinking habits; told him what good it would do him if he would give it up, and contrasted the public-house *with* the drink, and the public-house *without* the drink. And as Harry listened, his feelings were stirred, and in a low, sad voice, he began to tell Tom the history of his hard times, how he had taken away every available thing from home, to supply himself with drink; how he had suffered through cold and hunger—and, with tears starting into his eyes, he told of his wife and children, pinched and starved through his drinking habits.

When he had finished, Tom said, "I can feel for you and your family, Harry, for I myself have eaten the bitter fruits of intemperance; but thank God, since I signed the pledge, (some three years ago) I've become a better and richer man. Instead of spending my evenings at the gin palace, or beer-shop, I spend them here; and when I now go home, tired with a day's toil, I find a bright fireside, a warm tea, and a smiling and happy wife and children."

"Oh Tom!" said Harry, "how foolish I've been! when I was earning good wages, I was to be found evening after evening throwing—yes, throwing away my money, for that which made me a despised wretch, one who is scarcely fit to live; but still my wife bore patiently with me, ever striving bravely to earn enough to keep the children from starving; and always trying to keep my miserable home as bright as possible in the hope of getting me to give up drinking. Oh, Tom, when I think what a bad husband and father I've been, and what misery and want I've caused, I feel scarcely fit to live."

"It's never too late to mend, Harry," said Tom, "you may yet be a happy and prosperous man, if you will only give up the drink."

"I wish I could give it up," he replied, "but I'm afraid I am not strong enough to resist temptation, and to stand the jeers of my old companions."

"Never mind your old companions," said Tom, "and if you sign the pledge with sincerity, and ask God to give you His help to keep it, you will be strong in Him, and able to overcome all temptation."

"I'll try then," said Harry; and a pledge-book was brought, and with a trembling hand he signed it.

"Now," said Tom, "I'll take you into our other rooms, and show you what our public-houses are like;" and rising from his seat,

he led the way into a good-sized room, crowded with working men, all quietly reading. Among them, were several old workmates of Harry's, (most of whom had been hard drinkers) who at his entrance, rose, and warmly welcomed him to their "British Workman." Harry gazed round the room with astonishment, everything was so clean and tidy—the men so friendly, and still so quiet; and on the walls were hung scripture texts, and notices of religious meetings.

"This does not look much like a public-house," Harry said to himself, (forgetting for the moment, that it was *without* the drink, and that was the secret of its happy appearance.) After talking for some time, they rose to go, and Tom told Harry, that if he went back to his old place on Monday morning, he thought he could get him work again. And when on the steps, they shook hands, and parted for the night, Harry felt more himself than he had done for many a long day; indeed, as he afterwards said, he felt as if he "had taken a new lease of life."

When he reached home, he found his wife waiting for him, and better still, a warm tea.

"Where did you get this tea, and food, Ellen?" he asked wonderingly,

"An old friend of ours, Mrs. Barton, sent us a basketful of good things to-day," she replied. Harry said no more, but got his tea and went quietly to bed.

Ellen was very much surprised at seeing him come home sober, a thing she could scarcely remember; but she wisely held her peace and followed him upstairs.

When Harry rose the next morning, he told Ellen that he was to go to work on Monday morning.

"I'm very glad to hear it," she said, "and Harry, I hope you'll be able to keep it this time."

"I'll try, Ellen."

Monday morning came, and found Harry at his work; when he had been working some hours, his master came, and talked long and kindly to him, encouraging him to keep his pledge, and so regain his good name.

Harry told him that he had turned over a new leaf, and that by God's help, he was firmly determined to keep the pledge. He kept steadily to his work during the week, and when on the Saturday he went for his wages, he had thirty-two shillings to receive. He clenched the money in his hand, and walked firmly past the gin palaces, and never stopped until he reached home; and then he threw the money into his wife's lap, exclaiming as he did so, "There, Ellen!"

"What!" said she, "all for me, Harry?"

"Yes, Ellen, it is."

"How is it? have you had none to pay at the public-house for a score?"

"No, Ellen," he replied, I've turned teetotal, and have been to the 'British Workman,' publichouse, without the drink, all the week, and they have charged me nothing."

"Oh, Harry," she replied, her eyes streaming with tears, "the long wished-for time has come at last, the time for which I have so often prayed; peace and happiness will now return to our home, and it will once again be as it was."

Harry tenderly kissed her, and then, his voice trembling with emotion, he told her how he had met with his friend Tom, and was induced to enter the "British Workman," and sign the pledge. And when at night they went out together, the first time for years, Ellen scarcely knew what to do with so much money, or, where to begin to spend it; they wanted so many things; and when at last they reached home, she felt that peace and happiness were dawning upon them.

* * * *

A year passed away, and Old Father Christmas is here again, robed in snow and ice. Harry and his family are sitting down to their Christmas dinner; and as Ellen lifts a goodly plum pudding, with a piece of holly stuck at the top, on the table, it is hailed by the children with shouts of delight, which instantly cease, as Harry clasps his hands, and a short but touching grace ascends to Heaven. While Harry and his family are doing justice to their Christmas cheer, we will just glance at the past year. Harry found it at first a very hard struggle to pass by the numerous gin palaces without calling in to have a dram; many were the silent prayers he offered up to God, for strength to enable him to keep his pledge, and that strength was granted him; and as article after article of comfort was added to his home, and the roses on his wife's cheeks came back again, he felt that happiness and comfort were again returning to his hearth.

After a few months, Harry's master found that he still kept sober and steadily to his work, so he gave him a better situation, at a higher wage. Harry then removed into a better house, and a healthier district; and as we look round his home now, we see what a wonderful change has been wrought. The room is nicely and comfortably furnished, pictures are on the walls, carpet on the floor, and in one corner, on a small table, there rests a large family Bible. Yes, reader, through God's grace, Harry has found the "British Workman," "a stepping stone to better things," and is now a sincere and earnest christian. Every Sunday may he and his family be found at church, joining heart and voice in praising God "for His goodness towards the children of men."

Working-men, would you be prosperous?

would you be happy? If so, sign the pledge, and you are sure to have both prosperity and happiness in a large measure. If any of you have experienced hard times, try the pledge as a remedy, learn to make good use of your drink money, by providing for the present, and also by laying by, for a rainy day. You may not perhaps, be fortunate enough to have a "British Workman" publichouse to go to; but is it not better to spend your evenings happily at home, than to spend them at the beer-shop or gin palace? Yes, far better. You, who spend your time and money at the drink shop, know not what true happiness and home comforts mean. If you are slaves to drink, be determined, and cast off the fetters of this monster, which is destroying you, which like a canker-worm is eating at the very root of your happiness, here and hereafter.

It is never too late to mend: try, try, if you cannot "burst your bonds asunder," and become by God's grace, happy and prosperous men, and so cure past, and avoid future

"HARD TIMES."

We are glad to find that 14 "British Workman" public-houses have been opened in Leeds, differing only in one thing from the usual beer-house; but then, says the "*Leeds Mercury*," that exception is an important one. Not a single drunken man will be found in the whole 14 "British Workman" houses. In all other respects the "British Workman," with its sign-board, its cheerful lamp, its red curtains, its comfortable rooms, and its company of tired labourers is a genuine public-house, but it is a public-house without the drink.

A DYNASTY OVERTHROWN BY "ONE GLASS OF WINE."

THE Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Louis Phillippe, was the inheritor of whatever rights his royal father could transmit. He was a noble young man—physically and intellectually noble. His generous qualities had rendered him universally popular. One morning he invited a companion to breakfast with him, as he was about to take his departure from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank a little too much wine. He did not become intoxicated. He was not in any respect a dissipated man. His character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he drank a glass too much. He slightly lost the balance of his body and of his mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered his carriage. But for that extra glass of wine he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage. But for that extra glass of wine he would have

alighted on his feet. His head first struck the pavement. Senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a shop and died. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of one hundred millions of dollars, and sent the whole family into exile.—*American paper.*

HOW DOES THE SUNDAY TRAFFIC IN STRONG DRINK AFFECT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL?

IN the first place, it prevents a large number of the children from entering the school. Why, then, are they absent? I think all of us who have gone directly to the parents for information shall agree that the two great reasons are the want of clothes and the indifference of the parents. How, then, does it arise that there are so many of our children unclad? How is it that England, while clothing all the world, cannot clothe her own children? Certainly not from want of means; for while the working-men of our country can spend fifty millions per annum on strong drink, and their Sunday drink bill amounts to fifteen millions, nobody will attempt to say that it is out of their power to purchase clothes for their children. Indeed, as a rule, we shall not find this destitution except where wages are high! The agricultural labourers, with ten shillings per week, do clothe their children and send them to school. It is the artizan, earning from twenty to fifty shillings per week, whose children are unclad! and the reason in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand is that the money which should have been spent on clothes for the children, is spent on the Saturday night and Sunday in the drink-shop. If evidence of this is wanting, I can supply it to any extent.

I know a school at which a boy attended, so poorly clad, that the teacher, when the winter came, made a collection among his friends and bought him a warm suit; in a few Sundays he was absent, and on the teacher visiting the lad, he told him, with tears, that his mother waited for him to come from his employer's on a Saturday night that she might take his wages to the public-house, and that she had pawned the suit which had been given him, and had spent the money in drink. The teacher, pitying the boy, obtained another suit, and he went every Sunday morning to his teacher's house to put on his good clothes, and then on the Sunday night he returned and took them off at the same place, and resumed his week-day dress, and was thus protected against his own mother!

I could also take you to-day to a room in

our own city, where five little children are huddled together without a particle of clothing on them, and yet the father is in regular work and receiving thirty-five shillings per week.

A large employer of skilled labour in Yorkshire told me last week, that his men spent on an average twenty shillings in drink every Saturday night and Sunday; and one of the largest employers of labour in this neighbourhood tells me that not one-tenth of his men are at their work on the Monday morning.—*Rev. Charles Garrett.*

THE DRINK FIEND.

A MINISTER of the Gospel told me, in 1847, one of the most thrilling incidents I ever heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him at the doorstep, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home." He seized that boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. That minister said to me (I could give you his name, if necessary), "I spent that night in that house. I went out and bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it; I walked up and down the hall. There was his child dead; there was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep. A man about thirty-five years of age asleep with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark in the temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him round, and a wife upon the very brink of the grave. Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He told me I must remain till he awoke, and I did. When he awoke, he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed, 'What is the matter? where am I? where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Where is my boy?' he inquired. 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way. I will see my boy!' To prevent confusion, I took him to that child's bedside, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a shriek, 'Ah! my child!' That minister said further to me, "One year after that he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lay side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral." The minister of the Gospel who told me that fact is, to-day, a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston! Now tell me what drink will do. It will debase, degrade, imbrute, and damn every thing that is noble, bright, glorious, and godlike in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneaking, or hellish. We are united, brethren, are we not, to fight it till the day of our death! Oh! may God

give me an increasing capacity to hate it as long as I live.—*J. B. Gough.*

"DO NOT SIN AGAINST THE CHILD."

GEN. xlii. 22.

"Do not sin against the child by giving it intoxicating drinks."

Take the testimony of Dr. Orpen, a distinguished Physician, who spoke before 1200 persons in Dublin, and said:—"It is my conviction that those who belong to this temperance body, will seldom have occasion for medical men. *The diseases of your children will be diminished*, and the public health immeasurably improved. In fact, every year adds to my conviction, that if the public would act with common sense and relinquish those drinking habits, which have long dominated over society, they would enjoy such a portion of health as would starve almost all the physicians." If it be true, then, that by not giving children intoxicating drinks you will improve their health, is it not a sin to give them to a child?

A Band of Hope was formed in London; two boys signed the pledge and took home their pledge cards. One child was the son of a minister; the other was the son of a layman. The latter encouraged his son to keep his pledge, and both the father and the son are total abstainers to this day. His son is now in his prime; he has a beautiful house, a charming wife and family, and is the secretary of one of the first life insurance offices in this country. On the following morning the minister sent back his son's pledge card to the founder of the Band of Hope, and said that he would not allow his child to be a total abstainer. That child became a drunkard. That child became a convict. *That child died a convict.* 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.'

If the child is to be trained to abstain, who is to show it the necessary example? Some one must show the example. *Who shall do it?* I answer, *let parents show it an example of total abstinence.* Why did God give you that child? That you might train it for Him. Why did God give you that child? That you might show it an example of honour, and goodness, and virtue all the days of your life. Why did God give you that child? That you might teach it by your own example to abstain from the appearance of evil and cleave to all that is good. When He gave it to you He said, 'Take this child, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.' And now the question comes, whether you will give it a glass filled with pure water, or a glass filled with intoxicating drink? The

water will never harm it. Strong drink may harm it. The water will never make it a fool, a liar, a thief, a gambler, a swearer, or a murderer : the intoxicating drink, once imbibed, may beget in it passions which you will never be able to control, and the child may become a curse to yourself, and a desolating bane to humanity at large. Surely, if anyone should show an example of total abstinence, it should be the christian parents of a child given to them by God.

I answer, *that the Sunday School teacher should show an example of total abstinence to the child.* What becomes of your elder scholars? Where is the boy you loved so much? Where is the girl for whose conversion you did so often pray? Do you find the boys and girls growing into young men and maidens who serve the Lord with gladness? Where are thousands of them on Sunday evenings? In public houses, and, on the highway to ruin, simply because their Sunday School teachers did not teach them to abstain from intoxicating drinks. Those drinks have been the means of their alienation from the Sunday School, the Bible class, the prayer meeting, the christian Church, and the love of God. Had the teacher said "abstain," they would have abstained, and abstaining, they would have loved the House of Prayer in preference to the House for Drink and Sin.

Let me now ask what reason can you assign for partaking of intoxicating drinks? Have you pondered the awful indictment which might be brought by christian men against these drinks? The indictment brought against them by Mr. Edward Baines, Member of Parliament for Leeds, is true in every part of it. After having been a total abstainer for thirty years, he reviewed his life, and speaking of intoxicating drinks, he said, "I have known many young men of the finest promise led by drinking habits, into vice, ruin, and early death; I have known many statesmen whom drink has made bankrupt; I have known Sunday School scholars whom it has led to prison; I have known teachers, and even superintendents, whom it has dragged down to profligacy; I have known ministers of religion, in and out of the Establishment, of high academical honours, of splendid eloquence and of vast usefulness, whom it has fascinated, and hurried over the precipice of public infamy with their eyes open, and gazing with horror on their fall; I have known men of the strongest and clearest intellects, and men of vigorous resolution, whom it has made weaker than children and fools; I have known gentlemen of refinement and taste whom it has debased into brutes; I have known poets of high genius whom it has bound in a bondage worse than the galleys, and ultimately cut short their days; I have known

statesmen, lawyers, and judges whom it has killed; I have known kind husbands and fathers whom it has turned into monsters; I have known hundreds of men whom it has made villains; and have known elegant and christian ladies whom it has turned into bloated sots." If this indictment be true, what has a christian man to say in favour of continuing to partake of these drinks? Were every parent, every Sunday School teacher, every christian minister, every christian man, to abstain from these drinks, and teach the children of England to do so, we should witness glorious things. We should have every House of Prayer crowded. We should see literary institutions flourishing. We should see every home made safer and happier. We should see public houses empty and gaols desolate. We should see thousands of young men and maidens instead of becoming victims of drunkenness, delighting themselves in the service of God, and making aged parents happy by their goodness and love. We should see the very earth grow brighter, and heaven come nearer as the dark clouds of our national sin passed away for ever.

From a pamphlet entitled "Concerning a Child," by G. W. McCree, which we earnestly recommend to the perusal of our readers.

WHY THE TAILOR DID NOT OPEN A BEER-SHOP.

IN a village in the south of England lived an honest tailor, whose house attracted the eye of a large brewer of the neighbourhood, as being well situated for a profitable trade in beer. He called upon the good knight of the thimble to expatiate upon the discovery and its advantages. He had great respect for him, and wished to do him a good turn. He put the matter in a very tempting light. The process of making garments might still go on, while his wife and four daughters could attend to the business in beer; it was, in short, like putting some £50 or £60 a-year into his pocket. He should be at no expense in the necessary alteration of the premises—the benevolent and disinterested brewer would do all that—only requiring in return to furnish the beer "to be consumed on the premises." It was a magnificent offer. Snip took time to talk the matter over with his better half. They both agreed that some addition to their income was very desirable. There could not be much harm in it, as other respectable people sold beer. There could be no loss at the worst, as the brewer would pay all expenses for alteration. Besides it was very kind of him to make them the offer—and consequently they would be wanting in grat-

itude towards him, and in duty to their family, if they declined so disinterested and profitable an offer; it was, therefore, accepted. Golden visions haunted their imaginations.

In the meantime, two members of the Society of Friends, passing through the village, felt disposed to hold a temperance meeting. A room was procured, and the meeting announced. Our tailor felt an inkling to go, but the *beer shop* stood in his way. He thought however, he *would* go and just listen *at the door*. After some hesitation, he went in, and quietly sat himself down—hardly thinking a temperance meeting the place for an embryo-keeper of a *beer-shop*.

One of the Friends was addressing the meeting, and asked the strange question—"Suppose the Devil was to appear on earth, in the form of man, to choose a trade, what do you think it would be? Do you think he would be a schoolmaster? No; he hates light and knowledge. Would he be a blacksmith? No; he does not like hard work, unless he is doing mischief. Would he be a tailor? No, no; the devil would not like to sit cross-legged, always working for human comfort. What then would the devil do?" A voice in the meeting exclaimed, "*He would keep a beer-shop.*" "Aye," responded the speaker, "that's just the trade for the devil, for he would lead an idle life and do a great deal of mischief." The effect upon the poor tailor may be imagined. He could hear nor think of nothing but the "devil keeping a beer-shop." He felt as though it were meant for him. He could not shake off the impression. The words rung in his ears, and filled his mind all the way home. He sat himself thoughtfully down in his arm chair; he gave vent to his cogitations by telling his wife he thought they had better give up the idea of keeping a beer-shop. Why so? she thought it would look so foolish, and like an insult to Mr. Brewer, to refuse after having given consent: besides she was sure they could do very well with all the money they could get. It was no matter, he had made up his mind; *he would not keep a beer-shop*. He then told her what he had heard at the temperance meeting. She was equally struck with himself,—and said not another word in favour of the beer-shop.

On the Monday morning following came sundry joiners to take possession of the tailor's house for the necessary alterations. The tailor told them they need not unpack their tools, as he had altered his mind, and wished them to tell Mr. Brewer so, who had sent them. The men looked at him, and then at one another, doubting whether this was jest or earnest. They saw, however, it was no joke, and slouching their basses on their shoulders, went away. Presently appeared

the brewer, in high dudgeon, asking "How is this?" The tailor quietly told him that he was much obliged for his intended kindness, but he and his wife, after seriously reconsidering the matter, thought it best to remain as they were. The brewer expostulated with him on his unaccountable folly—was sure he was throwing a good chance away—was not doing his duty to his family. No matter. Our tailor had firmly made up his mind *not to keep a beer-shop*.

Soon after, he joined the temperance society, and was an active and useful member. He stuck to his pledge, and to his business, which prospered and yielded him a sufficient income. His four daughters grew up virtuous and respected; and he has often been heard to ask "What *might* have become of them if I kept a beer-shop?" On reflecting on the temptations which they have escaped, the peace and comfort of his home, and the testimony of his own conscience—often has he blessed the time when he heard, just at the right moment, that keeping a beer-shop *was just the trade for the devil*.

TRIFLING WITH DANGER.

I WAS sitting at the table of an Irish merchant in Sligo a few years ago. He had his wines and his brandy on the table, and of course asked me to drink, and I had to assign my reasons for declining. This gave me an opportunity to put in a little temperance, and while I was making my little apology I made the remark, "I would like to see the man who could truthfully say, 'No relative or friend of mine ever fell through intemperance.'" I saw that this had struck him; his knife and fork fell from his grasp, and he remained silent for some seconds. "Well," said he, "I am not that man. My first Sunday-school superintendent was a man of genial spirit and a noble mien. He went into the wine trade, and died a drunkard before he was forty. My first class-leader, I believe, was a good, intelligent, useful man; but he, too, yielded to the habit of intemperance, and died a drunkard. My own father suffered through intemperance." "Yes," I exclaimed, "and you yourself are parading before your friends and your children the instruments of death which slew your first Sunday-school superintendent, your first class-leader, and your father. The very rope with which they were hung you are adjusting to catch your children. I can't afford to put my head into such a halter as that."—Rev. W. Taylor, of California.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named—July 2nd, Rev. G. Thompson, Mexborough—9th, Rev. J. Compston, Leeds—16th, Rev. J. B. Robertson, Great Horton—23rd, Rev. J. Rae, B.A., Batley—30th, Rev. F. Bolton, B.A., Elland.

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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

AUGUST, 1871.

~~PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.~~

The usual Monthly Meeting will be held on Tuesday, August 8th, in the large School-room, at half-past seven o'clock. Addresses, Recitations, &c., will be given by members and friends. The attendance of all is requested.

The attention of the members is requested to the accompanying Circular respecting Prize Essays.

GEORGE'S PROMISE.

"COME, drink your wine like a man, George; do not leave it standing before you so long; see how I take mine!" and suiting the action to the word, Mr. Harton emptied his glass without taking it from his lips, a feat his little son tried to imitate, although at the imminent risk of choking himself. Having recovered his breath, and replaced his glass on the table, he turned to his father and said, "Papa, why was it that grandmamma never gave me any wine?"

Mr. Harton cleared his throat, and became very red in the face, before he replied, "Oh, your grandmamma was an old lady, my boy; and old ladies like their own way; and as it was her own way not to take wine, I suppose she would not let you have any."

"Grandmamma said that people in health did not require it, and I remember very well that I began to cry at dinner because I got only water to drink, and then grandmamma cried too, and began to pray that the curse might not fall on me also."

"What did she say?" his father demanded, half impatiently, half curiously.

"She said the love of drinking had cost one life already, and that it seemed to be her—her—; I forget the word."

"Was it hereditary?"

"Yes that was it—hereditary," the child pronounced it with difficulty: "but that she hoped to save me from it, and that was why she had me to live with her, and that it would break her heart if I became too fond of wine or strong drinks."

"I wish I had known all this at the time—you should not have remained there an

hour if I had," cried Mr. Harton angrily. "A pretty thing indeed to set a child up against his father! But it was all your mother's doing: she never was satisfied until I consented to let you go, but you shall not go back in a hurry, I'll take care of that."

"And I may have some wine every day, may I, papa?"

"Certainly, my boy."

"But what did grandmamma mean by saying that the love of drinking wine had cost one valuable life, and that it was—that long word, papa?"

"Oh, nothing that you would understand, child, and it was very improper for her to speak in such a way; but it is the last time she shall have the opportunity," he muttered, as he filled his glass.

"Give me some wine, papa," said George, approaching his glass to the decanter.

"Why, boy, you are a regular toper!" laughed his father. "You will be tipsy, Master George, I'm afraid, but for this time I will not refuse you; there is half a glass more for you, and now be off up stairs; it is time you were in bed."

"I am to have my birthday next week, papa; I shall be ten years old then; may I have Charley and Henry Neville to spend the day, and the Thorpes?"

"Yes, my boy, you may, and they shall have some good wine to drink your health in too, I promise you; now be off to bed."

"George bounded merrily upstairs into the nursery, where his two little brothers were already in bed, and rushing noisily up to his old nurse, he shouted out, "Won't I have fun, Nursey! papa says I may have the Thorpes and the Nevilles on my birthday,

and he is going to give us some good wine to drink my health in."

"I'm afraid you're getting too fond of wine, Master George. If I had any control over you, I would not give you a drop."

"Why not, pray?" asked George, resentfully.

"Because the love of it has cost the family quite enough."

"You are as bad as grandmamma," grumbled George. "I wonder do you think it will cost me my life also?"

"Who told you it cost a life?" inquired the nurse, quickly.

"Grandmamma did."

"Well, as you know it, I wonder it does not frighten you, Master George," said the nurse, seriously.

"But *whose* life did it cost?" asked George.

"Oh, I thought you knew all about it. If your grandmamma has not told you, it is not my place to do so, dear: so, now go to your own room, and go to bed, Master George, and don't forget to pray that you may not be led into temptation."

George turned away, half angry at not having his curiosity satisfied, but feeling too sleepy to dispute the point just then; and entering his little room off the nursery, he hurried into bed, entirely forgetting to pray, and was sound asleep almost as soon as his head was on the pillow.

George's birthday was a very delightful one to him. His papa gave him a large box of colours, with pencils and brushes complete; and his mamma, who was a confirmed invalid, gave him a handsome Bible, and also a beautiful illustrated book of natural history; and from his little twin brothers he received a large edition of "Robinson Crusoe," which was doubly valuable to him, as it was full of pictures. His little friends came in good time, and the large dining-room was given up to George and his party for the day, Mr. Harton only looking in for a moment at supper to join in drinking George's health, which was done with all the honours in some of the oldest wine the cellar afforded.

In the early part of the day the boys had played in the garden, and between tea and supper they had amused themselves in the dining-room; and although they had all enjoyed themselves very much, they were not sorry when the time came to break up, for they began to feel tired and sleepy. Having seen his little friends to the hall-door, and made many promises to go to them when their birthdays should arrive, George went on tiptoe to the library, where he knew his father was dining, and, opening the door, gently peeped in. The light was shining full on Mr. Harton as he leant back in his chair sound asleep and breathing heavily; his face

was very red and heated, and his hand half grasped an empty wine-glass, the ruby contents of which were meandering over the snowy table-cloth. The decanter was quite empty, and it was plain that the sleeper had indulged very deeply in what it had contained. "Ah, you have finished it all by yourself," said George; "but there is plenty of wine left in my decanters"; and closing the door as softly as he had opened it, George retreated to the dining-room, where two decanters, each a third part full of wine, still stood on the table. George seated himself with great dignity in the post of honour, and placing the decanters before him, filled his glass with wine and held it up to the light, as he had seen his father do, to admire its colour before he drank it. An hour later one of the servants entered the room to remove the plates and glasses; and passing the chair at the head of the table he stumbled over something. With a hasty exclamation the man stooped down and discovered George, in the strong slumber of intoxication, extended on the carpet. "You're beginning young," said the man, shaking his head.

"Why, nurse," he added, as she entered the room to look for George, "if here young master hasn't been and finished off the two decanters of wine! I declare to you they were a third full when I let the young gentlemen out, and I saw Master George going into the library to his papa. Wasn't it sly of him to steal in again when he found the coast clear?"

"Just go into the library and tell the master I want him here for a moment," said the nurse in a distressed tone, as she raised the child's flushed face from the floor.

The man went as she desired, but came back immediately, a half smile on his face. "It's of no use to tell him, nurse, we'll have a job to get him up stairs, as usual. He's as far gone as the young gentleman there, or worse. It will be 'like father, like son,' I'm thinking."

"Heaven forbid!" cried the nurse. "there has been enough of that in the family. Carry up this unfortunate child for me, Wilks, if you please. I can't move him, he feels so heavy."

Wilks lifted George, and, followed by the nurse, carried him upstairs and placed him on his bed, where, having undressed him and raised his head, round which she had placed some linen soaked in cold water, the faithful woman sat down to watch him, resolving in her own mind what she should do to rescue the child from his increasing love for strong drink. She feared to tell her mistress that the boy was every day becoming fonder of what was so hurtful and pernicious to him, for she knew that in her delicate state the intelligence

would be most injurious to her, and still she feared to act upon her own responsibility in the matter. At last, having prayed for guidance, she resolved to speak very plainly to George the next morning, and, if necessary, to tell him the story to which his grandmamma had alluded, and, somewhat comforted by this determination, she watched until the child's laboured breathing became quieter, and his sleep more natural. The next morning George awoke with a violent headache and parched tongue. He could not bear a ray of light to fall upon his burning eyeballs, and as nurse applied fresh water to his throbbing temples he moaned and turned restlessly from side to side in his vain efforts to obtain relief.

Later in the day, when the little brothers were in the garden playing, in the care of the nursemaid, George sat by the nursery fire with the nurse, who having also nursed Mrs. Harton, took a deep interest in her and her children. He felt ill and feverish, and his head still ached painfully. Nurse had made him some tea, but he turned away from it with loathing. "Ah, Master George, I wish you had remained with your grandmamma, and this never would have occurred."

"What never would have occurred, nurse?" asked George, pretending ignorance, although his heightened colour showed plainly that his conscience told him what she meant.

"If your poor mamma could have seen you last night, child, how do you think she would have felt?" was nurse's answer, as she looked keenly at him."

"Oh, nurse, don't tell her, please don't; she would cry and be so ill," cried the child, starting upright in his chair.

"I will not tell her now, Master George, but there was *One* who saw you, before whom you should be much more ashamed than even before your mamma."

"Who was it, nurse? I don't remember it at all. I do not recollect coming to bed, or anything."

"It was God, Master George," said the nurse solemnly; "God, who says that *drunkards* shall be cast into the lake of fire. It would be hard for you to remember coming to bed, when you were found lying *dead drunk* on the floor. Oh, Master George, what a shameful thing! if it even were not a sin. What would your little friends think of you if they knew it? They would not come to you for another birthday, I am sure; and, certainly, you would not be invited by their parents to come to them on their birthdays; they would be afraid you would make their sons as bad as yourself, and, worse than all, if you had died in that state, where would you have gone to? Ah! child, child, drunkards have no pity for even their own souls."

"Could I have died from it, nurse?"

exclaimed George, terrified by her manner; "could it really have killed me?"

"It really could; your grandmamma told you that one life was lost through it in your own family, don't you remember?"

"Yes, nurse; whose was it?" asked George fearfully.

"Your grandpapa's, my child; he used to sit after dinner, day after day, and drink until he was hardly able to get up stairs; and, at last, one evening that he drank as usual, when the servants found he was not moving, they went into the dining-room, and found him dead in his chair. The drink had killed him, Master George!"

"Oh, nurse, what a dreadful thing!" cried George, in horror; "but why did grandmamma say she feared it was hereditary? What does hereditary mean?"

"Going down from one generation to another, from father to son," replied the nurse, sadly. "His father before him was fond of drinking also."

"And papa drinks every day," said George, with a sudden start. "Oh, nurse, I will ask him not to do it; perhaps he may die like grandpapa. I recollect his face last night; it frightened me; it was so red, and puffed out."

"Ah! if you could have seen your own poor little face, I wonder what you would have thought," said nurse.

"Oh, nurse, nurse," cried George, bursting into tears, "you never will see it like that again; never will I be a drunkard, I promise you."

"May God help you to keep your promise, my child!" said the nurse, fervently. And God did help him; for, young as he was, he sought the Divine aid, and as he grew older, and his influence increased, his father yielded to it, and was reclaimed from the terrible vice which had so long kept him in subjection to its power. His young brothers, also, were preserved from evil example, and he himself became a sterling advocate of temperance principles. Thus George's promise was nobly kept.

J. S. D.

THE QUAKERS OF AMERICA.

In the annual meeting of the Society of Friends at New York in the end of May, several important alterations on the constitution of that body were made. From the reports of its meetings in the *New York Tribune*, it appears that society has altered its discipline so as to forbid the manufacture or sale of all spirituous liquors by its members. The prohibition formerly made a distinction between distilled and fermented drinks. Action was also taken against the use of tobacco.—*Alliance News*.

WHAT HE COULD HELP.

ONE day a master cooper called upon a coloured man in Ohio, and wished to purchase some stave-timber. He inquired for what purpose he wanted it; and received for answer, "I have contracted for fifty whisky-barrels."

"Well, sir," was the prompt reply, "I have the timber for sale, and want money; but no man shall purchase a stave from me for that purpose."

Mr. Cooper was indignant to meet such stern reproach from a black, and called him a nigger.

"That is very true," mildly replied the other; "it is my misfortune to be a negro; I can't help that: but I *can* help selling my timber to make whisky-barrels, and I *mean* to help it."

TRACTS.

SIR,—It is no new thing I wish to bring before your readers, but the old one of tract distribution. How much good has been acknowledged as done by their agency! Yet I am afraid it is a field not much attended to by teetotallers in general—at all events, not as much as it might and ought to be.

As a means of education in our direction, and of enlightenment in the truths of temperance to the mass of the people, it holds a foremost place. In these days of cheap tracts, full of sound temperance, it can hardly be called an expensive means. The receiver of a tract carries it with him, and the truth may take root, as it were, on a second reading, which it might not on a first, or even at a temperance meeting, where much, no doubt, "goes in at one ear and out at the other." To those who cannot spare time for discussion, &c., it is just the thing. A bundle of tracts doesn't take up very much room, and they may be left here and there to be taken up by passers by. The seed should be sown plentifully, and we need not doubt of the harvest. A tract, moreover, has no feelings, and never gets excited, which we teetotallers are sometimes apt to do, not to the benefit of our cause. The truth is stated plainly and forcibly, and there is no shifting of ground or modifying of opinions; what it says, it sticks to.

Other reasons, no doubt, may be given for tract distribution, but I trust all well-wishers to our cause will in some way or other help in this field of labour. The harvest is great; there is much ignorance, much misconception, much prejudice among high and low, rich and poor, and we have need, though we labour with much encouragement, to avail

ourselves of every agency that lies within our reach.—*Alliance News*.

MADAGASCAR AND RUM.

A MERCHANT has kindly cut for us the following extract from the *Mauritius Overland Gazette* of the 5th of May.

"The quantity of rum imported by the Express (300 barrels) is larger than is usually brought by one vessel at one time; thirty barrels were taken to-day as Custom duty by the native Custom-house, and the contents were emptied into the sand and into the sea."

Our readers see by the above that the enlightened Prime Minister of Madagascar seems to put the Christian (?) newspaper man to shame. Compelled, we suppose, to receive the duty not in money but in kind, he, at any rate, refuses to allow the revenue to profit by the importation of intoxicating drink; and nobly, on behalf of his country, destroys the rum which the "native" conscience will not allow to be sold under sanction of the native authorities."—*Alliance News*.

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

A New Orleans paper tells the story of a printer who, when his fellow-workmen went out to drink beer, during the working hours, put in the bank the exact amount which he would have spent if he had gone out to drink. He kept to this resolution for five years. He then examined his account, and found that he had on deposit \$521 86. In the five years he had not lost a day from ill-health. Three out of five of his fellow-workmen had, in the meantime, become drunkards, were worthless as workmen, and were discharged. The water-drinker then bought out the printing-office, went on enlarging his business, and in twenty years from the time he began to put by his money was worth \$100,000. The story, whether new or old, teaches a lesson which every young mechanic should try to follow.

THE BEST GOVERNED PLACE IN THE WORLD.

THE town of Vineland, New Jersey, received the premium of 20,000 francs, at the Paris Industrial Exhibition, as being the best governed place in the world. Vineland enjoys the blessing of "local prohibition of the liquor traffic" thoroughly enforced.

A BROKEN ARM MENDED WITHOUT THE USE OF STIMULANTS.

"I HAD some months ago," writes a lady, "the misfortune to fall down and break my arm. A surgeon soon came and set it, leaving it properly bound up and every prospect of doing well, for I was in good health, and being a teetotaler, not likely to suffer from inflammation and fever. But some kind friends advised me to take some stimulants directly—it could not heal without, or in all probability would be very tedious. I did not take their advice, nor any kind of stimulants, so-called, nor any medicine. I did take a little extra nourishing food—good soup, meat, bread-and-butter, and coffee, cocoa, and tea. I agreed I wanted more than usual of this kind of food, because the pain was acute, and, of course, was wearying to the body. But I believe most truly that had I taken any kind of strong drink, I should not have got through the trouble without any inflammation, fever, headache, or any loss of my usual good appetite for plain food. Although no longer young, my old bones healed as quickly as could those of a young woman, or child, and I was thankful for the good recovery. Of course the pain was great at times, especially at the end of three weeks; but by the end of the next week it was nearly well. I wish others to know this, because I fear more harm than good is done by stimulants in this as in many other cases."

DRINKING HABITS IN ENGLAND.

IN this country drunkenness has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. The *Saturday Review* has taught us that among women of superior station the practice of taking stimulants as a remedy for "nerve" has gained ground in a fashion that would have been deemed disgraceful by our mothers, and incredible in very recent times.

No one can move about in London without noticing the startling increase in the habit of taking "nips" in business life." "Just one glass of dry sherry;" "a liquor of this fine old cognac won't hurt;" "I can recommend this whisky—only a thimbleful," are expressions one hears now from eleven o'clock in the morning. The great cities of the provinces are every whit as bad; and perhaps in Liverpool and Manchester the practice of taking "mornings," as the drams are called, has reached a height never before equalled in England, to which it has come partly from Scotland, but more especially from America.

Among the lower classes drunkenness appears to be no longer thought degrading.

We are told by a licensed victualler in a leading thoroughfare that whereas in 1861 he did not take on an average more than ten shillings before noon, he now counts eight or nine pounds of receipts by mid-day; and this without any diminution of his afternoon and evening incomings or any extra attractions on his premises. The clerks, he tells us, drop in on their way to town, to get brightened up for business; the labourers have beer now for breakfast instead of coffee; at one public-house near the Victoria Docks the landlord has a slate-paved yard specially set apart for dock labourers who, before or at the dinner hour, get too drunk to go to work in the afternoon, that they may sleep off the intoxication.

This is a fearful state of things. Our scorn of the three-bottle men of last century should be tempered by the unpleasant thought that many of our acquaintance consume quite as much alcohol before tea-time in other shapes. Later on in the day it needs a larger quantity to secure the accustomed level of effort; and by eventide the man succumbs either to intoxication or to a fatal lassitude. What this is, those who know the City can best tell; but the practice is as well known in Pall Mall as in Cornhill, and on Stepney-causeway as in Lombard street.—*Church Times*.

FERMENTED AND SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS NOT FOOD.

IN a little work by Dr. Nichols, of Malvern, entitled, "How to live upon Sixpence a Day" (Longman and Co.), we find the following:—"Wines, cider, and beer, have but little value as food. They contain small portions of albuminous matter, fruit, juices, &c., and some sugar; but one egg, which costs a penny, is worth more as food than a gallon of fermented liquor. Spirits have no nutritive value whatever. Useful in rare cases medicinally, they are not to be counted as food, have no power to build up the system or sustain it, and the grapes, apples, and grain consumed in their manufacture are simply wasted. Enormous quantities of good food are in this way converted into poison, and that which should support life is converted into a potent cause of disease and death."

SUICIDE.

THOSE men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and an irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.

AVOIDABLE POVERTY.

THERE is a great deal of poverty that is avoidable, arising, as it does, from idleness and intemperance. Idleness clothes a man in rags, and gin-drinking wonderfully accelerates the process. I sometimes wonder that, even for the sake of their own trades, not only manufacturers of clothing of all descriptions—tailors, shoemakers, and others—but even bakers and butchers, do not give a combined support to the efforts which are made to check the great national evils of intemperance, so that the masses of the people may have more money to spend on clothes and on food. We must all know what a difficulty it is to many parents to get shoes for children. We want more shoes and less drink, more victuals and fewer victuallers. It has always seemed to me that the term “victuallers” must be used ironically, seeing that the tendency of their business is to take away food from both adults and children. Anything which tended to lessen the giant evil of intemperance would proportionately tend to do away with the fitness of the word “ragged” as applied to schools for children.

Read D. Frazer at the Annual Meeting of Ragged School Union.

WORK FOR THE LADIES.

I SHOULD like to ask your attention, for a few moments, to the prevalence of intemperance in England. I believe that many do not know how vast is its extent, and how desolating are its influences, and how often we find intelligent, loveable, and admirable women becoming the victims of this dreadful curse. Let me, then, dealing chiefly at present with facts that have come before my notice, bear testimony to what intemperance is actually doing in our midst. When passing through one of the chief thoroughfares of London, I saw a crowd of persons assembling around some one who seemed to be extended in the gutter. I thought, of course, that it was a drunken man, but when I looked at the form which lay there, I saw one of the most beautiful girls I had ever beheld. Her face was one of surpassing beauty, and her golden hair was all bedabbled with mud as she lay amidst a crowd of men. She was shamelessly drunk! Let me adduce another example. I went to a refuge where fallen women are received, and in a conversation with its secretary, I said: “Have you had any particular case brought here lately?”

“Yes,” he replied, “the most remarkable was that of a young lady, who has a private fortune of £300 a year, and who was recently found drunk in the streets, and who is so much the victim of intemperance, that her friends have placed her here for safety and protection, and if possible, for reformation.” I once lived not far from a fashionable square, and on Sundays, and especially on fine summer days, I was charmed by the performance of a young lady, who was a most admirable player upon the piano and a fine singer, delighting her father and mother with choice songs, and on the Lord’s day sacred music; and when this great London was silent and the sun was shining, and the air still, I have thrown up my window to hear it. A few years passed away, and a gentleman called upon me, and said, “Don’t you remember the family of Mr. So-and-so, who lived opposite?” “Perfectly well,” I replied, “the father used to go to hear a popular minister, and his family were members of the church. I remember also the charming singing of his daughter.” “Well,” he said, “that girl has become one of the worst drunkards I ever knew. She is now a most abandoned woman. So great is her desire for intoxicating drinks that she prefers the vilest of all lives in London to a life with her father and mother, or a home in the refuge of which I am secretary. We have tried to reform her, but we have found it, at present, utterly impossible.” A brother minister asked me if I would oblige him by going to visit a person who had appealed to him for charity. In response to his application, I went to a part of Soho, and there found a woman somewhere about thirty years of age, with a child in her arms, and I discovered that she was living in a coffee-house. For four or five years she had been leading a profligate life. Here, then, was a girl who, ten years before that, was the companion of the fashionable and the wealthy. Her father was one of the most useful Baptist ministers we have had in this country, and to this moment his child is a forlorn and profligate outcast. I think you will admit that if any of us had gone to these young ladies and told them to abstain from wine, lest there should come a day when all their loveliness would vanish, when vice would conquer them, and when father and mother should weep over them as lost—utterly lost through sparkling wine—every one of them would have answered:—“*Is thy servant a dog, that I should do this thing?*” Yet they fell, became forlorn and friendless, and are witnesses that “Wine is a mocker,” and the foe of womanly grace, virtue, and love. See, then, that you do not play with the wine-glass, nor despise the safe and pleasant paths of Total Abstinence.

FRIENDS' TEMPERANCE UNION.

SPEECH BY MR. GRUBB.

MR. JONATHAN GRUBB, who spoke of the connection between temperance work and home missions, said that the two ought to be inseparable. He was fully satisfied of the truth of what Samuel Bowly had said, that if they would work successfully amongst those who might be considered as the lowest stratum of society, they must, by example and precept, support a course of total abstinence from all that intoxicates. His own labours had thoroughly convinced him that there was no question (religion, of course, excepted) of equal importance to this, for, whichever way he turned, he found that those who enlisted themselves in God's service, and really went to work with heart and soul, soon found that they were obstructed in every direction by the drinking customs, and some, indeed, were almost ready to give up their work as hopeless. It was but little more than a month since he received an invitation from a lady who is largely engaged in preaching the Gospel in one of the eastern counties, who had just embraced the advocacy of the temperance cause as a matter of necessity, not being able to go on with her work without it. He would just give a few particulars with reference to this lady. She is the youngest daughter of one of the leading families in her county, and had been brought up in communion with the Church of England. About seven years ago, she was brought to the feet of Jesus, and could not rest without endeavouring to bring to others the peace she had found herself. She had been engaged for some years preaching in barns, public rooms, and Dissenting places of worship—not a minister of her own denomination being willing to lend her so much as his schoolroom—in fact, in the midst of what might be called a “fiery persecution”—she had persevered, and much blessing had attended her labours. He held in his hand a note requesting him to go and spend a fortnight in advocating the temperance cause in the villages surrounding this lady's residence, although he had never seen her. After earnest prayer, he decided to go for four days, and on seeing her work, and learning for the first time her position in society, he was greatly encouraged. During the four days of his stay, eight largely attended meetings were held with very satisfactory results. The preaching of the Gospel was combined with the advocacy of total abstinence, and the combination being a happy one, he always

effected it whenever opportunity occurred. Previous to his leaving, and greatly to his surprise, he had the opportunity of addressing almost the whole of the leading people in the district, who were assembled by his hostess in her drawing-room, at three o'clock in the afternoon, to hear what he might have to say upon the subject of temperance, and for an hour and a half, with God's assistance, he was enabled to lay before that interesting and influential company what he believed, in common with other Christian abstainers, to be the whole truth of the matter as regards this question. Amongst the company was a lady, the wife of a baronet resident in the neighbourhood, who was there with several members of her family. She and her husband had been recently converted. Like the other young lady, she too found that she could not by any means get on with Gospel work without advocating total abstinence as well. As the mother of a family and the mistress of many servants, she felt it was right that she should espouse the temperance cause, and this she had done so warmly that her only fear was lest she should in any way frustrate or diminish her efforts for her Lord and Saviour. He (Mr. Grubb) told her not to fear this, for in his experience total abstinence very much promoted, rather than hindered, Christian work. He accepted this lady's invitation to spend a day and night under her roof, and in the afternoon of the day on which the visit was paid, he had the opportunity of speaking on temperance to the family and the servants in the coach-house, which had been prepared for the meeting. The harmonium was in the corner, at which his hostess presided, and besides adults there were 110 children assembled. The clergyman of the parish, who is an earnest advocate of the total abstinence cause, opened the meeting, and a truly enjoyable one it was. The immediate result of the addresses delivered was that seventy-two out of the 110 children signed the pledge with the consent of their parents. Besides the meeting there was a tea festival, and the usual pastimes in the beautiful gardens attached to the mansion. After this he was driven to the schoolroom, two miles off, where the parents were assembled and were addressed as before. He had since received a letter from his hostess expressing her thankfulness for what had been done, and in which she informed him that the Band of Hope was rapidly increasing, and that it was not unlikely that her husband would soon become an abstainer. Mr. Grubb concluded his address with the expression of an earnest hope that the loving words which had come from the lips of Mr. Bowly would not fall into unwilling ears or unwilling hearts.—*Temperance Record*

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6 ; also on Wednesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services ; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named—August 6th, Morning, Rev. W. B. Affleck—Evening, Mr. F. H. Bowman—August, 13th, Rev. J. K. Nuttall, Bowling—August 20th, Rev. W. B. Affleck, Bradford—August 27th, Rev. W. Adams, Halifax.

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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 24.

SEPTEMBER. 1871.

At the Monthly Meeting to be held on Tuesday, September 12th, a Lecture will be given by the Rev. W. B. Affleck, of Bradford. Admission Free.

The Members are respectfully requested to be present at the Monthly Meetings of the Society, which are always held on the Second Tuesday in each Month.

A WASTED LIFE;
OR,
THE SHADOWS WHICH FELL ON A
ROADSIDE INN,
By John Edwin Deakin.

MIDWAY between two market towns, in a Midland county, stands a "public," which shall be known in our story as the "Fountain and Sieve." A curious sign, certainly, but not more so than that which actually stands over the door; and, moreover, one which, if rightly understood, would convey a similar idea. We do not wish to wound needlessly hearts already too deeply lacerated, by directing the public gaze to the identical house or its late unfortunate inmates, and, therefore, we substitute names. This house, standing beside a well-frequented turnpike, and also near a large manufactory, was a very paying concern in days gone by, before the paths of iron were laid across the land; that is, paying to the landlords and landladies thereof; but of late, its main support had been derived from local customers, which support had been much too great for the local good.

The first landlord of whom we need speak, killed himself by drinking, and left to his widow the miserable heritage of a liquor-traffic interest, and the momentous charge of a child to train for eternity. A bright, intelligent, and remarkably quick lad, was little Tom, and he took up all the room in his widowed mother's heart. But, unfortunately, he learned many lessons in his mother's house of which he had better have been ignorant. When of sufficient age, he was

sent to school, and obtained a better education than falls to the lot of many of his class. After leaving school, he was noticed by some of the officials of the manufactory before alluded to, and being recommended by some friends of his mother's, he was received into the service of the firm, and appointed to a situation in which he soon shewed himself capable of being useful. Here he continued for a long time, and became the "right hand" of an official gentleman who had more authority than learning, and who made the best use of Tom's ready acquaintance with figures and drawing. There appeared no sign of Tom doing anything but rise; his employers trusted him, his fellow-servants respected and liked him.

In the neighbourhood was a place of worship, in which the gospel was preached in truth, and Tom from his boyhood had been an attendant. He had become, first, an active teacher of a class, and afterwards an efficient manager of its financial and business department. His next step was to marry a young woman of prepossessing appearance and good character, whose parents were respectable and affluent, but who were not of the number of those who think intoxicating drink a thing to be hated and shunned, but who used it constantly, gave it to their children, and scoffed at the few teetotallers who crossed their path. However, they came far short of the excesses of many of their neighbours; had strong constitutions, and a good income, and the drink-serpent left no trail of blood across their hearthstone. So when they gave their daughter Mary to be Tom's wife, she had to learn how to deal with a home-cherished viper when it began to sting. For a time all went

well with the young couple. They had a fair share of the good things of this life—many comforts, some luxuries, some elegancies, *but there was the presence of the fatal drink*. Soon however, a change came. Tom's home was neglected for his mother's bar-parlour, (for she was the landlady of the "Fountain and Sieve" still) at first only occasionally; then more frequently, and soon with ominous regularity. Other smart, witty fellows went there, and Tom liked smartness and wit. But that house became, after a time, somewhat duller to his eye, and he sought other and gayer places in which to enjoy himself. Of course, this was not the way to increase the comforts of his home, but his wife had a proud spirit, and did not blaze abroad all the griefs and fears she felt. "Ill news travels apace," and Tom's employers soon learned how he spent his evenings, and moreover, saw, as they thought, the reason why some little matters of business had not been so well attended to of late as before. A word of caution was given, which he did not receive in the meekest mood, nor turn to the best account. He preferred resigning to being lectured in that way, and the firm allowed him to enjoy his preference at once, and thus abruptly ended his connection with them.

Now a turning point was reached. Tom's mother offered to make over the business and little farm to him, on condition of his giving her a home with him while she lived. It was soon done. Tom became the landlord of the "Fountain and Sieve," and a very jolly landlord too. He made the old house more attractive than ever to the toppers and smokers of the locality, so ready always was he with his good-tempered jokes and spicy tales. Some time passed away without incident, but Tom was all the while becoming fonder of the drink; and though he was educated and considerably refined in manners and tastes, neither education nor refinement prevented him from becoming enslaved and depraved by the fatal habit which fills so many graves, and damns so many souls. The little farm of which mention has been made, would have done more than support his family with ordinary tillage, but he loved drawing ale and measuring out brandy for the customers better than holding the plough or plying the hoe; and to crack jokes with them better than to break clods in the fields, and therefore, the land was soon wild and barren. But though it yielded no fruit to the occupier, the proprietor meant that it should yield rent to him: and Tom had to draw on the cash which should have gone to pay for malt and whisky, till not only were his fields barren, but his cellars empty, and a small cask from the brewery, and a few gills of spirits, were all the

stock. There was, however, another sink down which Tom was pouring all that should be held sacred by man—all self-respect—all joys of home—all hopes of heaven, for now he became grossly immoral in his conduct. We need scarcely say that happiness was unknown in his home. Poverty was there, and discord and despair. His outraged wife struggled, and her parents helped her, for her own sake and the children's, to keep the house open; and it was kept open month after month, nobody knew how; and still Tom found means of getting drink, and people wondered how he did that, but he did it, though many times the cupboard was empty and they had to wait, hour after hour, often for some one to come in for a pint of ale that they might be able to take the threepence to purchase a loaf with.

Where, now, was the poor old woman, Tom's mother, while all this woe was settling down on the "Fountain and Sieve?" She was there in the very thick of it; and she who had never known hunger, found out what it was to have an empty basket and no store, and to ask the son whom she had loved so well for bread—but to ask in vain! In the home which had been hers from her maidenhood, she beheld scenes like those which her own hands had helped to multiply in other homes. Her eyes wept tears like those which other mothers had wept when their children's bread-money and clothing-money had been paid into her till by the fathers who had been brutalized by the drink she had sold to them. Her son, with ruthless hands, had scattered in a few months that which for years she had been gathering, a hoard which represented broken-hearted wives and mothers, famished and neglected children, and immortal spirits deluded and destroyed. One morning, there was great commotion and great dismay at and about the "Fountain and Sieve;" one of the inmates had unexpectedly entered the old woman's chamber, and had disturbed her in the very act of drawing a razor across her throat, with fearful determination. The poor creature's life was spared for a time, but the joy and hope of that life had been crushed out long before, and, after a while, the despairing spirit let drop the crumbling ruin it had lived in. A little more struggling by Tom's wife—continued debauchery on his part, and then his health gave way. The drink was about to finish the work it had begun; his physical system was irremediably ruined; he entered upon a lingering death. Not long, and the "Fountain and Sieve" passed into other hands. Poor Tom, and his poor wife and children were received into the house of a well-to-do relative. For a good while the invalid lingered, relieving the monotony of

his ebbing life by walking about as his strength and the weather would allow. The state of his mind may be gathered from the words he addressed to one who had been his fellow-servant in happier days, whom he met in one of his walks. "Ah!" said he, "I am become a poor creature! My body is quite a wreck, and my mind a chaos. When I remember the past, or look at the present, or gaze into the future, my mind is bewildered—utterly confounded—and I feel as if my brain was on fire. If I try to pray, all is dark. My faculties are failing. Oh yes, my mind is failing—going! going! I know it—I feel it! AH! IF I HAD BUT PULLED THAT SIGN-BOARD DOWN, and worked my bit of land when I left the factory, I should not have been in this case;" and then he went on staggering beneath his weight of woe. Days and nights of increasing pain and weakness were added to Tom's dying life, and then came the end, as far as time and earth are concerned—the weary wheels of life stood still at last—Mary Marling was a widow—her children, fatherless.

We may learn from this narrative, how ineffectual are education and refinement to preserve from the debasing and destructive powers of drink, if that drink be not abandoned—for the unhappy subject of this sketch was above the standard of his neighbours in this respect. We learn also, that even in this world the Almighty visits with His retributive vengeance the perpetrators of that great crime of making drunkards for the sake of the unholy gains which that horrid work brings in. Let us also learn our duty, and try to do it. That duty is, to labour on to spread that education which is alone capable of saving men and women from the awful power of drink; an education which shall lead them from a knowledge and sense of the evil—the immeasurable evil of the habit of drinking, to abstain. Also that duty is to labour hard and ceaselessly to obtain for ourselves and our countrymen the power to prevent, by the expression of a preponderating public opinion against it, that greatest of all incentives to intemperance, the licensed liquor traffic. We shall be the best friends of our neighbours if we can lead them to that position which is farthest from danger of evil—and from the evil of drunkenness. Total abstinence is that point of safety. We shall be the best friends of the publican and his family, if we can get them away from the dangers inherent to the traffic, or if we can take the traffic from them.

A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

THAT night I was out late. I returned by Lee cabin about eleven o'clock. As I

approached I saw a strange-looking object, cowering under the low eaves. A cold rain was falling—it was autumn; I drew near—and there was Millie, wet to the skin. Her father had driven her out some hours before; she had laid down to listen for the heavy snoring of his drunken slumbers, so that she might creep back to her bed. Before she heard it, nature seemed exhausted, and she fell into a troubled sleep, with rain-drops pattering upon her. I tried to take her home with me; but no, true as a martyr to his faith, she struggled from me, and returned to the now dark and silent cabin. Things went on for weeks and months, but at length Lee grew less violent, even in his drunken fits, to his self-denying child; and one day, when he awoke from a slumber after a debauch, and found her preparing breakfast for him, and singing a childish song, he turned to her, and with a tone almost tender, said, "Millie, what makes you stay with me?" "Because you are my father, and I love you." "You love me!" repeated the wretched man, "*you love me!*" He looked at his bloated limbs, his soiled and ragged clothes. "Love me!" he still murmured. "Millie, what makes you love me? I am a poor drunkard, everybody else despises me, why don't you?" "Dear father," said the girl, with swimming eyes, "my mother taught me to love you; and every night she comes from heaven and stands by my little bed and says, 'Millie, don't leave your father, he will get away from that rum fiend some of these days, and then how happy you will be.'"—*Bate's Cyclopædia.*

THE DRUNKARD UNCARED FOR.

THE poor wretch is in a sorry plight now. But how comes it that he is alone? He certainly has much need of some one to help and comfort him. But we do not observe any of his "friends," whose goodwill was so boisterous while his pocket was full. And that sign-board swinging to the breeze; if we were a little nearer we might read its motto, "The Traveller's Rest," under a huge yellow-painted sun. Well, if the house in sight be the traveller's rest, here is a traveller very much in want of a resting-place. Why is he not snugly ensconced in its warmest parlour?

If the reader will be pleased to turn the corner beneath the sign-board, and enter the first door on his right, he will see in the lobby a woman of rather more than the average height, with a breadth of body and redness of face indicating that she lives in the midst of plenty. She has an air of authority. She has a bunch of keys hanging at her waist, and a measure in her hand. She is just entering the parlour. This is the landlady of the

"Rising Sun" public-house, about half-way between the market-town and the home of farmer Dick. Poor Dick's purse is empty. He may go—he *must* go. He may fall over his broken bottle, and bleed to death on the way. There will be a paragraph headed "Accidental Death," in the provincial newspaper; the wife and children of the deceased will be cast upon the parish; but the law will not touch the landlady of the "Rising Sun." It may be capable of proof, that the man, when he entered her house, was not in a condition to bear any more drink; and that she, notwithstanding, gave him whisky as long as he had money to pay, and then dismissed him,—that he, in consequence of the doses given to him, when he was incapable of judging, falls and dies. And yet the person who gave him the poison cannot be touched. She is *licensed*. She has authority, under the government of the country to sell whisky to a man in a state of madness; and though he be killed in consequence, she is free.

It is not only the landlady of the "Rising Sun" that ceases to care for Dick when his pocket is empty; the resident proprietors have not properly cared for him, when they set a trap for his feet, in the shape of a licensed tippling-house; the government of the country have not cared for him as they ought, when they left such power in the hands of the justices; the British nation do not care for him as they ought, while they permit the government to perpetuate the anomalies of the licensing system.—*From The Drunkard's Progress.*

LANDLORD'S MONEY.

"I'm sure I don't know what makes you so hard upon me, Mr. White. I've lived under you a good while now, and I've generally paid my rent; and if times had not been bad, I should have paid it now. But, as it is, I can't. I have not got the money, and there's an end of it. I know I work hard enough. If you had such a family as I have, you'd know how to feel for a poor man. And now you talk of turning me out!"

"I should not talk of turning you out, Jackson, if I thought you *tried* to pay me; but I do not think you do."

"Not try, sir! Why, what would you have me to do? There is not a man in the place who works harder than I do. I can't earn more than I can."

"I know you work hard; but the question is, what do you do with your money when you have got it? Did you come straight from your house to mine this evening?"

"I don't know but what I did."

"You did not call anywhere?" Jackson hesitated for a moment.

"Well, I did just look in at the 'George.'"

"What for?"

"I had one pot of beer; that was all."

"And what did you pay for it?"

"Fourpence; that's always the price."

"Now, Jackson, that fourpence was not yours; it was mine. You as much spent *my* money on the beer, as if you had called here first, and taken fourpence out of my house. I don't call that doing your best to pay me; do *you*?"

"Why, what's fourpence, sir? I couldn't have come and offered you fourpence!"

"Did you spend anything at the 'George' yesterday?"

"Yesterday? Let me see. Well, I believe I had a drop of beer there yesterday too; but I know it wasn't much."

"There was another fourpence, at least. And perhaps you were at the 'George' the day before yesterday too?"

"And if I was, sir, I think it's hard if a man, who works as I do, must not have a drop of beer. I'm not a man who gets drunk."

"I can only say this, Jackson—I would rather go without beer altogether than spend another person's money to get it. And that is what you are doing."

"I never looked at it like that before."

"Now, you think I am hard upon you. I don't want to be. I know you have a large family. I just want to show you that you are *not* doing your best to pay me. If you can have your beer, I don't see why I should not have my rent. I mean to say, you *could* pay me if you chose."

"No, that I couldn't, sir," said Jackson, earnestly: "I'd pay you this minute if I had the money."

"Stop a bit. How much do you owe me?"

"It's just two pounds, sir, as I reckon it. I was fourteen shillings behind last quarter, and now this quarter-day I owe you six-and-twenty shillings more. That makes two pounds, don't it, sir?"

"Quite right. Now you've done one sum, I'll do another. There are six working days in the week, to say nothing about Sunday. Now, I know well that you generally have a pot of beer at the 'George' every day, and very often more. Isn't that true?"

No answer.

"Very well. Now for the sum. A pot of beer costs fourpence, and six times fourpence is two shillings. Two shillings a week, to say nothing of Sundays. Why, that's just my rent! You are drinking my rent regularly, don't you see? Now, did not I say true? Could you not pay me, if you chose?"

Still no answer, but Jackson did not look comfortable.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I will give you another chance. I won't turn you out. I have shown you that you *can* pay me if you choose; I'll see if you *will* pay me. You shall go on another quarter. And, if I find you not going and spending my money at the 'George,' but keeping it for your rent like an honest man, then I'll forgive you this two pounds back money, and you shall start all fair again."

Jackson could not but thank Mr. White for his kindness, and really felt grateful to him. He left the house with a firm resolution to keep away from the 'George,' and pay his rent.

A CONTRAST.

At the annual meeting of the Manchester and Salford Licensed Victuallers' Association the deaths reported were twelve out of 452 members, costing the society £150. At the annual meeting of the Manchester District Independent Order of Rechabites, with a roll of 457 full, and twenty-one honorary members—thus making 478—it was reported that not a single death occurred. This is a fact worth recording.—*Rechabite Magazine*.

HARVESTING WITHOUT BEER.

THE Rev. R. Dawson, B.A., has made the following statement in his "Temperance Experiences" in the *Western Temperance Herald*;—"My father was accustomed in hay-time and harvest to employ many field labourers; in accordance with universal custom he supplied them with beer. Against this infraction of their principles the junior members of the family lost no time in entering a most decided protest. Difficulties of all kinds were suggested, but the pressure brought to bear on 'the master' was so great that at length he consented 'to try the experiment,' perfectly sure that it was impossible for the work to be done. Tea took the place of beer, with no little grumbling from the labourers, somewhat, however, toned down by the fact that 'the young ladies' had made the tea; but the hay was made, and the harvest housed without difficulty. The result of the experiment was that when the next season came round there was a general preference for tea on the part of the labourers."

WATER-DRINKING.

THE Spaniards have a proverb, that "Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow."

REV. D. SANDERSON AT THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION.

THE REV. DANIEL SANDERSON said his conviction was that if all the drink in the country were driven out of the country it would be vastly the better for it. He had once, in arguing the point with a gentleman, asked him to point out a single house at that end of the town that had not suffered in some way through strong drink. They began at one end, and got through several streets, and then the gentleman gave it up, for they could not find a single house that had not so suffered. The question, he said, sometimes puts itself to me in this form;—if we had the slightest suspicion that there was an army preparing for the invasion of England, though we might be fully prepared to repel it when it attempted to land, what would be our first work? It would be to send our best ships to destroy the enemy before he could leave his shores. And I sometimes think that one of the best of services our fleet could render to this country would be to destroy the wine and spirits before they leave their foreign ports; for not all the enemies that could possibly land in this country would ever destroy one-twentieth part of the bodies and souls that are destroyed by this enemy that we invite day after day. (Applause.) I have been in rather unfavourable circumstances for a great part of my life, for talking about this movement. The fact is, I have lived amongst a nation of teetotalers to a great extent. Some people say, strong drink cannot be done without; especially, they sometimes ask me, How did you do in India, in the hot climate? Why, I was just in the very country where the native who has the slightest respect for his character would never touch either wine, or beer, or any intoxicating drink whatever. I was dining one day with the Bishop of Madras. His Lordship called to his butler, "Why don't you bring beer to Mr. Sanderson?" I said, "I never take beer." "What, you keep up those good looks in this hot climate, after all the years you have been here, without beer?" "Yes, my lord," I said, "It is because I do not take beer that I preserve these looks. The good looks that are kept up with beer are kept up in spite of it, and not in consequence of it." (Cheers.) This question is of the greatest importance to every missionary especially, and I believe to every minister of the Gospel too. I would not condemn or cast reflections upon those who hold different opinions from mine. I express my own opinion only; but if every Methodist preacher and member were a rigid teetotaler, we should see a very different state of things from what we do see. (Loud cheers.) It is sometimes

said with very great sorrow by some who conscientiously say it, that teetotalism has destroyed our societies in many places. I admit it. But how? In India we have tropical rains sometimes. They come down in such immense quantities that they sweep everything from the face of the earth, if preparation is not made for them. What do we do? Why we construct tanks, artificial lakes; and instead of the rain deluging the country, we draw it off in streams that fertilise the gardens, and make that which would be our destruction the means of life and blessing. (Applause.) I fully believe that if, when this teetotal movement began, and it was greatly abused by the justifiable ignorance of many who had experienced benefit alone from that, and who said many rash and harsh things of others—if we as a Methodist body had taken the stream into our own hands, and guided it throughout our societies, it would have been like that other stream that maketh glad the city of our God. (Cheers.)

BONA-FIDE TRAVELLERS.

"A WIFE AND MOTHER," writing to the *Islington Gazette*, says, "I had often wondered, when my husband was about to take a walk on Sunday morning, why he selected the Seven Sisters'-road, leading to the 'Manor House,' until last Sunday, when my curiosity reached its height, and having put on my bonnet and shawl, I went off in search of the charms which had such an effect on my better-half. Starting from the Hornsey-road, towards the railway arch, I met nothing more than a number of men in different grades of life, who seemed to be out to get a breath of fresh air, but when I got through the arch, the scene suddenly changed, and I soon found out the reason which brought my husband out on Sunday morning sober, and sent him home to dinner with me and my little ones drunk. What I saw I am told occurs every Sabbath morning. Two large public-houses, exactly opposite to one another; a man with a white apron at the door of each (for what purpose I cannot conceive), and, above all other things, two policemen, to see, I suppose, that one house does not get more of the fool's pence than the other. High jinks were going on inside. I can say, without exaggeration, that hundreds were coming and going into these Sunday morning hells. I moved on to the 'Manor House,' meeting and mixing with the half-drunken, reeking crowd; there was the same amount of drinking and smoking going on without the slightest let or hindrance; and, singular to relate, I have found out that men on Sunday morning drink twice as much as on any other, and why? because they know it is utterly wrong; and

secondly, any hole where drink is to be got during prohibited hours is so nice. The godless crowd came down the road, reeking of foul beer and fouler pipes, indulging as they came along in language of the most blasphemous character. I cannot help thinking that those whom they met coming from the house of prayer must have been perfectly horrified at their unholy doings. What Mr. Bruce and our superintendent of police can be at I cannot say, but I do think that it is monstrous that the Seven Sisters'-road should be converted into a perfect hell on a Sunday by the noisy, drunken crowd, enticed up there by the gross evasion of the law of several publicans, who, on this day, make more money than on any other. My case is not an isolated one. Many a wife, mother, and sister will bless the day when these curses are removed from our otherwise peaceful neighbourhood. There is plenty of time to get rid of any surplus left from Saturday night between one and three, and five and eleven. In my case, I think, if my husband and myself retained it, it would be better than furnishing the publican with a horse and trap to take his gaily-dressed wife out, while we, for the greater part of the week, are on the verge of starvation."

PRAYER AND ABSTINENCE.

"This kind can come forth by nothing, but by prayer and fasting."—*Mark ix. 29.*

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—A conviction is growing on every hand that the drinking habits of our country are sadly extending and deepening, though various noble institutions, and multitudes of earnest philanthropists, exert vigorous efforts to the contrary.

The evil is gigantic, destroying alike the muscular strength, the mechanical skill, the moral character, and the finer feelings of the heart; threatening, unless some speedy remedy be found, to involve the nation in terrible demoralization, guilt, and shame.

The writer lately heard a woman say to another in a public thoroughfare, "I hate him more and more every day I live."

The other said, seriously, "Don't say so; he is your husband."

"I do, I tell you; he spends nearly all he earns in drink, leaving me and the children almost to starve," said the other, with an emphasis which proved both her want and her hatred.

May we not justly fear that thousands of husbands are thus exciting hatred in their wives and children?

The spread of drunkenness, and its awful brood of crime and misery, at length constrains the attention of the Legislature. But the combined interests of the manufacturers and

vendors of these drinks, have brought even a Liberal and powerful Government to abridge its projected improvements.

Does not this complete inadequacy of all restraining measures invite all patriotic Christians, for the safety of their country and the glory of God, to offer up daily united prayer, on the warrant of the blessed Saviour, "If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven," imploring Him graciously to interpose for our deliverance? Could not ministers pray publicly sometimes on this behalf with benefit? Could not prayer for it be offered at prayer-meetings? and even could not special prayer-meetings be sometimes held for such an object?

By the failure of all human means, in any adequate measure is God calling us to dependence on Himself, and to faith in His word and power? "The things which are impossible with men, are possible with God."

This proposal, suggested by a devoted clergyman with whom I lately held very pleasant intercourse, I now venture to lay before believers generally, earnestly entreating them to beseech the Lord daily, to give His Holy Spirit to the tens of thousands now possessed by the spirit of drink—more degrading and destructive than the evil spirit that caused the demoniac to foam and howl in misery and terror—that He may lead them to Jesus, the Almighty Healer and Redeemer, and that He will quickly guide His children as to their conduct and influence; and also our Legislature to the adoption of such measures as shall arrest what is already the country's sin and shame, and prevent its becoming also its self-inflicted curse and ruin.

Hackney.

JOHN ROSS.

HOW TO GET A FURNISHED HOME BEFORE YOU MARRY!

SUPPOSE a young man, of the promising age of eighteen, instead of learning to smoke and drink, would resolve to deposit the money in the Post-Office Savings' Bank. By adopting this plan, the difficulty would easily be met. Take the following calculation as an illustration of the power of the pence. A penny a day is £1 10s. 5d. a year. Three-pence a day, £4 11s. 3d. a year. If a young man indulges in the supposed manly (?) habit of smoking, and adds to that also drinking; then a *pin* of fourpenny and screw of tobacco, threepence a day, which is gone in a jiffy, if regularly saved for four or five years, would have made him the possessor of (with the interest, and a few odd shillings now and then dropped in) from £20 to £25 to call his

own. This would certainly be a nice little sum to start house-keeping with, and might easily be secured if habits of *saving* instead of *spending* were more generally adopted by our young men. Many are good at wishing for something to turn up, but bad at the employing the best means of turning it up. It is all very well for a young man to lie in bed of a morning, imagining the postman bringing him a letter with the news that some rich uncle, of whom he had never heard, had died, leaving him a handsome legacy in his will; but, depend upon it, castle building of this kind is not the way to secure a home of your own. Take the money spent in drink and tobacco by the young men of England, and we may safely say that, if applied in the way we have suggested, it would supply all the wants of the thousands who are constantly dreaming of "something turning up some day."—From *Kirton's Happy Hours*.

SIX YEARS OF AGE.

"I WISH I could join an abstinence society," said a little boy about six years old, who stood shivering in one corner of a miserable habitation, rendered so by his parents' use of intoxicating liquors.

"You are not old enough," replied his mother—"you can't understand it."

"Well, mother, I am old enough to know better than to drink intoxicating liquor," was the child's reply; "and as I am an abstainer, I don't see why I may not be a member of the society."

NEVER BEGIN.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

In going down hill on a slippery track,
The going is easy, the task getting back;
But you'll not have a tumble, a slip, nor a stop,
Nor toil from below, if you stay at the top.

CHORUS.

So from drinking, and swearing, and every sin,
You are safe and secure if you never begin.
Then never begin, never begin,
You can not be a drunkard unless you begin.

So in mounting a ladder, or scaling a wall,
You may climb to the top or be bruised by a fall;
My philosophy's this, and I think it is sound,
If not needed above, to remain on the ground.

So from smoking, and drinking, &c.

Some boast they can stand on the cataract's brink;
Some do it, but some topple over and sink;
Then I think to be safe the most sensible plan
Is to keep from the brink just as far as you can.

So from drinking, &c.

In a journey you may have to make the descent,
By climbing a danger to others prevent;
You may rescue the child from the rock's giddy shelf,
But never save sinners by sinning yourself.

So from drinking, &c.

Youth's Temperance Banner.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named—Sept. 3rd, Rev. John Ross, of London—On Monday, the 4th, the Rev. J. Ross will Lecture on "Systematic Giving"—10th, Rev. G. Thompson, of Mexborough—17th, Rev. W. B. Affleck, Bradford—24th, Rev. H. Tarrant, of Leeds.

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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 25.

OCTOBER. 1871.

At the Monthly Meeting to be held on Tuesday, October 10th, a Miscellaneous Entertainment will be given, comprising Instrumental Music, Songs, Readings and Recitations. Addresses will be given by the Rev. T. W. Townend and Mr. R. Burlington. Admission Free.

THE BLACKSMITH'S SPEECH.

MEN talk as though hard work could not be done without beer. I believe there never was a greater mistake. I am not much of a scholar, my knowledge is not great, and I know nothing of Latin or Greek or Hebrew; but this I fully know, after ten years' practice, that hard work can be done without one drop of intoxicating drink. When I first began to abstain I was almost afraid to make the experiment, and my dear good wife said she thought teetotalism might suit tailors, but she did not think it possible for me to do my work without a little beer. But I was determined to give it a fair trial, which I did, and I never regret it. I was not a drunkard, and, although I was but a humble tradesman, the drink put many temptations in my way. I do not believe that men are obliged to become drunkards, but what I affirm is this, that if they take only small quantities of the drink, and they love it, they cannot help loving it; and whoever they may be who love it, they are more or less in danger of being ensnared by it. Though I was not a drunkard, I loved the drink, and how could I help loving it? And I knew, as in the case of taking tobacco, snuff, or opium, that love might increase; and when I thought of what it had done, and what it was doing, I felt ashamed that I loved it, and yet I thought I could not give it up.

I well remember one Lord's day morning, as I was on my way to the house of God, I heard a neighbour say, "What a sad thing it is!" and another said, "Poor thing, she was a kind-hearted woman, and no one's enemy but her own." "What is the mat-

ter?" I inquired. Then a near neighbour said, "What! have you not heard? Why, poor Mrs. K., at the manor farm, was found by her husband, a little after midnight, burnt to death by her own fireside." A cold chill ran through me, and in a moment I inquired what could have been the cause; and in an impressive undertone it was said, "Drink, drink—nothing but the drink." A party of friends had spent a pleasant evening with the farmer and his wife: the drink was freely supplied; and although it was known that the mistress was very fond of it, no one observed that she had taken it too freely. When the friends had separated, and all the members of her family had retired to rest, she remained down stairs, for the purpose of taking a little more; and it is believed that when she had lost all self-control the fire caught her clothes, and in a short time she was burnt to death. Her husband heard neither shriek nor groan (a strong evidence that she was made insensible by the drink), but as it was unusual for her to remain so long, he went downstairs, and to his great horror found her dead. She was a blackened corpse. Before she loved the drink she was a good wife and kind-hearted mother, but she ruined herself and met with an awful death. But why did she drink? And how came she thus to love it? There can be but little doubt that she was in the first instance deceived by what is termed moderate drinking; she mistook the stimulation for strength, and that which she esteemed as a necessary blessing proved her ruin and her curse.

I am sometimes met by persons who say to me, "You know, blacksmith, it is not the

use, it is not the use which is wrong." To such I reply. "What is the use? Be good enough to tell me the use." But they never do tell me the use, and I firmly believe it has no use.

Thousands of working men have exploded the farce that alcohol is necessary to enable them to work. As a blacksmith, I ought to know a little about hard work; I am generally at the forge more than twelve hours in the day, and I believe it is one of the greatest delusions to suppose that hard work cannot be done without beer. My next door neighbour is a tailor, and a few days ago we had a little chat upon temperance, and he very seriously affirmed, that he could not do his work without either ale or porter. I could scarcely keep from smiling. I simply said to him, "If I can use my great hammer upon temperance principles, surely you can use your little needle."

In passing through a village recently, I saw several young men who were making straw plait, and with their strong fingers they simply have to move a few splints, a thousand of which would not weigh a pound: it is easy work for very little children, and the whole skill and the work combined may be summed up in the provincial and homely distich,—

"Under one and over two,
Pull it up tight, and that will do."

Now, when I spoke to these young men—(who were walking about, and making the straw plait while they were walking)—upon the subject of temperance, they said they were quite sure that they must have a little beer: and I have met with those who do nothing, who affirm that it greatly helps them in their idleness.

A farmer's labourer called upon me a few days ago, and said, "I'll tell you what it is, blacksmith; I am very sorry that you are a teetotaler, for your practice is doing us poor men no good. Why don't you take a pint or two of beer now and then, as you used to do? When we tell the farmers we must have beer when we work hard, they point us to you, and tell us how you work without it." I replied to the poor man, and told him that I was so much in love with temperance, that I had tried it so long, and that it had answered my purpose so well, that I never intended to give it up. I then thought it was my duty to tell him, that beer did not contain anything which would do him or anyone else any good; that it was dear, dangerous, and unnecessary; and that many labouring men in the hay-time and the harvest were by it rendered incapable and helpless. If the poor men would but open their eyes, they would clearly see that intoxicating drinks are their greatest foes.

The blacksmith is considered to have a spark in his throat which nothing can quench but beer, and I tried for more than a quarter of a century to quench it by taking a little, but could not succeed. As soon, however, as I became a cold-water drinker, the spark was extinguished, my throat got cooler, my brain felt better, my mind became clearer, my arms became stronger, and my prospects brighter; and so they are now. My work is hard and heavy, but it is done with greater ease; and at the close of the day I can read better, and think better, than I could before; and since I have banished the drink and disposed of the barrel, my pocket is fuller, my house is better furnished, my library is larger, my wife is happier; and I can rejoice, with her and the children, not only for the blessings of temperance, but for the possession of that good hope which is full of immortality. What a man requires for the body is good bread, meat, and fruits, and, at least once a week, a good bath. His best drink is cold water. Let him have these, and every night a good sound sleep, and his work will be an exercise and a pleasure.

Drink is bad, and so is debt. I can see in our village how they go hand in hand; and there are many who are almost always in difficulties, in consequence of the sums they have to pay for useless things; and many of the tradesmen who sell good and useful articles frequently lose large sums in consequence of the drinking customs. But bad as the debts are, and great as are the sums which are annually sacrificed, these things are a mere nothing when compared to the sufferings and distress which many of the people endure.

I never knew how much I had been deceived until I saw some beer and wine analysed, and then I felt ashamed that I had lived so long in ignorance. I wondered then, and so I do now, that the doctors did not tell us these things: they ought to have told us that beer, gin, and port wine contain nothing which would justify us in calling them good. On the side of plain, practical scientific truth they were dumb; and to show their folly, and upon which side they are found, there are thousands of doctors who are now drinking, and recommending intoxicating drinks: and if we had waited until they had instructed us, we should have yet been in a state of danger and ignorance. I do not wish to be severe upon the doctors, but some of them have acted in such a ridiculous and contradictory manner, that many of their patients have treated them not only with indifference, but sometimes with contempt. When I began to abstain, my doctor shook his head, and told me it might do for a tailor, but it would never suit a blacksmith; whereas the tailor now says that it might do for a black-

smith, but it won't do for a tailor. But, contrary to the opinion of the learned gentleman, I know it does suit me; and from that day I have neither required the doctor nor the drink. I should feel almost ashamed of myself if I thought I could not work well, live happily, and enjoy good health, without the aid derived from alcohol; and I am told the hardest and the hottest work, such as the making of anchors and great guns, is performed by many who are staunch teetotalers. If I had a doubt upon the subject as to whether hard work could or could not be done upon temperance principles, I would freely express it.

It requires but the will and the effort, and then the working men would free themselves from a power which now oppresses them, and they would have at their disposal millions of pounds with which they could build houses, buy land, assure their lives, and establish businesses, which would benefit themselves and the whole community. We may talk of reform until we are tired, but it is my firm conviction that unless the people improve themselves, no earthly power can raise them. We want practical and individual reform. Liberty is sold in the pothouse; the morals of the people are corrupted, and the mental power of the nation is diminished by the drinking customs of these highly favoured but degenerate times. We are all injured by alcoholic drinks. When our poor rates are demanded, are we not injured? When we see our neighbour straggling to a drunkard's grave, are we not injured? When we know the tap-room is full of the young and the old, who are mutually effecting their own moral and eternal ruin, are we not injured by it? When we see the poor ruined daughter prostrate upon her dying bed, with a dark and misspent past which affrights her, and a gloomy future from which she shrinks, are we not injured by it? When we read of the savage and atrocious murders which are almost daily committed, are we not injured by it? And when we know that by the same power kings have been deposed, ministers have been sacrificed, and millions of the people are enslaved, are we not injured by it? When we know that the sacred name is profaned, that Jesus is hated, that the Bible is sold, that vice is evolved, and virtue crushed, are we not injured by it? *Verily we are all injured by it.* Are we serious when the heavens frown? Yes. Do we laugh at the forked and dangerous lightning? No. We must be serious in the presence of such appalling manifestations of judgment and of power. What, then, should be our state of mind when the moral heavens are black with crime, and ourselves encompassed by open graves and the mangled bodies of the slain? I see a

cloud darker than that which frowns in the sky, and I hear deep wailings of woe which are louder than the thunder of the desolating storm; and when I look down the dark centuries of the past, and contemplate the evil in the light of the judgment to come, my soul also exclaims, "How long, O Lord, how long? How long shall millions of strong sons and fair daughters pay their homage to alcohol?" The burden of my soul is this great foe. Strong drinks are the greatest barriers in the way of all that is pure, noble, and good. We must work against them with all our might, in order to banish them from the world. We must not keep them in our houses for the purpose of giving them to our friends, and I believe, if we are wise, we shall never have them recommended as medicines. We must oppose them as dangerous, dear, deceptive, adulterated, and poisonous compounds, and never lay down the weapons of our bloodless and glorious warfare until these evil customs shall be banished from the world.—*Jabez Inwards.*

THE ROMANCE OF THE POORHOUSE.

BY THE PAUPER.

THE advocacy of Temperance above anything can dispense with the aid of fiction.—*Bagman, December 25th, 1869.*

Truthful romance—for real life is real romance—needs no preface, no ornamentation of words or literary tinsel. Where all are dressed alike, and where the pecuniary circumstances of all are nearly alike, it requires the discriminating eye of a reader of human character to distinguish one class of man from another.

I had noticed frequently a pale-faced, intellectual, contemplative man, apparently about thirty, frequently standing out in the snow, or when inside, looking continually out at it. He would frequently sink his foot in it, as if to see how deep or lasting the impression. The snow seemed to have some peculiar attraction for him. The strangeness of his movements, together with the fixed yet wild melancholy of his features, and his love of being alone, excited my curiosity very much. He seemed to notice me more than any of the others, and one morning I introduced myself, and gradually drew him into conversation. Whatever subject was broached invariably drifted into snow. "'Twas a strange element; how formed? What was its average duration in certain depths and temperatures? The retreat of the army from Moscow, the crossing the Alps, the dogs of Mount Saint Bernard"—a subject with which I was acquainted—these and similar subjects constituted our conversation, in which he

took the deepest interest. I felt every day more and more interested and curious to know his history, and its mysterious connection with snow. One morning he seemed more than usually dejected, and I tried to interest him in his favourite subject by asking him if he had ever read the story of "The Snowdrift."

"Many of them. Do you mean Washington Irving's?"

"No." I recapitulated the principal incidents in the fearful tale. He was sadder and sadder. A thought struck me. I asked him if he had read the story of "The Vacant Chair" in the "Tales of the Borders."

"No." And I proceeded to narrate how the chair of the son supposed to be lost was kept vacant for so long, that long after hope had forsaken the hearts of all, the chair was unexpectedly filled.

The light of hope seemed to flash in his eyes, and he pressed my hand. "What brings a man of your intelligence here?" he asked. I explained that I was brought here, thought to be dying from an accident arising from drink.

"You're quite well now?"

"Quite."

"Have you no business or resources or friends?"

"Plenty of both, but unable to resist the drinking customs and traffic; and, seeing how things go on here, I have resolved to see all, take notes of all, and publish them."

"The drink again," said he; "the drink."

"Are you a victim?" said I.

"What else could bring me here?" said he.

"I was under the impression," said I, "that your history had more to do with snow in some way or other than with drink."

"As in most such cases," said he, "there are secondary causes, but drink is at the bottom. I belong to Manchester. My father was a merchant. I went to Australia to buy wool—he began to gasp out his sentences—brought home a young wife with me—there—I shall not say what she was like; every man thinks the same; but she was a glorious being. My father and I quarrelled; she took the estrangement of my family to heart. I began to drink and she began to fret. The more I drank the more she fretted. The more she fretted the more I drank. We had one child. I didn't know how far I had gone in the drinking, nor how difficult it was to stop, for I never was what is called drunk in my life."

"I quite understand you," said I, interrupting him, "many hard drinkers couldn't get drunk—wouldn't at first—couldn't at last. Proceed."

"I got my all from my father—spent it; not all in drink, but upon betting on what I knew nothing about when excited with drink. So on, year after year. I determined to see an uncle of mine in Carlisle, got a pittance from him,

spent it again. She came to see me—took ill—clothes went—I drank them. I thought I could get something to do in Edinburgh. We started to walk to it. We were overtaken in the snow. I ran on, leaving her to seek a house of shelter. Could not find one. Could not tell which of the four cross roads was the right one, ran madly along one, was mad, ran all night till exhausted. I fell asleep in the snow. I am here."

"What of the wife and child?" I asked.

"She's alive."

"And the child?"

"Is in the snow—died that night."

"Thank God you didn't lose both. Cheer up. I was afraid, from your mysterious conversation and significant gestures, that both were lost in the snow."

"Hush," said he; "whisper. That idea has got rooted in my mind, and I cannot get rid of it. I am a lunatic unless when talking to you, and I know it."

Constant speaking to him of his wife disabused him in a short time of his delusion. A letter and enclosure came, and he is now, I trust and hope in my heart and soul, battling the waves on his way with his wife to Australia. May he there battle successfully with his great foe. Let us hope that there may yet be a future before him, as it is said there is for every man who has the energy and will to seek forgiveness for the past, and help from the Giver of all good to keep him in the future.

Nor deem the irrevocable past

As wholly lost or spent in vain,

If, rising on its ruins at last,

To something nobler we attain.

The Reformer.

A WARNING FOR BOYS.

A CLERGYMAN, who had been for many years chaplain to the Maryland Penitentiary, took great pains to find out what it was which first led the prisoners to go astray, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he found that Sabbath-breaking was the beginning of their wicked courses.

A young man was about to be hanged for murder. As he stood upon the scaffold, he spoke to the great crowd gathered round in this manner:—

"My friends, you have come to see a man die. Let me advise you to take warning by me. The beginning of my ruin was Sabbath-breaking. This led me into bad company: from bad company I went to drinking, from drinking to robbing orchards and gardens, from this to housebreaking, and from this, to murder. Thus I have been brought to my present sad condition. Many of you are young: in an especial manner let me warn you to beware of Sabbath-breaking."—*Rev. R. Newton. D.D.*

STRONG DRINK AND THE CHOLERA.

IT has often been supposed that strong drink is not injurious in times of cholera, unless it be taken in excess; but the experience of medical men has shewn this to be erroneous. It appears that the habitual and moderate use of fermented and distilled liquors tends to "destroy the susceptibility of the body to the successful operation of medicine" when the constitution has been attacked by disease. During the cholera visitation in America thirty years ago this fact was abundantly illustrated. A New York doctor who visited Canada, stated that in Montreal not a drunkard recovered from the disease, and nearly all the victims were moderate drinkers. A Montreal doctor declared that the cholera had been the advocate of temperance. Not only had the haunts of the drunkard been devastated, but even moderate drinkers had suffered. In other countries the same thing was seen. The 30,000 who died in Paris were, with slight exceptions, in the habit of liberally taking intoxicating liquors. In Poland, nine-tenths of those who died of the cholera belonged to the same class.

A CONFERENCE of Sunday-school teachers has been held in the provinces, and at the morning sitting much was said about the destructive influence of intoxicants on the elder scholars.

A barrel of ale was in waiting for dinner!

At the close of the conversation, a Sunday-school teacher rose and said: "Mr. Chairman, after what we have heard this morning, I think it would be more consistent if we did not drink the ale. I therefore propose that nothing but water be placed on the table."

"I second the vote," cried a brave soul.

No opposition! No, none. Honour to everybody. Carried unanimously. That's the way to hoist your colours, and fight the good fight. Total abstainers! be wise and watchful, and you will gain a quiet victory.

THE STOWMARKET EXPLOSION.

AT the Coroner's inquiry, a witness stated that the men at the works received their wages on Friday evening, and came to their work beery on Saturday mornings; that they then worked carelessly and hurriedly, putting more cotton into the centrifugal than it would hold—the consequence was that the cotton was not properly rinsed. Scientific men at the inquest were clear in attributing the explosion to the insufficient rinsing of the cotton, and thus it would appear probable that this dreadful calamity was attributable to the effects of strong drink.

THE PREVENTION OF DRUNKENNESS.

AMONG the abortive attempts to remedy great evils the present session has witnessed several, either direct or indirect, in the direction of national intemperance. Circumstances are continually cropping up which force public attention to the subject. The abomination is not occasional or intermittent; it is constant and chronic. The reader of the police-sheet sickens week by week at the infinite variety of guises in which drunkenness in one or other form draws its victim to the prison cell. The annals of crime were never more evidently or more generally united with excess in drinking than at the present.

We cannot but tremble at the appeal to selfishness which is made by the fact that 180,000 persons are living in this country on the traffic in drink, and that Government draws £12,000,000 per annum for the national revenue from the same source.

Our course seems to lie in the direction of Christian effort, and moral and social reformation. Not unnecessary are Mr. Williams' words as to our family customs. Drinking healths and proposing toasts are very doubtful improvements to the Christian character of our feasts of charity. Funerals are still far too much associated with the drinking observances, which are only civilised reproductions of the old heathen wake. The wine in the vestry had far better be kept in reserve for the delicate Timothy, rather than always produced as the conclusion of the whole matter after morning or evening service. Doctors would do good service to the church and add to their own proficiency if, instead of blindly prescribing porter or wine, they would study what substitute could be offered, as a support to the system, which would not on removal leave evil and often fatal effects behind.

We are heartily thankful that the subject of drunkenness is attracting such general and serious attention. Dickens, who sinned above all others in representing excessive drinking as essential to a brave heart and a merry laugh and the good fellowship of life, will go down to after ages as the chronicler of views and opinions happily extinct. It is in the earnest and solemn spirit which addresses itself to the evil, and will not pause or turn back until it has found its roots, exposed its numberless ramifications, and looked at it all round in the righteous light of faith in what God Himself has said of the drunkard's sin and the drunkard's doom; it is in this spirit, we say, that we rest our hopes for a better and brighter day to the social life of England.—*From the Freeman.*

ON SMOKING.

SIR,—At a recent Band of Hope meeting, a friend addressed the children and warned them in words of great earnestness and in tones of deep feeling against *smoking*, telling them “that no tongue could describe what he suffered in giving up the pipe (which was injuring his health). What cravings, what gnawings as of hunger, the habit had created within him,—and he urged them by what he suffered, *never to risk* bringing themselves into its fatal power and servile bondage.”

These words confirmed my conviction that smoking should be included in the pledge taken by children. It should be on every parent's certificate, and on every Band of Hope pledge card. Trusting that this suggestion will be quickly carried out,

I remain, Yours, J. P.

I HAVE been drinking tea with a gentleman connected with a great railway. He said this:—

“One of our engine-drivers went to India, and, earning high wages, he saved about £600. Had he been sober, he might have soon retired on his savings, but he came home and spent his money. He used to go to our head inns and treat people with brandy and champagne, and soon spent all his money!”

“But,” said I, “am I to understand that the landlords of your inns here would see a poor fellow wasting his money in that way, and still serve him with liquors?”

“Bless you, sir, what do they care, so long as they get the money?”

I was silent. What could I say?

Coming through the City one Sunday afternoon, a working man was pointed out to me as one who had signed the pledge. I shook hands with him, and said:—

“When did you sign the pledge?”

“Twenty-one years ago, sir.”

“What induced you to do so?”

“I wished to support my mother, and I knew that I could do it better outside the public-house.”

“And how long have you supported your mother?”

“For twenty-one years—ever since I signed.”

“And if you had not done so, where would she have been?”

“Probably in the union.”

“Where does she live?”

“At Truro. She is eighty-four years of age, and has never used drink in her life.”

There, good reader, is an instructive conversation for you. Sober children will not allow their parents to enter the workhouse;

drunken children have not the means to keep them out of it.

“Belshazzar made a great feast for a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand.” When kings and governors make feasts, and cover the table with cups of wine, it is difficult to refuse to drink it.

A young man once did so.

Listen to his story. The governor of an English colony made a great feast, and, of course, wine was abundant. Not far from him, at the chief table, was a rising young lawyer who had signed the pledge.

“Mr. A—,” said the governor, “I shall be glad to drink with you.”

Here was a trial of faith.

“I do not, Sir John, drink wine,” was the answer, “but I will fill the glass with water.”

“Do so, sir,” said Sir John.

During the feast Sir John often addressed remarks to Mr. A—, and, in short, treated him with marked respect.

Now, young men, listen to this:—*The young lawyer rose and rose in life, and is now the governor of the colony. So keep the pledge and go a-head—will you?—Record.*

SETTING DOWN A STAKE.

“WHY don't you limit yourself?” said a physician to an intemperate person—“set down a stake that you will go so far and no further.” “So I do,” said the toper, “but I set it so far off that I always get drunk before I get to it.”

“TRULY the people are poor, and their poverty seems to increase, but while the passion for drink is fostered by countless beer-shops and gin-shops at every corner, *what can come upon the land but a curse?*”—*Missing Link Magazine.*

THE USE OF STRONG DRINK IN HOSPITALS.

WE suppose no one will assert that all the strong drink used in hospitals is legitimately employed. The *Lancet* acknowledges that—“So much is left to dressers and house-surgeons, who have but small experience, that the greatest advantage arises from the occasional hints of an experienced and watchful officer. Even the staff frequently continue the use of wines and spirits longer than needful, from simple inattention, and occasionally they order them to an extent which a little consideration would reduce.” And we add that they are frequently ordered when there is not the slightest necessity for their use, and when they are more likely to inflict injury than to impart benefit. Of course, we do not expect that our ideas as to the

medical use of alcohol will meet with universal acceptance—custom and appetite stand in the way—but we have full faith in the soundness of our views as to the general uselessness and frequently pernicious influence of the use of strong drinks in disease. Dr. John Chas. Steele, in a paper on “Hospital Dietetics,” says that “whatever temperance advocates or social science may say to the contrary, I feel convinced that, if we desire to reconcile our patients to the hospital regime, and afterwards facilitate their convalescence, we must supply them with a moderate amount of their favourite beverage.”

According to this, the drink must be given to please the patients. It reconciles them to the rules of the hospital; it gratifies their appetite for alcohol; and these are the reasons (perhaps the best that can be given) for the ordinary use of strong drink in hospitals. There are, however, signs of reform. The nature of alcoholic liquors is better understood than formerly, and the number of persons who have ceased to use strong drink is constantly on the increase. Many medical men, too, have ceased to use alcoholic liquors, and there is a growing public sentiment in favour of abstinence. There is ground, therefore, to hope that the extravagant use of alcoholic liquors in hospitals will be given up, and that these liquors, if employed at all, will be used only in cases where they appear to be necessary, and not to be given from routine, or to please the patients. The use of strong drink in hospitals is not only objectionable on the ground of the money wasted in the purchase of the drink, but also because of the bad moral effects of its use. Patients and their friends are led to form erroneous views as to the value of strong drink, and to conclude that it is essential to health and strength. In this way some are induced to begin drinking intoxicating liquors; others think it necessary to increase their quantity; and thus drinking habits are created and perpetuated through the use of alcoholic liquors in hospitals.—*The Medical Temperance Journal.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

THE following incident is said to have occurred a Sunday or two since at the parish church of a village a short distance from Hanley:—An eloquent preacher had made an appeal on behalf of the Sunday Schools, and the churchwardens were making a collection from pew to pew. One of these functionaries came at length to a pew occupied by the wife of a flourishing publican. Notwithstanding the stirring appeal which had just been made, Dame Quickly had been overcome by sleep, and did not immediately deposit her contribution, so the churchwarden gently

nudged her with the plate, whereupon the lady, being brought to a semi-wakeful state, coolly swept the contents of the plate into her lap, with the distinctly audible remark—“All right, waiter; five pints and three papers of tobacco.”

THE PUBLICAN'S WISH.

I wish I were a spider,
And that all mankind were flies,
My web I would spread wider
Than all across the skies;
Ah! the stupid, foolish creatures,
They should keep me fat and sleek,
I would stroke my rosy features
As I thus to myself would speak:

Chorus:—Hurrah for the well-fed spider,
Hurrah for the foolish flies!
My web shall stretch yet wider,
Till it reach across the skies!

In the coldest days of winter,
When the snow is on the ground,
I invite the flies to enter,
My good fire to buzz around;
In the longest days of summer,
When the harvest work is done,
I can take in every corner,
And drain his purse like fun.

The teetotaler I plunder,
For I make him keep my poor,
For he broke my web asunder,
And that tax he shall endure;
I should like to catch him tripping,
And his nose to the grindstone bend,
For he from my grasp is slipping,
And I don't know how 'twill end.

Final Chorus:—We are coming, Mr. Spider,
We are coming by and bye,
So set thy house in order,
For the time is drawing nigh.

WE SHALL DO IT BY-AND-BYE.

By the Rev. C. Garrett.

There's a glorious work before us,
A work both great and grand;
Every man at once should join us,
And help with heart and hand.
We shall do it, we shall do it,
We shall do it by-and-bye.

There are homes now full of sadness,
Whence peace and love are flown;
We must fill those homes with gladness,
And make the Saviour known.
We shall do it, &c.

There are wives and mothers weeping,
Whose hearts are cold and sad;
We must give them joyous greeting,
And bid them yet be glad.
We shall do it, &c.

There are crowds of little children,
Deep sunk in sin and night;
We must raise them from their darkness,
And lead them up to light.
We shall do it, &c.

There are good men filled with sorrow
O'er seed they've sown in vain;
We must show them the destroyer,
And urge them to abstain.
We shall do it, &c.

God is with us! ever helping,
Until our work we've done;
With us guiding, keeping, blessing,
Till the victory is won.
We shall do it, &c.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named—Oct. 1st, Rev. A. Russell, M.A., Bradford—8th, Rev. Dr. Falding, Rotherham—15th, the Sunday School Anniversary Sermons, by Rev. R. Harley, F.R.S., &c., Leicester—Monday, 16th, Rev. R. Harley will Lecture on "Spectral Illusions and Spiritualism." Admission Free.

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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 26.

NOVEMBER. 1871.

At the Monthly Meeting to be held on Tuesday, November 14th, the Ambler Thorn Choir will sing a selection of Glee's and Part-songs, interspersed with Recitations, by several of the members. Chair to be taken at 7.30. Admission One Penny Each.

PHOEBE GRAY.

By T. S. Arthur.

SMALL and weak things have often great power and influence.

And little human things—children—have also great power and influence. There is no telling how much good may be done by a small and weak child.

Let me tell you a story about a little child. Her name was Phoebe Gray, and she was only five years old. She did not live in a handsome house, nor wear nice clothes, nor have plenty of good food to eat; for her father was a drunkard, and did not take good care of his family.

Now Phoebe had always been a sweet child, and her tender, loving ways had many times kept her father from taverns and bad company. It seemed to him, sometimes, when her arm was about his neck, as if an angel were guarding him. He never spoke crossly to Phoebe, even in his worst fits of drunkenness, and if he got into a rage, as he sometimes did when his poor, heart-broken wife tried to talk with him about his bad habits, his anger died out when the dear child, lifting her tearful eyes and frightened face, would say, "Oh, papa! Don't please, talk so to mamma."

Before Phoebe was born, Mr. Gray, when his drunken fits were on him, was very cross at home, and stormed about sometimes like a madman. But after she came, these fits were less frequent, and rarely so violent as in former times.

He loved to hold her in his arms, and would often stay at home in the evening, after she grew to be a few months old, just

for the pleasure of carrying her about, or rocking her to sleep in the cradle, instead of going off to a drinking saloon. It was wonderful to see what power this little tender thing had over a strong man who had become the slave of a maddening vice.

As Phoebe grew, her influence over her father increased. She had so many winning ways, was so sweet, and gentle, and loving, that her presence always softened him, and made him wish that he were a better man.

It was in the gentle sweetness of Phoebe's character, in her forgetfulness of herself and love of her father, that her power lay. She was always winning, never repulsing him. And if her face grew sorrowful sometimes, and her sweet blue eyes filled with tears at sight of her father as he came staggering home, the change did not make him angry. It half sobered him with the pain he felt for the grief of his little one.

But for this child Phoebe, Mr. Gray would have abandoned himself wholly to drink. The fiery thirst for liquor had grown so strong that only his love for her put any restraint upon him, and for her sake he often turned back at the very tavern door, and went home a sober, instead of a drunken man.

So it had gone on until Phoebe was five years old. But for her sweet influence all would have been lost. Mrs. Gray had no power over her husband. If she said a word about his bad habits, or tried to draw him away from them, he would get very angry and go off and do worse than before. Now, long indulgence in drinking had made his fiery thirst so strong that even Phoebe's influence failed to keep him away from the dramshops, where he spent nearly all his

money, and left his wife and child to suffer at home for want of good food and warm clothing.

Still, love did not die in the heart of Phoebe, though she grew thin and pale, and the shadow of a sorrow that was very bitter lay heavily on her young face, once so full of light.

Very lonely and sad were all her evenings now. Her father rarely, if ever, came in before nine or ten o'clock, and then he was so stupid with liquor that her only pleasure in seeing him was to know that he was at home instead of in some tavern.

One night a storm came up. The winds blew and the rain fell heavily. A neighbouring clock struck nine; and as the sound died away the wind came with a rushing noise along the street, rattling the shutters and driving the rain upon the windows.

"Oh, dear!" said little Phoebe, starting up from the floor, where she had been lying with her head on an old piece of carpet. "I wish papa was home."

And then she sat and listened to the dreary wind and rain.

"He'll get so wet, and the wind will blow him away." The poor child knew how weak he was after he had been drinking, and she felt sure he would never be able to stand up against the fierce wind that was blowing. When this thought came to her mind, fear crept into her heart; and fear began to make pictures of dreadful things. Now she saw, in imagination, her father fall headlong upon the pavement, with no one near to raise him up. Now she saw him tumbling into the swollen gutter, and the tide of water rush over him.

"Oh dear, mamma!" she cried, starting up and going to the window. "He'll get drowned, he will! I must go for him."

"You go for him!" Mrs. Gray might well look astonished.

"Somebody must go for him. He'll be drowned!" cried Phoebe, wringing her hands in distress.

"Oh no, dear; there's no danger of that," answered Mrs. Gray, trying to pacify her child. "Don't be afraid. He'll not go into the street while it rains so hard."

"Are you sure of it, mamma?" asked Phoebe.

"Yes, very sure."

But Phoebe's heart was not at rest.

"I'll just look out and see if he is coming," she said, after a while; and then she went to the door, as she had so often done, night after night, to watch for her father's return.

"Don't keep it open for a moment," said her mother. "The rain will wet you all over."

"I'll look out just for a little minute," answered Phoebe, lifting the latch. As she

did so, a gust of wind and rain swept into her face, and blinded her.

"Oh it's dreadful!" she cried, shutting the door quickly. But she held it close only for a moment or two. The thought of her father out in such a storm made her open it again. And this time she bravely faced the wind and rain, and looked along the pavement as far as the next corner, where a street lamp threw down its circle of light.

"Oh, there he is!" she cried, and then shutting the door behind her, ran toward the gas-lamp, against which she thought she saw a man standing. But it was only the shadow of the lamp that she had seen; and her heart sank in painful disappointment. Down upon her bare head and thin clothes the heavy rain fell, and the wind blew against her so hard that she could scarcely keep her feet.

If Phoebe had thought only of herself, she would have run back home. But love for her father made her forget herself. So she stood close to the lamppost on the corner and looked up and down the two streets that crossed each other, hoping to catch sight of her father. But no one was to be seen. Far down one of the streets a red light shone from a tavern window.

"Maybe he's there," she said to herself; and as the words fell from her lips, off she ran towards the light as fast as she could go. Sometimes the wind and rain dashed so hard in her face that she had to stop to get her breath; but she kept on, thinking only of her father. Love for him kept her from being afraid for herself. At last she got to the tavern door, pushed it open, and went in.

A sight to startle the crowd of noisy, half-intoxicated men, was that vision of a little child, only five years old, drenched with the rain that was pouring in streams from her poor garments, coming in so suddenly upon them. There was no weakness nor fear in her face, but a searching, anxious look that ran eagerly through the group of men.

"Oh, father!" leaped from her lips, as one of the company started forward, and catching her in his arms, hugged her wildly to his bosom, and ran with her out into the street.

If Mr. Gray's mind was confused, and his body weak from drink when Phoebe came in, mind was clear and body strong in an instant; and when he bore her forth in his arms he was a sober man.

"My poor baby!" he sobbed, as a few minutes afterwards, he laid her in her mother's arms, kissed her passionately, and burst into tears. "My poor baby! It is the last time!"

And it was the last time. Phoebe's love had saved him. What reason, persuasion, conscience, suffering, shame could not do, the love of a little child had wrought. Oh, love is very strong!

Startled and touched by her sudden appearance and disappearance in the arms of her father, the little company of men who had been drinking in the bar-room, went out, one after another, and sought their homes. Said one of them, as he came in full an hour earlier than he was in the habit of doing, and met the surprised look of his wife, who sat wearily sewing when she should have been at rest—sewing, because she must earn, to make up for what he spent in dram-drinking—

“Jane, I saw a sight just now that I hope never to see again.”

“What”? asked the tired woman.

“A little thing, not so old as our Jenny, all drenched with rain—just think what a night it is, looking for her father in a rumshop! It made the tears come into my eyes when her poor drunken father caught her in his arms, and ran out with her held tightly on his bosom. I think it must have sobered him instantly. It sobered me, at least. And Jane,” he added, with strong feeling in his tones, “this one thing is settled; our Jenny shall never search for her father in a dramshop, on any night, fair or foul! I’ll stop now, while I have a little strength left, and take the pledge to-morrow.”

And he kept his word. Another of the men present when Phoebe came for her father, was so affected by the scene that he too stepped out of the dangerous path in which his feet were treading and walked henceforth in the safer ways of sobriety.

A VISIT TO KING ALCOHOL'S DOMAIN.

By Miss C. M. Ricketts.

It was a miserable day when I started on my tour. For some distance, I walked through grand squares and fine streets. At a house here and there was a cart filled with a matter as dangerous and combustible as the petroleum that has devastated Paris, and I saw in the strong, burly men who were putting this stuff into the basement stories of these houses, deserters from the ranks of honest labour, men in league with a worse than foreign foe. I felt indignant, as I thought of all the misery coiled up in those carts, but I was powerless to attack the Alcoholic Squadron then; I reserved my forces, and these being tongue and pen, and doing my best to rout them as often as opportunity offers.

A turn from a wide, handsome street brought me into a network of smaller streets, and in one of these the foe had taken up his quarters. Not content with travelling parties

of marauders, he had organized forts and strong-holds; these numbered about one in every thirty houses; but his citadel was to the neighbourhood of Paradise court.

His Palaces were almost numberless! Most Monarchs are satisfied with five or six palaces, but this grim king owns in the United Kingdom 150,599, besides smaller villa residences (as we may term them) to the extent of 35,497; making a total of 186,096 dwellings; in short, he owns one palace to every forty houses, or one to every 204 persons!

As I pursued my way, his flags floated everywhere. His palaces were so thick that I trembled as I thought of his power, knowing well that liberty and love and truth die under the glitter of his fiendish eye.

I shall describe one or two, and these will suffice for all. One that I passed had newly blossomed out into larger dimensions. It was wider, higher, more roomy, and to it also had been added a basement story to receive a fresh regiment of the king's men, known as the XXX regiment of that line. The reception room was gaily decorated with grey granite recesses, glittering with gilt, in which stood corporal cognac, sergeant gin, and privates rum and whiskey. There was a fine plate-glass window open to the street, the envy of the grocer, the baker, and the news-vendor. They could not get the money for plate glass; indeed, they were sometimes obliged to put up with patched squares of glass, which had been broken by some of the frequenters of the palace opposite, so fine and new. The grocer, as I passed, was sitting pensively in his chair, looking at his almost empty till. Poor man! he had a large and expensive family to keep, and one of his sons was too fond of that palace, and spent there what should have come into that scantily filled till.

The baker, I could see, was in a difficulty with a woman who appeared to be asking him to take something in exchange for her loaf instead of money: he refused, and the woman came out without her bread, only to turn into the palace, where she soon disposed of her parcel for a quarter of gin.

The newspapers were all standing in their racks at the door, and the man, who ought to have been busy, was standing, hands in pocket, gazing at the house over the way, and half tempted to go and try the same line of business, but just as the thought was quivering up over the horizon of his dark thoughts, the woman who had bought the gin staggered out and fell in the gutter; this being one of the most frequent ways in which the devoted subjects do reverence to their king on quitting any of his palaces. The newsman started at this visible objection,

and he slapped his honest hand upon his knee and said with strong emphasis, "Not a bit of it; I'll stay where I am, and earn an honest penny; I'll be no party to such work as that."

I went a little lower down, scarcely ten doors, and another palace met my sad eyes, which was also crowded with men and women, (if I ought to call such wretched-looking creatures by those names.) Two men sat on a bench near the wall, which was the only sitting accommodation in the room, it being one of the studious arrangements of gin palaces that *little space* shall be allowed for persons to sit and sip quietly, making two glasses last out the evening; the place is so constructed that those who come for drink must stand to take it, and so the landlord's eye being continually upon their glasses, they are constrained to empty it, and have it again and again replenished.

The two who occupied the bench were not quite so disreputable in appearance as the rest; they were both deep in the price of the loaf and the question of reform, not considering, (muddle-headed fellows as they were) that they drank up in malt liquor that which should have gone to nourish them, as bread, and that if they would have set their faces against the drink they would accomplish the most splendid dream of the radical reformer. Let me tell you that the brewers destroy such a quantity of grain yearly as would make 1,000,000,000 four-pound loaves.

In the United Kingdom £200,000,000 is annually spent on intoxicating drinks. This is King Alcohol's tax. This money, if expended on goods, clothing, bedding, houses, land, cultivation, colleges, churches, schools, and labour of all kinds, would give employment to 3,000,000 of people, whereas expended as it now is on worse than a useless article, at the highest figure, it only gives employment to 400,000!

What does a man get for his money at the public-house? The publican gets ten or fifteen shillings. The customer nothing (except a splitting headache).

What does a man get at the shoemaker's? The shoemaker gets ten or fifteen shillings. The customer gets a good pair of shoes, and no headache, with the satisfaction of possessing something he can make use of.

A QUESTION FOR PARENTS.

ARE we fully doing our duty as parents, so long as we set our children the example of using intoxicating liquors, even in moderation?

As a stand-point, from which to consider

this question, we may take the fact, that it is our duty to endeavour to train up our children so that they may be happy in this world, and happy in the world to come; and so far as we fail in doing our best to carry this out, we fail in our duty towards them. Very many of us are in the habit of using intoxicating drinks as beverages; we perhaps take very little, keeping within the strictest bounds of sobriety; we may feel ourselves perfectly secure, and may be right in doing so; we may be able to go through life without having to regret any excess in this direction; had all been as guarded as we, there would have been no need of teetotalism. But, what about our children; can we guarantee as much for them? If we look around us, we must see that as moderate drinkers, we walk upon a very slippery path; and if by our example we lead our children upon it, can we be sure that they will be able to stand like us? We know that every year, 50,000 or 60,000, unable to keep their footing, slide down into the abyss of drunkenness, and perish miserably. We are apt to look upon these lost ones, much as we may look upon some distant battle field, as something very terrible, but which does not very closely concern ourselves. We forget that every town, every village, every street, aye, perhaps our own home, will furnish its quota, to close up the thinned out ranks of the drunkards. If our public houses are not shut, and our drinking customs go on as they are, as certainly as the sun will shine, in twenty-five or thirty years, thousands of infants and children, now happy and innocent, will be drunkards, reeling through our streets. Is it not possible, that some of our children may be amongst these victims? and if we have to mourn over their fall, what a terrible aggravation of our woe it be if we have to reflect, that it was guided by our example, and endeavoring to follow our steps, that they met their ruin. On the other hand, how much of comfort we should find, in being able to think, as we prayed for their restoration, that we had never, by deed or word, sanctioned the use of the cursed drink which had destroyed them. Most parents are ready to recommend teetotalism to their children, and to encourage them to join Bands of Hope, but how little weight such advice can have when it is given by lips that are used for drinking beer! The devil will soon suggest that the parent's practice must be better than his precept. I believe that many parents have little idea of the powerful influence which their example has upon their children. I can illustrate this by an incident which recently occurred in my own family. I am occasionally engaged in advocating the claims of Temperance at public meetings, and Bands of Hope; but beyond

setting the example of strict abstinence, I have done little to recommend it in my family.

Some time ago, I queried with myself, whether I had not failed in my duty in this respect, whether I ought not more fully to have taught the principles of Temperance by precept also, so that my children might be set against the use of intoxicants. Accidentally, I learnt that the force of example with an occasional word when the subject came up, had done its work. A little girl, some six years old, was one day amusing herself by reading in a "Cookery Book."

"Mamma," she suddenly exclaimed, "I will eat nothing more that is made out of this book." "Why?" "Because it tells how to make wine, and if it tells how to make one bad thing, very likely many more of the things are bad." That was enough. But suppose the same child had been set the example of the moderate use of intoxicants, of an occasional glass of ale or of wine; would not the sanction of her parents have created an equally strong opinion that these were good things which she might use in the same way, and thus led into the fatal ice-slope of moderation; who can say what might have been the end of her career?

We are too apt to look upon teetotalism as a work which concerns us only as individuals; and to judge of it by what we consider to be our own peculiar wants. Here we commit a great mistake. We should consider, whether by giving it the weight of our example, we can make the world better; whether we have relatives or friends upon whom our actions might have a beneficial tendency, and above all, whether the children who are looking up to us, would be rendered stronger for their journey amongst the snares and pit-falls of the world. Should we feel that by abstaining we can strengthen every one, let us not reason with appetite, or interest, but at once and for ever put from us that which has caused so many to stumble, and offend, and be made weak.

DISTILLERIES AND GROG-SHOPS.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, in one of his recently published sermons on the "Authority of Right over Wrong," presents the following thoughts on the right of suppressing distilleries and grog-shops:—I have a good deal of a certain sort of kind feeling for wicked men. I am sorry for them. Looking at them in one way, I have sympathy with them. I would serve them if I could. I would do all in my power to make them

better. But, on the other hand, if they assume superiority over me, and tell me to hold my peace, I have forty men's spirits of indignation roused in me! The idea that these very men who, I know, are exhaling from Stygian morasses a pestilential miasm which is poisoning my children, and my neighbour's children—the idea that they should arrogate superiority over me, and tell me to hold my peace, makes my blood boil! If a man should open a sty under the Heights, the signatures of all the men in the neighbourhood would be obtained declaring it a nuisance; and it would be abated quickly. When it is something that smells in the nose, men understand rights and duties, and they say, "No man has any business to create a nuisance in our midst;" and they resort to measures for compelling the offender to remove that by which he offends. Let a man start a mill for grinding arsenic, and let the air be filled with particles of this deadly poison, and let it be noticed that the people in the neighbourhood are beginning to sneeze and grow pale, and let it be discovered that this mill is the cause, and do you suppose he would be allowed to go on grinding? No. Men would shut up his establishment at once. And yet, men open those more infernal mills of utter destruction—distilleries and wholesale and retail dens, for liquor; and you can mark the streams of damnation that flow out from them; and yet nobody meddles with them. One man is getting carbuncles; another man is becoming red in the eyes; another man is becoming irritable, and losing his self-control; another man is being ruined, both in body and mind; multitudes of men begin to exhibit the signs of approaching destruction; and the cause of all this terrible devastation may be traced to these places where intoxicating drinks are manufactured and sold. You would not let a man grind arsenic; but you will let a man make and sell liquor, though arsenic is a mercy compared with liquor. And I say that you have no right to suffer to exist in the community these great centres of pestilential influence that reek and fill the moral atmosphere with their poison. In those sections of the West where chills and fever prevail, counties combine and drain the swamps from which it comes. And in cities, and thickly settled places, you have a right to suppress distilleries and grog-shops. You have not only a right to do it, but, as you love your country, your city, your fellow-men, your children, and your own selves, it is your duty to do it. It is your business to set your face against every demon that possesses man, and say, "By the authority of Christ I command you to come out!"—*Nation.*

ANOTHER MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

SPEECH BY DR. GUY,

Delivered at the Lecture Hall, Norwich, on Tuesday, September 12th, 1871.

DR. GUY, who was received with great applause, said—I was requested a few weeks ago by Mr. Jarrold to address some remarks to you on this occasion. I certainly did not then, nor do I now consider myself competent to the task; so with much diffidence I will now lay before you a very few facts connected more particularly with my own profession, hoping you will grant every indulgence to an inexperienced speaker. In the first place I wish to offer my advice to all those who intend joining the temperance ranks to make up their minds quickly, and leave off stimulants of every description *at once*, and for the following reasons:—I find that many persons labour under the idea that to do this suddenly is likely to injure their constitution, and that serious results may follow; more especially those habitual drinkers who dread that most fearful of all complaints, which their own intemperate habits inflict upon themselves, *delirium tremens*. But this notion has been successfully combated by Dr. Peddie, by showing that this disease is seldom observed in our prisons, notwithstanding the number of confirmed drunkards who are admitted there, and immediately placed on low diet. Alcohol, a poison, dangerous to life in large doses, is also an accumulative one when taken habitually in small quantities. It is one that principally affects the nervous system—hence *delirium tremens*. The treatment of this complaint was formerly to continue the supply of the accustomed stimulant, which theoretically was adding fuel to fire; but we know now by experience that patients get more rapidly well under a totally opposite plan. I trust that these few facts will assuage the fears of the uneasy and wavering. When a Pathologist wishes to demonstrate to his class the commencement and progress of an inflammation, he procures a living frog, and spreading the thin web of its foot under a microscope, sees the blood flowing freely through the veins, arteries, and smaller blood vessels; then placing a small drop of alcohol on the web, an immediate change is seen to take place—the vessels contract, the blood corpuscles oscillate and aggregate together, the thin walls give way, and exudation of the watery portions of the blood takes place into the subjacent tissues. This constitutes that condition known as inflammation. The mucous or lining coat of the stomach is composed of precisely similar blood vessels, supplying innumerable glands which secrete that im-

portant fluid, the gastric juice. On the continued application of stimulants to the coat of the stomach, the same process takes place as we have seen in the frog's foot, the gastric juice being poured out in larger quantities, so that the stomach of a confirmed drunkard is in a constant state of congestion, and not unfrequently of inflammation. The whole of the nutritive process is fouled, if I may so be permitted to use the term, in its first stage. The result is in some cases unhealthy depositions of fat in various organs of the body, a robust appearance being frequently mistaken for health; in other cases disease of some secreting organs, causing atrophy or wasting of the tissues. Both are a state of dire disease, causing agony, and certainly shortening life. I might also refer to the effects of stimulants on the circulatory system, and state how the increased action of the heart and arteries induces disease in that organ and those vessels; but I will conclude by impressing upon you my earnest conviction that, *perfect health is perfectly incompatible with the consumption of alcohol and fermented beverages.* (Cheers.)

A ROYAL TEETOTALLER.

THE *Times* of Tuesday last contains a letter from a correspondent, giving an account of the recent journeyings of the King of Spain. The writer says:—"For the information of your readers who may belong to the Total Abstinence Society, let me say that this young King is of their creed. He never drinks anything but water. Though unpledged, he is a staunch teetotaller."

The king rises every day at six, the queen at seven; at ten they breakfast—never more than four courses, including fruit; and at five they dine, when there are only four courses, including desserts. No more than an hour is spent at the dinner table, no matter who is there. This almost puritanical simplicity is calculated in time to make the court of Madrid a model to the rest of Europe.

The king lately attended a ball at Castellon. He entered freely into conversation with all who approached him, and did not refuse the refreshments offered him by the committee of the casino, greatly astonishing them, however, by his refusal to drink anything but water, in accordance with his custom. He made up for his abstinence by partaking freely of the ices, and *dulces* with which the table abounded. At Tortosa, after visiting the Cathedral, factories, and hospitals, he ended by receiving the local authorities in the Town Hall, and accepted an entertainment they had prepared. Champagne in abundance was on the table, but His Majesty drank his favourite beverage—water.

EXHIBITIONS.

WE are indebted to the *Catholic Times* of September 9th, for the following description of what took place in Parliament Fields, Liverpool. The occasion was the annual show of the Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Society:—

In the neighbourhood of the prize beasts the avenues were simply impassable, and numbers of admiring agriculturists leant lovingly over the mountains of beef to feel the solid flesh and pronounce upon the points of the animals. On at least one day of the show, the Wednesday, there was one "prize beast" that did not fail to come in for a large share of attention. This was not a shorthorn, nor a pig, nor a dog. No, it was not worthy to be classed with such superior animals. It was a drunken man! There he lay upon the grass in the broad daylight, like a senseless log in the very path of the passers-by. And upon his breast was placed, by some wag whose grim sense of humour was original enough, a large label on which was written, "*First Prize for Drunkenness! Suffering from Foot and Mouth Disease. Please do not touch the animal.*" Yokels stop to guffaw at the sight; well-dressed gentlemen and ladies lingered to laugh at the appropriateness of the label; and even the policeman in charge enjoyed the joke and thought the sport too good to be interfered with. So the "prize animal" lay for two hours, the scorn and laughing-stock of thousands of his fellow-men, degraded below the level of the very swine that wallowed in their filth within a few yards of him. A becoming spectacle in a Christian civilized country this, was it not?

"THE TIMES."

ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

In a leading article, on the 21st inst., the *Times* gave the following account of the great difficulty in the way of improving the conditions of the poor:—"One evil is universal and enormous; and it throws into the shade all the hindrances and impediments raised up by class, wealth, and human institutions. The population of these islands spends in intoxicating drink and tobacco more than all it pays in the shape of taxes, rates, and tithes. Remove all other institutions supposed to fetter industry and crush manly spirit, and this one institution will still do the work of them all."

A CHILD'S REBUKE.

A LITTLE child (the son of teetotal friends, of the writer, in the South of England), once

on a visit to his grandmamma, saw the old lady take a glass of beer. The dear little fellow stared with amazement, and exclaimed, "Why, grandmamma, I always thought you were good!" He had never seen beer used in his father's house; but had often seen men under its influence come reeling and rioting out of the public-house over the way, and not unnaturally concluded that there was a close connection between beer and evil. The old lady had all her life taken a little; but at once promised the child that she would take *no more*; adding, aside to the mother, "I am sure I won't forfeit his good opinion for the sake of my little beer." The old lady was still a teetotaler when the writer last saw the family many years after the occurrence. The child had become a teetotal man, and was living in America.—JOHN HILTON.

A WORD TO THOSE "IN THE TRADE."

THE liquor trade is like a double-edged sword, and often slays both the buyer and the seller of strong drinks. If a sober man engages in the business, he is not popular amongst his customers unless he joins them in their cups; if he does so he probably becomes a drunkard. How many publicans are slain in the prime of their days by liquor! It is a common remark, even among drinking men, in reference to particular inns, "What a number of landlords those houses have destroyed!" The observant cannot fail to be struck, by seeing many signboards, upon which the man's name is painted out and the woman's name is put in its place—too often indicating that strong drinks have killed the landlord, and that his widow keeps on the inn. In this fact, the reflective mind will see cause for the deepest sorrow, that so many should be lured into a business which is, from its nature, so terribly destructive to those engaged in it.

THE LATE JAMES LARNER, Esq.,
OF FRAMLINGHAM, SUFFOLK.

MANY of our readers will learn with regret, the death of this zealous abstainer. For upwards of thirty years he laboured most indefatigably and disinterestedly in the cause of Temperance; not only in his own immediate neighbourhood, but in most of our large towns. His death was hastened by over-exertion in lecturing night after night for a considerable period a few months since; a long and painful illness succeeded, which ended in death, on the morning of October 7th.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at Half-past 10, and in the Evening at Half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at Half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the services; there are no pew rens, service being supported by free-will offerings.

The following Ministers will preach on the dates named—Nov. 5th, Mr. S. G. Jowett, Bradford—12th, Rev. J. Henderson, Honley—19th, Rev. W. B. Affleck, Bradford—26th, Mr. F. H. Bowman.

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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 27.

DECEMBER. 1871.

The Monthly Meeting of the Band of Hope will be held on Tuesday, December 12th. Addresses, Recitations, and Readings will be given. Chair to be taken at 7.30. All are invited. The Annual Meeting will be held in Christmas week. Full particulars in next Visitor.

SPENDING AND SAVING.

"It is hard to draw the line," said Smith. "You go and drink with a fellow, and you think you will only take this one glass, may be; but one glass leads to another—and if a chap has treated you once, why you cannot be backward in treating him again, and so it goes on; and somehow there never seems any money to put by at the week's end—leastways, I find it so, and I assure you it is not for the want of thinking how it can be done."

"But perhaps it is for the want of steadily making up your mind to do what you have thought on," replied Jenkins. "Thinking and doing be very different things. With such wages as you make you would never miss five shillings a week,*—now would you?"

Smith thought how many five shillings a week had gone for drink, and answered, "I cannot say I should not miss it; but, no doubt, I could spare it."

"Well, and five shillings a week put by steadily into the bank, would give you £13 at the end of the year, would they not?"

There was no denying that.

"And in ten years your £13 a year would give you £130, not counting the interest. And do not you think it would be much better that you should have that £130, than that it should have gone into the till at the Black Lion?"

"Small doubt on that."

"And, for my part, I do not see why the sum should not be doubled. You must be making from £2 to £3 a week just now—are you not, Smith?"

* See "Norwich Tracts," No. 74.

"Yes; never under £2."

"Then, with any thing like management, you ought to put away ten shillings a week. It is not often that I miss doing it. But then my wife is a clever manager. Not but what I think most women can manage if they try—put their mettle up, and it is wonderful what they will do. Look at Dickens's wife—why, she has been the saving of her husband."

"How so!"

"You know how he drank!"

"I have heard tell of it; but when I joined these works he was the same steady man as he is now."

"Ah! I had forgotten you were a new-comer. Time was when Dickens was one of the hardest drinkers amongst us, and a sad life he led his wife—as neat, tidy a little woman as you would wish to see. She and my wife are great cronies, and many a time has my wife said, 'Well, I always thought myself a good manager; but as to Anne Dickens, she beats me hollow.' At last, one day when I came home, my good woman meets me with such a pleasant smiling face, I knew there was something fresh in the wind. 'Well, Charlie,' she says, 'wonders will never cease.' 'What is the news, wife?' said I, for I saw she was bursting to tell me. 'I do believe that Dickens is going to give up his bad ways; and I should not be surprised if, after all, he becomes as steady as you, Charlie; and if so, under God, it will be all Anne's doing.'

"This was news; and I asked anxiously what grounds she had for saying so.

"Why, for some time past Anne has been

putting money away in the savings bank,' she said; 'if matters did not mend, she saw a rainy day could not be long in coming, and when it did come, she knew Jem would be right glad to find a few pounds saved out of the fire. How she ever managed to lay by I cannot tell you; but she has managed it by dint of denying herself, and working day and night for him who was all the time a-drinking up her due. Well, any way, she has got her reward—no need to grumble now; but, as I was saying, she put by, and by, till she had got a matter of £20. But she never told her husband; for she was afraid, if he knew of the deposit, maybe he would take it out and drink it; and she was always uncommon careful to put away her savings-book somewhere safe out of sight. The other day, Anne was out, and Dickens came home sooner than usual, and, wanting something he could not find, he opened the drawer where Anne kept the book—of course he saw it, and, of course, he would not have been a man if he had not taken it up and opened it.

"So wife," says he, at supper, "you have been laying by money unbeknown to me, have you? If you can lay by on what I give you, I shall take care and dock your allowance."

"You may think how grieved poor Anne felt; dear heart, it seemed as if her last comfort was gone, her last hope of respectability was taken away. It only shows, Charlie, how little we know what is for our good. We ought to be very careful of judging, that we ought, till we see how the end comes. For, after all, that very mischance which Anne fretted over was the cause of all the good. However, that is tellings.

"All that evening Dickens was in an awful temper, and he did not seem much better next morning when he went to his work. That was a wretched day for poor Anne; for she thought like as not that he would be for giving notice at the bank, and drawing out all the money. But Anne is a good woman, and she took her troubles where those who take them are sure to find rest; and God comforted her, and put a good heart in her; and somehow—she said she could not tell how—but she went about her work quite lightsome like, and she felt sure there was good in store.

"Well, Dickens came home, and his supper was all ready for him; and, for a wonder, he was quite sober; and he sat down and ate his supper without so much as one bad word; and when supper was over, "Anne," says he.

"Yes," says Anne, wondering what was coming next.

"You've got a matter of £20 in the savings bank, haven't you?"

"Yes, Jem."

"I wish it was £40."

"Well, Jem, and so do I; but it will be some time yetafore I can save all that money."

"But supposing as we both saves; what then?"

"You may fancy how Anne's heart beat for joy.

"Deed, then it would soon be not only forty, but the double," she replied. "Oh, Jem, if you would but try!"

"Well, then, that is what I mean to do. I have not seen your book for nothing, Anne; and, for all I seemed so savage about it, it cut me to the quick; for, thinks I to myself, if this can be done when I am spending, what might not be done if I was saving? And, Anne, please God, I will give up the drink, and be a better husband to you than I have yet been."

"Now, is not that news, Charlie?" said my wife in conclusion—"news worth telling?"

"It was indeed, But better than that can be told now; for Dickens has kept true to his word, and he is one of the steadiest and most well-to-do men amongst us; and it was only the other day that he told me he had not only laid by a good round sum, but he had insured his life for them as survived him."

"I only wish we men would all follow Dickens's plan. I know it would be a deal happier thought on our death-bed that we were leaving somewhat to keep our widow or our children respectable, than that we had put the money down our own throats. It is only a few nights ago that I was at a meeting at one of them mechanics' institutes, and there was a gentleman speaking who knew what he was talking about—any one could tell that in half an eye; and he said he had been making a calculation of the money spent in drink every year by us workmen, and, in Manchester it came to nigh upon half a million of money; in Glasgow, up in Scotland there, to about the same; and in Newcastle to £400,000. He mentioned several other places, but I cannot rightly call them to mind; those big figures stuck in my memory, and I thought what a deal o'good might have been done with all the money which had only gone to muddle the men's brains, and ruin their tempers."

"Well, I never could a' thought it," said Smith, in a tone of voice which showed that this at least was quite true.

"That is just it," returned Jenkins.

"Men do not give themselves time to think. They have got present money in hand for what they want. A shilling more or a shilling less does not make any such great odds, and so it goes; and when it is gone, it is too late to get back again. As the old proverb says, 'It is too late to spare when all is spent;' and though I doubt not the proverb has got a double meaning, and has an eye to the next

world as well as to this, yet a man may get a good lesson from it as to how to make the most even of his present belongings. And then, too, I think it is a pleasant thing for a man to feel that he is making a sort of independence for himself. It makes him respect himself; gives him, so to speak, a stake in his country's good."

From "*Waste not, Want not*," an illustrated 1d. Tract, which we recommend to the perusal of our readers.

ON WORKING-CLASS DRINKING.

THE working classes are the most numerous class in the country. They are as intelligent as any other class, and as they are so industrious, it is their own fault that they are not as a whole a wealthy class. I say that they ought to be making progress and pushing us from our stools. They do not try to do it, and this *not trying* hinders their progress. They stop to indulge themselves, and they are slaves when they give way to some selfish vice which hinders them in the path of progress, and makes them poor when they might be rich. Then you see that the danger comes from within. I will illustrate what I mean. Somebody sent me by post this thing (holding up a paper). You perceive this long column representing £108,000,000; and you cannot perceive this small column representing £2 000,000. Well, the 108 millions is the little bill for what we spend in drinking in the year, and the two millions is the apparent sum that we spend in charity in the year. And here is an intermediate column representing the whole of the Government expenditure for *everything*, about which we grumble so much, and it is only seventy millions in the year. It does not nearly rise up to that column of 108 millions. Again, the annual exports of woven goods are eighty-six millions annually. Contrast that with two millions in charity, and 108 millions in drink. A great part of that goes out of the wages of the working classes, and if they would keep that money and do something else with it, it would have a considerable effect on their social condition and their happiness; it would have a great effect upon the condition of their families, because although the wives and children are not here, you are not so ungenerous as not to spare a thought about them; and I fear that the money that goes to make up that bill is spent principally upon one member of the family to the prejudice of the rest. Why is not this cured? and how is it to be cured? I am of opinion that it can be cured by *motives* being applied to the man. One hundred years ago everybody contributed to this pecuniary sum total; but now, from certain classes, that custom has disappeared

almost totally, and I trust that it may be made to disappear from among the working classes. If so, it will be by the operation of *motive*, and no motive can be more powerful than the motive that you can work out your own reform.—*The Archbishop of York*.

"*The Pictorial Drink Bill of the British Nation*," published by E. Curtice, Strand, London.

A PREVENTIVE OF DRUNKENNESS.

WE were walking not long since—no matter where—and met an old acquaintance, who bowed to us gracefully, as he has always been wont to do. We knew him in his early manhood. He was handsome, well educated, of high social position, of polished manners, well esteemed in society, and rising in professional influence. Few young men had before them so bright a prospect as he had. We had not seen him for a considerable time, and we were shocked at the change in his appearance. His garb was faded and worn, his complexion was flushed, his face was bloated, his step was unsteady, and his whole appearance was that of a vagabond. Gone were his money, his respectability, his friends, his health, his bright prospects in life, everything but his politeness. The marks of his gentility were still upon him. Our pity was moved. We could have wept heartily over him. Ah! how many have wept over him! We did not know him intimately. Whether his brothers, or sisters, or mother have witnessed his fall and degradation, we do not know; but he had, no doubt, kindred and friends who had seen, deplored, and wept over his sad change.

What a dreadful future the poor man has before him! Of his reformation there is no hope. His life will probably be short; his death will be hopeless; his grave will be unblest; his memory will be infamous; and his end will be—let clouds and darkness cover it.

We thought that if all the young men in the land could see the unfortunate, ragged, bloated sot, they surely would avoid at every sacrifice, walking in his footsteps. What sane man would for a world share his doom? There is but one certain preventive of drunkenness, and that is *total abstinence*. So long as men, ordinarily, for the gratification of their appetites, and with the prevailing social habits of the land, drink intoxicating liquors, a portion of them will become drunkards. The percentage of drunkards in most communities is distressingly large. No intelligence, refinement, moral training, or self-control can prevent this result. Young man, if you would not blight your earthly hopes, wreck your happiness, tarnish your fair name, dishonour your parents, shorten your life, fill a drunkard's grave, and lose your soul, ab-

stain from the intoxicating bowl. The remedy is simple, cheap, easy, safe, and certain ; and every other is deceitful, dangerous, and ruinous.

MEDICAL TEMPERANCE MEETING IN EXETER HALL, Oct. 31st.

THIS was one of the most important meetings ever held in connexion with the Temperance Movement. The Hall was densely crowded ; an immense number of medical men being present. The peculiarity of the present meeting was, that all the speakers were members of the medical profession. The Chairman, Mr. J. Taylor, in opening the business, said that the Temperance League had expected, and had received, a large share of assistance from the members of the medical profession. None could bear ampler testimony to the evil effects of intoxicating drinks, for they came under their notice every day, and they had no interest except to speak the truth. Their evidence could not but promote the cause. But, after all, the people must rely on themselves for the cure from the curse of drunkenness.

A letter was read from the Rev. Stenton Eardley, containing this striking sentence :—"I want to see a general recognition by the medical faculty, of the *almost awful power* they yield in this struggle which concerns the rise or fall of a mighty nation."

The meeting was addressed by Dr. Collenette, of Guernsey, Dr. Bailey, of Stourbridge, Dr. Beaumont, of Sheffield, Mr. Townson, of Liverpool, and Dr. Edmonds, of London.

The paper read by Dr. Beaumont, of Sheffield, may be taken as a compendium. He began by remarking on the universal use of alcoholic drink by all classes of men, and for all reasons, as an evidence of the prevalence of a vitiated and artificial taste, and a taste of which it was specially to be remarked that it grew by indulgence. Study and observation had convinced him that alcohol was a dire evil. His arguments were :—1. It was not a natural product, and cannot be said to be the gift of God. It was nowhere traceable in the virgin juices of nature. 2. It was not necessary to health. 3. It produces abnormal changes in the system, or, in other words, created disease in the liver, the blood, and the brain. 4. It was not necessary in the treatment of disease ; and then finally he glanced at the moral aspect of the question.

Dr. Collenette, who had become a teetotaler by a question put to him by an ignorant teetotal mechanic to whom he had recommended wine as to where the strength of the wine came from—gave as the result of his thirty years' experience that all diseases, including small-pox, typhus fever, delirium tremens, were better healed by non-alcoholic prac-

titioners than by those who used it. As a class, he maintained teetotalers were much freer from disease than other men. When the cholera came to Guernsey in 1849, to a man the teetotalers were spared. In the many surgical operations he had performed he saw much of the same results. He cured a man of an ulcerated leg, who had drank, by a doctor's orders, while suffering from it, largely of wine and spirits, and in 18 months, 90 gallons of strong beer. In the hospital of which he was the physician, the money spent in drink had been reduced from £230 to £10, and this was a great argument with ratepayers. "If," said the doctor, eloquently, at the close of his speech, "If you value health, happiness, life, banish from your houses, your tables, your sick rooms, every particle of intoxicating drink, as they produce weakness, not strength ; sickness, not health ; death, not life." Mr. Townson—who came from Liverpool, where there were 2,600 spirit-shops and wine vaults, to but 500 bakers' shops—with an experience of twenty years to tell of, said how he had begun life as a moderate drinker, and found that unless he gave it up he should die a miserable man, and by God's grace he had given it up. A previous medical speaker, Dr. Bailey, had spoken of the odium attaching to a medical teetotaler, of the pecuniary sacrifice he was called on to make, of the general desire to which medical men were compelled to submit to prescribe stimulants. It was not so in his case, and many of the keepers of spirit-shops were glad to employ him, Mr. Townson, as they knew him to be a careful man. From his speech we gathered that in the Union in Liverpool, where least was spent in drink, there was the least disease, and the death-rate was the lowest. As surgeon to the Post-office he found the teetotalers and sons of teetotalers had the best health. He found the same in the case of the police officers. Then there were the nurses. It was a fact that those who were teetotalers could bear fatigue better than any other class, do with less sleep, and could better resist infection. Further, he remarked that he never saw the gangrene of old age in teetotalers, and that so far from the children of teetotalers having the rickets, they had firmer and fatter legs than any other class of the community. He gave it as his opinion that if all the spirituous liquors in the kingdom, by whatsoever name called, were destroyed, it would not lead to the loss of a single man, but to the salvation of thousands of human lives. In certain unions of Liverpool, for instance, it was found that the death-rate was one in nine where the expenditure on strong drinks had been 7s. 3d. per head ; whereas in unions where the expenditure was only 11d. per head, the death-rate was one in 38.—The meeting was also ad-

dressed by Mr. Bennett, surgeon of Winter-ton, and Dr. Edmonds, of London. The meeting was most enthusiastic.

"BRITISH WORKMAN" AT BENTHAM.

In the village of High Bentham, Yorkshire, which lies on the railway between Lancaster and Settle, three or four drunken revellers were lately carousing in a public-house, when, as often happens in a tap-room, the question of temperance came up for discussion. In a spirit of bravado one of them swore that he would teach the temperance fellows how to hold a temperance meeting, and the challenge being accepted by the others, it was forthwith agreed to carry out the scheme. Happily their return to sobriety did not alter their intentions, for a few days afterwards they might be seen in the main street, holding forth to a crowded audience on the curse of strong drink and the advantages of teetotalism. A friend living close by came to clench their arguments with some of his own; and it might truly be said of them, that "out of the strong come forth sweetness, and out of the eater came forth meat." The consequence was, that they were convinced by the excellence of their own arguments, and signed the pledge. At the time we last heard of them their lives were greatly changed; they had become regular attenders of the evening meetings of Friends.

Not long after the circumstance narrated, it was thought that the establishment of a "British Workman,"

"A public-house without the drink,
Where men may sit, talk, read, and think,"
would supply the need of these poor men.

The suggestion, when made to them, was very heartily received, and the consequence has been, that with the aid of contributions from kind friends at a distance, sufficient money was soon collected to warrant the taking of two cottages, which were transformed into the necessary accommodation.

For the encouragement of others who may be contemplating a similar undertaking, we may add that the little "British Workman" at Bentham has been most popular ever since—its only fault being the want of space to accommodate the numbers that frequent it. The addition of another cottage is now under consideration.—*Monthly Record*.

THE VICTIMS OF ALCOHOL.

If a railway accident or a coal-pit catastrophe occur, by which a hundred persons

are hurled into eternity, the quickly-wired intelligence soon knells horror through the land. Expressions of sympathy are heard on every side. Public sentiment at once demands that a legal investigation shall trace the causes which led to the calamity. Oh, what grief, what horror, what indignation should course through the soul of every lover of his country and of his kind at the appalling fact, that every year sixty thousand of our countrymen and countrywomen are slain by intoxicating drink!—that, directly or indirectly, more than a thousand a week are sacrificed at the shrine of the modern murderous Moloch—*Alcohol*!

A BANK FOR LOSINGS.

My engagements frequently bring me through one of the thoroughfares of this city, and as I pass a stately *Savings Bank*, I see groups of working people going in to deposit their hard-earned money. Some are mechanics, some are domestics, some are poor widows, laying by a few pounds for their fatherless children.

But on the same street the tempter has opened more than one *Bank of Losings*.

In some parts of the city there is one in nearly every corner. In almost every rural hamlet, too, there is a similar institution.

In each of these Banks for Losings is a counter, on which old men and young, and even some wretched women, lay down their deposits. The only *interest* that is paid on deposits is in redness of eyes, and foulness of breath, and remorse of conscience. Every man goes into the bank with a full pocket, and comes out empty. Another goes in with a good character, and comes out with the word *drunk* written on his bloated countenance. I have seen a mechanic enter with a brand-new coat, and coming away again as if the mice had been nibbling at his elbows.

I have known a young clerk to leave his "situation" behind him in one of the Devil's Banks of Losings. Several prosperous tradesmen have lost all their business there. Church members have been known to reel out from these seductive haunts, trying to walk straight, but back-sliding at every step. What is worst of all, thousands of people go in there and lose their immortal souls! If the cashiers of these institutions were honest, they would put on the door some such notice as this: "Bank for Losings. Open at all hours. Nothing taken in but good money. Nothing is paid out but disgrace and disease, and degradation and death. An extra dividend of *delirium tremens* will be given to old depositors. A free pass to perdition given to those who pay

well at the counter; also tickets to the cemetery, entitling the holder to a drunkard's grave! All the children of the depositors sent without charge to the orphan asylum or the alms-house."

Young men, beware of the Bank for Losings! Some bait their depositors with champagne; some with ale or bitters; some with a pack of cards; and others with a billiard-table. If you wish to keep character—keep out!

Young ladies, never touch the hand that touches the wine-glass! Never bear the name of a man who is enrolled on the deposit list of the Devil's bank. Never lean on the arm that leans on the bar-room counter. It will be a rotten support.

The best savings bank for a young man's money is the total abstinence pledge. The best savings bank for his time is honesty, industry, and a good book. The best savings bank for his affections is a true woman's heart. The best savings bank for his soul is a faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

But if you do not want your money turned into black eyes and red noses; if you don't want your pocket emptied, and your character worm-eaten, and your soul drugged with the poisons of the pit—then keep outside of the "NATIONAL BRANDY BANK FOR LOSINGS."

UNCLE GOODMAN'S IDEA.

By Kruna.

"WHAT difference would it make if we hadn't signed the pledge? You don't suppose we would ever drink?" asked Jasper Medtz, of old Father Goodman, under the apple-tree.

"Shall I take off your name, Jasper? Are you sorry it's down?" was the half-sad, half-comical reply, as Father Goodman looked at him over his glasses.

Jasper blushed. "Oh! no, not sorry; but you seemed so pleased to have all nine of our names, and we don't *any* of us like wine or brandy, or even beer, a single bit."

"Did you ever see Tom Bently?"

The boys all laughed.

"Or miserable Madge McNeary?"

The girls exclaimed, "Oh, Uncle Goodman!"

"Well, how do you suppose Tom looked at nine years old?"

Nobody said anything.

"He looked like a little gentleman, in his green jacket and tasseled green cap, with fair, open face, and hair brushed off from as fine a forehead as we have here; and he didn't care a straw 'for wine, brandy, or even beer'. To-day, who could induce *him* to sign a pledge, or keep away from the lowest saloon in the town?"

"And did Madge McNeary ever wear a pretty frock, and ride in a nice carriage?" asked Susie Burton.

"I presume so," said Uncle Goodman, smiling at the quick appreciation of his first question. "And gold or jewels would not hire her to-day to do what has cost you not one moment's thought. Perhaps if I had waited twenty years longer, and then asked for your names, I might have lost six or seven, or at least four or five of these jewels out of my crown. Suppose you were going to coast, some crisp winter day, down a very steep hill, and just before you started, some one told you there was a stream at the bottom with ice so thin that you would surely break through; which would be the easiest for you, to start off on your sled and spin half way down, and then stop short and come back, or look at the danger and walk off to a safer place before starting at all?"

"Of course, not to start," said Jasper.

"Well, that is just why I am getting all the boys' and girls' names to the pledge that I possibly can. I have lived a good while in this world. I have seen a great deal of misery among men, women, and children from intemperance. I have seen good men try, in all sorts of ways, to put a stop to it. I've heard ministers preach against it. I've heard judges sentence men to pay large fines for selling liquor; and heard other judges sentence other men to be hung on the gallows till dead, for some crime committed under the influence of strong drink, which, if they had not tasted, they would not have committed. I've heard Washingtonians lecture; heard reformed drunkards tell of the horrors of *delirium tremens*; I have seen the graves of fathers, and of sons, making mute appeals from hopeless hillocks of green; and, for all this, to-day the same deadly work goes on—men to sell, and men to drink, and women to weep and die of broken hearts. And my mind is pretty fully made up, that the very best and only sure way to save the world from this dreadful evil, is to *begin with the children*, when they 'don't care a bit for wine, brandy, or even beer.' *Anticipate the taste*—get in *advance of the habit*—and where is the trouble? That's my *idea*. And now off with hats and bonnets; the temperance lecture is over, and supper is ready in the arbour."

CLOSING OF PUBLIC-HOUSES ON SUNDAY.

WE are informed, by the Secretary of the Sunday Closing Association, that Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P. for Manchester, has consented, early next session, to introduce a Bill for Stopping the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors during the whole of Sunday.

STOP A MINUTE!

By Mrs. F. D. Gage.

"I HAVE something to say to you, young man. So you think total abstinence doesn't pay! did you ever know any one injured by it?"

"Well, no; I can't say that I ever did."

"Do you really think that dram you are taking will do you any good?"

"Well, no; I don't suppose it will."

"*Stop a minute!* Do you think you would take it if your mother was here?"

"I guess not."

"Would you like to have your wife see you, or the lady you are wishing to make your wife?"

"We don't usually take our drams and cigars in the presence of ladies."

"And why not? There now; don't go just yet. *Stop a minute!* Would you like to have any one you know, and really love and respect, see you walking up to this licensed bar, and calling for a dram?"

"No! But what right have you to be questioning me in this manner?"

"The right of a sister; the right Christ gave me when He said, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself!' We are children of one Father. I see thee going into temptations that may lead to ruin; I have the right to warn thee."

"It's no temptation to me; I could turn aside if I wished to."

"Then why don't you wish to? Do you like it?"

"No; not much."

"You don't think it will do you much good; don't think you would like to have your mother present when you ask for it; would not like to have your minister, or any friend you loved, see you at this bar. It is no temptation, and you do not like it. Why do you drink?"

"Well, because others do!"

"And what becomes of others that take it as you do, because *you* and others do?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"How many of such do you suppose there are?"

"There's a good many."

"Yes! there are at least fifteen millions of the inhabitants of this country that take intoxicating beverages in moderation, or otherwise—men, women, and children; some only take it now and then at long intervals, but insist it is necessary sometimes. Some use it in cooking; some take it without advice as a tonic; some as occasion offers; some as a daily beverage; some as an hourly beverage; and among all these, there are one million that do sometimes get drunk."

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

"FATHER, what does it mean to be a drunkard? Maggie Grey said you were a drunkard, and her father said so."

Had a bomb-shell exploded at the feet of Mr. Weston, he could not have been more surprised. He stood mute, and one might have heard a pin drop, so silent were they all. But Katie, nothing daunted, after waiting what she considered a proper length of time, repeated the question; and it was answered.

"A man who drinks liquor and makes a beast of himself."

"Is that what you do, father?"

"It's what I have done sometimes," replied the man in a choked voice.

"It's bad, ain't it?"

"Yes, child; the very worst thing a man can do."

"And that's what makes mother cry when there don't nothing hurt her; and that's the matter I have to wear such drefful old shoes?"

Only one word in reply to this: "Yes."

"Then, I shouldn't think you'd do so any more, 'cause mother's good, and I don't like to wear old shoes a bit. You won't be a drunkard any more, will you?" said Katie; and she looked up to her father so confidently, that he caught her in his arms and hid his face upon her shoulders.

"Say, father, you won't, will you?"

"No, darling, I won't." And raising his right hand, he promised never, never to drink another drop of intoxicating liquor, "God helping me," he added reverently. "Bless you, my darling; you have saved me."

Since then, she has often received beautiful gifts; and always she remembers with grateful heart that her father is not a drunkard.

FATHER'S DARLING.

From the "Onward Reciter," for Bands of Hope.

I wish my father would not drink,
How happy we should be!
Some day I'll speak to him; I think
He won't be cross with me.

For oft I've heard him kindly say,
"Bless thee, my bonny child!"
And often when I've been at play,
He has so sweetly smiled.

And many a pretty little toy
He brings me from the fair;
I know he likes to give me joy,
So I will not despair.

Some night, when he comes sober home,
I'll get upon his knee,
And softly say, "*Do, father, come
Home every night to tea.*"

And then I'll say, "*D ar father, sign
The pledge, abstain from drink;*"
Perhaps a little word of mine
May make dear father think.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

A Meeting to welcome the Rev. G. Thompson as pastor, will be held on Wednesday, December 6th. The meeting will be addressed by the Rev. Dr. Falding, of Rotherham, Rev. A. Russell, M.A. of Bradford, Rev. G. McCallum, of Dewsbury, Rev. J. C. Gray, Halifax, Rev. J. Bartlett, Halifax, and other Ministers and Friends.

Tea will be provided at 5.30. Tickets, One Shilling each, can be had of Mr. E. Mortimer, Bookseller, Crown Street.

The Rev. G. Thompson will preach on Sunday, Dec. 3rd.

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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 27.

JANUARY, 1872.

The Annual Meeting will be held on Wednesday, December 27th, 1871. Tea at 6.30. Tickets 4d. each. The Meeting will commence at 7.30. Rev. George Thompson will give an Address; Prizes will be distributed; Recitations and Songs will be given. Admission, free to the Meeting.

On Tuesday, January 9th, 1872, the Monthly Meeting will be held. The Holmfirth Temperance Prize Hand-Bell Ringers are expected to be present. See future announcement.

THE NEW YEAR'S PARTY :

A GLASS OF WINE, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"Now, John dear, I have something very particular that I want you to promise me," said Mrs. Lillie.

"Well," said John, over his newspaper, "what is this something so very particular?"

"Well, John, you know the Follingsbees are coming next week?"

"I know it," said John.

"Well, dear, there are some things about our establishment that are not just as I should feel pleased to receive them to."

"Ah!" said John; "why Lillie, I thought we were fine as a fiddle, from the top of the house to bottom!"

"Oh! it's not the house; the house is splendid. I shouldn't be in the least ashamed to show it to anybody; but about the table arrangements."

"Now, really, Lillie, what can one have more than real old china and heavy silver plate? I rather pique myself on that; I think it has quite a good, rich, solid old air."

"Well, John, to say the truth, why do we never have any wine? I don't care for it,—I never drink it; but the decanters, and the different coloured glasses, and all the apparatus, are such an adornment; and then the Follingsbees are such judges of wine. He imports his own from Spain."

John's face had been hardening down into a firm, decided look, while Lillie went on with this address.

At last he said, "Lillie, I have done almost every thing you ever asked; but this one thing I cannot do,—it is a matter of principle. I never drink wine, never have it on my

table, never give it, because I have pledged myself not to do it."

"Now, John, here is some more of your Quixotism, isn't it?"

"Well, Lillie, I suppose you will call it so," said John, "but listen to me patiently. My father and I laboured for a long time to root out drinking from our village in Spindlewood. It seemed, for the time, as if it would be the destruction of every thing there. The fact was, there was rum in every family; the parents took it daily, the children learned to love and long after it, by seeing the parents, and drinking little sweetened remains at the bottoms of tumblers. There were, every year, families broken up and destroyed, and fine fellows going to the very devil, with this thing; and so we made a movement to form a temperance society. I paid lecturers, and finally lectured myself. At last they said to me, 'It's all very well for you rich people, that have twice as fine houses and twice as many pleasures as we poor folks, to pick on us for having a little something comfortable to drink in our houses. If we could afford your fine nice wines, and all that, we wouldn't drink whisky. You must all have your wine on the table; whisky is the poor man's wine.'"

"I think," said Lillie, "they were abominably impertinent to talk so to you. I should have told them so."

"Perhaps they thought I was impertinent in talking to them about their private affairs," said John; "but I will tell you what I said to them. I said, 'My good fellows, I will clear my house and table of wine, if you will clear yours of rum. On this agreement I

formed a temperance society; my father and I put our names at the head of the list, and we got every man and boy in Spindlewood. It was a complete victory; and, since then, there hasn't been a more temperate, thrifty set of people in these United States."

"Didn't your mother object?"

"My mother! no, indeed; I wish you could have known my mother. It was no small sacrifice to her and father. Not that they cared a penny for the wine itself, but the poetry and hospitality of the thing, the fine old cheery associations connected with it, were a real sacrifice. But when they told my mother how it was, she never hesitated a moment.

"Well, couldn't you, just while the Follingbees are here, do differently?"

"No, Lillie; there's my pledge, you see. No; it's really impossible;"—beside there are other considerations—our friends at your forthcoming party.

"Listen, Lillie, to the history of an early friend, who fell through taking wine at a party, and I think you will not press me any further.

"Harry Sargeant was all that a mother might desire or be proud of. Generous, high-minded, witty, and talented; the only trouble with him was that he was too clever a fellow for his own good. He always drew company about him, and was indispensable everywhere, and to everybody, and it needs a steady head and firm nerves for such a one to escape ruin.

"His mother loved Harry to idolatry, and his love for her was a beautiful union of protective tenderness with veneration; and to Helen, his betrothed, it seemed the best and most sacred evidence of the nobleness of his nature, and the worth of the heart he had pledged to her. Nevertheless, there was danger overhanging their heads; a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, yet destined to burst upon them in a future day.

"In those scenes of college where Harry had been indispensable the bright poetic wine-cup had freely circulated, and often amid the flush of conversation and the genial excitement of the hour, he drank freer and deeper than was best.

"He said, it is true, that he cared nothing for it, that it was nothing to him, it never affected him, and all those things young men are apt to say when the cup of Circe is beginning its work with them. Friends became anxious, remonstrated; but he laughed at their fears, and insisted on knowing himself best. At last, with a sudden start and shiver of his moral nature, he awoke to the dreadful perception of his danger, and resolved on decided and determined resistance. During this period he came to Cincinnati to establish

himself in business, and at this time the temperance reformation was in the full tide of success, and he found everything to strengthen his resolution—temperance meetings and speeches were all the mode—young men of the first standing were its patrons and supporters, and wine seemed really in danger of being voted out of society. In such a state of affairs, to take a temperance pledge and keep it became an easy thing; temptation was scarcely presented or felt; he was offered the glass in no circle; met its attraction nowhere, and flattered himself that he had escaped so easily and so completely.

"His usual fortune of social popularity followed him. He was diligent in his application to business, began to be mentioned with approbation as a rising young man, and had prospects, daily yearnings of competence and home, and all that man desires—visions, alas, never to be realised.

"For after a while the tide that had risen so high began perceptibly to decline. Men that had made eloquent speeches on temperance had other things to look to; fastidious persons thought matters had been carried too far; old ladies declared that it was old and threadbare, and getting to be cant and stuff, and the ever-ready wine-cup was gliding back into many a circle, as if on sober second thought the community was convinced that it was unjustly belied.

"There is no point in the history of reform, either in communities or individuals, so dangerous as that where danger seems entirely past. As long as a man thinks his health is failing, he watches, he diets, and will undergo the most heroic self-denial; but let him see himself as cured, and how ready he falls back to one self-indulgent habit after another, all tending to ruin everything he had done before. So in communities; let intemperance rage, and young men go to ruin by dozens, and the very evil inspires the remedy; but when the trumpet has been sounded, and the battle set in array, the victory only said and sung in speeches and newspaper paragraphs, and temperance odes and processions, then comes the return wave; people cry enough; the community fully satisfied lies down to sleep on its laurels, and then comes the hour of danger.

"Harry was just in this perilous position; he viewed danger as long past; his self-confidence was fully restored, and in his security he began to neglect those lighter outworks of caution which he must still guard who does not mean at last to surrender the citadel."

"Now girls and boys," said Mrs. G— to her sons and daughters, who were sitting round a table covered with notes of invitation for a party, "What shall we have on Friday

night? tea, coffee, lemonade, wine; of course not."

"And why not, mamma?" said the young ladies, "the people are beginning to have it; they have it at Mrs. A——'s, and Mrs. M——'s."

"Well, your papa thinks it won't do; the boys are members of the temperance society, and I don't think, girls, it will do myself."

The boys, who thus far in the conversation had been thoughtfully rapping their boots with their canes, now interposed, and said they would rather not have wine, if it wouldn't look shabby.

"But it will look shabby," said Miss Fanny.

"For my part," said Emma, "I never did see the harm of wine, even when people were making such a fuss about it; to be sure, rum, brandy, and all that are bad, but wine—"

"And so convenient to get," said Fanny, "and no decent young man gets drunk at parties, so it can't do any harm; besides, one must have something, and, as I said, it will look shabby not to have it."

Now, there is no imputation that young men are so afraid of, especially from the lips of young ladies, as that of shabbiness, and as it happened in this case, as in most others, that the young ladies were the most efficient talkers, the question was finally carried on their side.

Mrs. G—— was a motherly woman, and one who acquired a great influence over young men. She had given the temperance movement her warmest support during its popularity, but when those around her waxed cold, she too relaxed her efforts, and gave way to the wishes of her daughters.

It was the most brilliant party of the season. Everything was got up with faultless taste, and Mrs. G—— was in the very spirit of it. The girls were looking beautiful, the rooms were splendid, there was enough and not too much of light and warmth, and everybody was doing their best to please and be cheerful. Harry was more brilliant than usual, and in fact he outdid himself;—wit and wine were the spirit of the hour.

"Just take this glass," said one of the sisters to him, "it has been sent to us from Europe, and it is said to be a genuine article."

"You know I am not in that line," said Harry, laughing and colouring.

"Why not?" asked another young lady, taking a glass.

"Oh, the temperance pledge, you know, I am one of the pillars of the order—a very apostle; it will never do for me."

"Pshaw! those temperance pledges are like the proverb, something musty," said a gay girl.

"Well, but you said you had a headache at the beginning of the evening, and you

really look pale; you certainly need it as a medicine," said Fanny—"I'll leave it to mamma," and she turned to Mrs. G——, who stood gaily entertaining a group of young people.

"Nothing more likely," replied she. "I think, Harry, you look pale; a glass of wine would do you good."

Had Mrs. G—— known all of Harry's past history and temptations, she would sooner have sacrificed her right hand, than thrown this observation into the scales; but she did, and it turned the balance for him.

"You shall be my doctor," he said, as, laughing and colouring, he drank the glass; and where was the harm? One glass of wine kills nobody, and yet if a man falls, and knows in that glass of wine he sacrifices principle and conscience, every drop may be poison to the soul and body.

Harry felt at the time that a great internal barrier had been removed, nor was that glass the only one that evening; another and another and another followed; his spirits rose with the wild and feverish gaiety incident to his excitable temperament, and that which had begun in the society of ladies, was completed at night in the gentlemen's saloon.

Nobody even knew that one party had undone this young man; yet so it was. From that night his strength of moral resistance was fully impaired—not that he yielded at once and without desperate efforts and struggles, but gradually each struggle grew weaker, each reform shorter, each resolution more inefficient, yet at the close of the evening, all those friends—mother, brother, and sister—flattered themselves that everything had gone on so well, that the next week Mrs. H—— thought it would do to give wine at a party, because Mrs. G—— had done it last week, and no harm came from it.

In about a year after, the G——s began to notice and lament the habits of their young friend, and all conscientiously to wonder how such a fine young man should be led astray. Harry was of a desperate and decided nature, his affections and his moral sense waged a fierce war with the terrible tyrant. Madness had possessed him, and when at last all hope had died out, he determined to avoid the anguish and shame of a drunkard's life by a suicide's death.

Then came to the trembling, heart-stricken mother, and beloved one, a wild, incoherent letter of farewell, and he disappeared from amongst the living.

In the quiet parlour of his home, the sunshine streamed through flickering leaves, and rested on the polished sides and glittering plate of a coffin; there at last lay the weary mother at rest, the soft shining grey hair was

still gleaming as before, but deep furrows on the worn cheek, and a weary heavy languor hanging over the pale, peaceful face, told that those grey hairs had been brought down in sorrow to the grave.

Sadder still was the story on the cloudless cheeks and lips of the young creature bending in quiet despair over her. Poor Helen, her life's thread, woven with those beloved ones, was broken.

Lillie acquiesced in her husband's wish, and John had reason afterwards to congratulate himself that he had remained firm to his convictions.

And should not heads of households agree to relinquish those customs which lead to such results? To avoid setting before their friends the temptation to which so often and so fatally manhood has yielded? What is a paltry consideration of fashion, compared to the safety of sons, brothers, and husbands?

And may not all this happen? nay, does it not happen to young men amongst us every day, and do they not lead in a thousand ways to sorrow just like this?

The greatest fault of woman is slavery to custom, and yet who but a woman makes custom? Are not all the usages and fashions of polite society more her work than that of man? and let every mother and sister think of the mothers and sisters of those who come within the range of their influence, and say to themselves when in thoughtlessness, as they discuss questions affecting their interest, "Behold thy brother! Behold thy son!"

HINTS TO "BRITISH WORKMEN'S" WIVES.

By a Working Man.

MANY a working man's wife, instead of being a helpmate to him who has so lately commenced to tread the path of sobriety with trembling and feeble steps, has been his greatest stumbling block and snare. How? In this way. At supper time, when he strives to quiet the cravings of his nature with cocoa, or coffee, there stands his wife with a half-pint of beer or porter before her for her supper, and this wife will tell you with all complacency and evident sincerity that she cannot do without it, cannot do without this half-pint, although her husband is trying to do without pints and quarts, and has most likely made a sudden transition from drunkenness to sobriety. Cannot do without it, although every time she drinks she places temptation in her husband's way, who is too weak as yet to withstand that temptation. Cannot do without it, although by its means her home was formerly a wretched one, and her life often in jeopardy, whilst now, by abstinence from it,

she has a new husband and a new home; and is it not a fearful thing to think that just through this little indulgence some of our "British Workman" frequenters have been induced to go back again to drinking? Such being the case, will not the woman take this kindly hint and make the little sacrifice for the sake of her husband, her own, and her children's happiness, and instead of being a hindrance, become a helpmate and a blessing?

A MOTHER'S REQUEST.

IN the Fulton Street prayer-meeting a mother made a request that her son might be prayed for, as follows:—"Oh, do continue to pray that he may be cured of this appetite *now*, and for ever hate the cup; that he may resist temptation and ever look to Christ for help." She was one of a great many who bewail sons going down to death in drunkenness. If the world could see the agony intemperance is producing on every hand, it would feel, that after all that is known, only the half is told. We get the awful records of tragedy and crime resulting from drink in public places, and see the drunkards staggering and falling on the streets, all of which horrifies our souls. But there are miseries the world never sees and that it does not know. The ministers of the Gospel, and may be the family physicians, see them, but beyond that they are hidden. The mothers who are weeping over sons sinking in shame and debauch, and the wives lamenting husbands who are dying of drink, make up an amount of bitter agony that is beyond all estimate.

THE WISE SHILLING.

TOM LAWSON got to the door of the Bricklayers' Arms, and then he felt in his pocket for the shilling. There it was, safe enough; *the last shilling he had in the world*. He had spent I don't know how many shillings that day already in drink. (How were his poor wife and children getting on at home?),—and by this time he was more than half-tipsy. So, as he fumbled with the shilling to get it out of his pocket, it slipped from his fingers and fell. Tom heard it clink on the pavement, and stooped down to look for it. But the evening was dark, and the gas-lamp threw a flickering and uncertain light on the wet flag-stones, and Tom's eyes and hands were none of the steadiest, and he had not seen that the shilling had rolled along into a dark place, quite in the shade, and there settled itself comfortably in the gutter, just as if it were wiser than its master, and had known what he was going to do with it, and would

not be used so. Tom groped a good while, but was forced at length to give up his shilling for lost; and then, knowing that he could get no trust at the Bricklayers' Arms, slunk off to home and bed, in not the best of humours.

Poor little Nelly Lawson! her heart was sad as she came back from the doctor's that wet, dark evening! She had made so bold as to ask the doctor, when he gave her the stuff, what he thought of her poor mother; and the doctor had shaken his head, and said that what she wanted was *better food*. That would do more for her than anything *he* could give her. She must see if she could not get some kind friend to help her mother to some nice nourishing food; *then* she might do well enough. "Ah!" sighed little Nell, "where am I to find a friend like that?" She did not know there was a Friend close by her at that very moment, looking down on her, and caring for her, and able to give her all she wanted. So she went sadly along, with the bottle in one hand and little Bill holding the other. Suddenly Bill darted from Nelly's side, and in a moment more he was holding something in his hand, examining it by the gas-lamp.

"Look, Nelly, look!" he cried. "Look how bright! It's a white shilling!" Yes, it *was* a white shilling. Oh, how Nelly's face brightened! That evening the poor sick woman had such a meal as she had not had for many a day; and Nelly and little Bill had a bit with her too. The poor mother seems better already; little Nell is as bright as a lark; and as for Bill, he thinks there never was such a supper. And so they sit and eat, while Tom Lawson throws himself grumbling on to his bed. Was not the shilling a *wise* shilling?

What a pity that shillings do not oftener tumble out of the hands of Tom Lawson and such like, as they are going into the public house! It would be better for them, as well as for others. But better still would it be if they would think and turn, and spend their own money as it ought to be spent, instead of worse than wasting it.

WHAT TEMPERANCE CAN DO.

THOMAS M. GRESHAM, Esq., of Raheny Park, near Dublin, related the following interesting fact:—

"About twenty years ago I had in my service a man who was given to occasional habits of intemperance. He promised amendment, and I agreed to try him again. He at length, however, became so bad, that I was obliged to dismiss him. Father Mathew came into the neighbourhood soon after, but at that time I had little or no faith in the

labours of the Irish Apostle of Temperance.

"I lost sight of the man for a long time, but one day in the following year, I saw his poor wife gathering stones, when I inquired—

"What has become of your drunken husband?"

"O sir," said she, 'he is *not* a drunkard now—he took the pledge, and don't taste a drop.'

"Have you faith in the pledge?" said I.

"O yes, sir," she replied with earnestness, 'and I that *never* had a glass of spirits within me have taken the pledge too, as an example to my children.'

"With deep emotion she continued, 'I never knew what happiness was, since I was married, until he gave up the drink, sir!'

"I immediately sent for the man, and again took him into my service.

"The above interview took place in March, 1839," said Mr. Gresham, "and from that day until now, upwards of 19 years, he has proved himself a trustworthy and clever man. He has faithfully kept to his temperance, and as one good result, he is now saving money. Once he was clothed in rags, but now he is a credit to the parish. His two fine fat pigs were sold some months ago for SEVEN POUNDS, but he re-invested part of the money, and he has now *two large pigs, and eleven young ones*."

SAVE THE NATION.

"THE burden of taxation, crime, pauperism, and demoralization that results from the liquor traffic every day becomes more and more oppressive, and the time is fast hastening when, if we do not grapple with the evil, we shall sink beneath its weight, and take our place in the second or third rank among the nations of the earth. Persia, Babylon, Carthage, Greece, Rome, Spain, and other kingdoms which once were in the first rank, have played their part, and now are scarcely known except in history. It was their profligacy, extravagance, and debauchery which sank them, and ours will sink us, not only commercially, but morally and religiously, unless we adopt means to prevent them."

NATIONAL DEGENERACY OF FRANCE.

M. JOLLY, a distinguished Member of the Academy of Medicine, attributes the collapse of the French Army in the late war, attributable to the combined effects of Alcohol and Tobacco upon the national character.

IN Bedfordshire, the closing of thirty-four public-houses has reduced the felonies from one hundred to forty-four, and other offences in proportion.

UNHALLOWED BUSINESS!

"THIS whole land is moved with fear of impending ruin, through the curse of drink. This deadly thing is maintained by a comparatively few firms, whose names appear 'ENTIRE' over hundreds of flaunting palaces of idleness and crime, and whose names are also in many cases identified with the cause of Christ. There is scarcely a great firm of brewers in the land who are not represented in philanthropic or Christian work. Would the like inconsistency pass unrebuked in a poor man? If a Church-member becomes intoxicated, he is subjected to discipline—and rightly so. But the drunkard-makers—the men who have ground fortunes out of ruined lives, and whose colossal establishments are based, and built, and flourish, upon desolated homes, and wrecked reputations, and lost souls—are highly esteemed in the Church.

"A proprietor of a public-house, a professing Christian, very liberal in donations to religious and benevolent purposes, said to the publican, 'If you cannot sell more beer, I must find another tenant. If necessary, get up something;' which, being interpreted, means, Get up a concert, or a raffle, or a music-hall; by some means or other open in this house of mine some new door to hell; devise some fresh bewitchment whereby young men and maidens may be enticed to death. Does the blessing of the Lord accompany the gift of money so acquired? We do not wonder that the churches in America refuse to receive into their communion persons engaged in the liquor traffic.

"And what shall we say of tobacco? Who can see our young men smoking at all hours of the day, and not feel that an evil of exceeding magnitude is encroaching with giant strides upon us? A man who is the slave of any habit becomes to that extent devoid of moral power and influence; looked at from this point alone, who can estimate the evil of tobacco? Its effect upon the conscience may be observed in the irreverent slang which smoking students learn at college, and do not unlearn when they have become ministers: 'I am burning my idol.' 'I met So-and-so carrying his burnt-offering.' Tobacco is a mighty though subtle foe of the Church which is in God the Father.

"Does 'business' hallow everything? Is it an answer to all remonstrances to say that the evil done is in the way of business? And the above are only instances, though flagrant ones, of a violation of the Apostle's injunction (Titus-iii. 14, marginal reading—'LET OURS ALSO LEARN TO PROFESS HONEST TRADES FOR NECESSARY USES, THAT THEY BE NOT UN-FAITHFUL.'")—*The Christian, December 7th.*

TEMPERANCE SOLDIERS AT

EXETER HALL.

ON Tuesday night, November 28th, Exeter Hall was the scene of a teetotal demonstration, from the British Army. The soldier who seeks the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, too often does so under the inspiration of an alcoholic courage, vulgarly known as Dutch. Can he do his duty as well with no stimulus of any kind? A great deal better, was the reply of the assembly at Exeter Hall. Gallant officers of high standing in the army came there to assert that fact, and behind, ranged in rows, were hundreds of gallant soldiers to re-echo the same. Uncommonly noble-looking fellows, too, were most of the men. To put a stop to that intemperance which has been peculiarly the bane of British soldiers, various schemes have been tried with more or less success, and last, and not least, officers and men have joined in the formation of temperance societies; and no less than 4,500 soldiers have become teetotalers, and they have 1,100 children enrolled in their Bands of Hope.

In India it had been proved that the death-rate was—teetotalers 1 per cent., temperate drinkers 2 per cent., and intemperate drinkers 4 per cent. If total abstinence prevailed in the army, there would be no need to keep, as they now do, 6,000 men extra, to occupy the place of those who, in consequence of drink, were laid up in hospital.

The speakers were Major-General F. Eardley Wilmot, Captain Smith, of Aldershot, Lieutenant-Colonel Puget, Dr. Evans, Lord Russell, Rev. Richard Hardy, Rev. Hugh Huleatt, and Captain Phipps, R.N.

A TOBACCO GOWN.

A tradesman in Lancashire, who had been a smoker for many years, made up his mind to give up the habit. At the end of every week he put the sum he used to spend for tobacco into a money box. One day, he said to his daughter, "There's some money to buy a gown, and be sure and have it made before Sunday." He also bought a coat for himself, and on the Sunday morning he said, "I want you to go with me to Church this morning." On their way, pulling her sleeve, he said,—"This is a Tobacco Gown." The daughter said—"I don't know what you mean." "Why," said he, "don't you know? I've left off smoking, and the money I gave you to buy the gown is part of the tobacco money, and this is a tobacco coat which I've got on. When you want another gown, there's more money, girl."

THE PUBLIC-HOUSE AND THE FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

THE secretary of a Funeral Friendly Society in Salford said it had over 15,000 free members, besides 3,000 who were in arrear. The treasurer is a publican, and he is remunerated for his trouble by the purchase of beer on behalf of the members. Five per cent. of the funeral money is paid in beer; the committee men are paid in beer; and last year about £120 was thus spent in liquor. One of the commissioners asked the witness, "In fact, then, more than 25 per cent. of the money you receive is spent in liquor?" The answer was, "That would be so." There had been an attempt made to remove the society from the public-house, but the astute landlord defeated it with ease. "We sent a circular to the members," said the secretary, "but the treasurer gave a barrel of ale to the members, and when we came to decide the point we had no more power than a child." The president of a Burial Society at Ashton-under-Lyne, with 7,000 members, was asked as to an item of £113 for "yearly accommodation," and stated that all such items meant beer.—*Daily News*.

WORDS OF THE GOOD AND THE WISE.

"A word fitly spoken,
Is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.—"Houses without windows, gardens without fences, fields without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, principles, or manners."
—*Dr. Franklin*.

"I eat moderately, and never drink spirits, or fermented liquors in any climates. This abstemiousness has ever proved a faithful friend."—*Waterton*.

"It is all nonsense about not being able to work without ale, and gin, and cider, and fermented liquors. Do lions and cart-horses drink ale? It is mere habit. If you have good nourishing food, you can do very well without ale. Besides you cannot afford it; every penny you spend at the alehouse comes out of the stomachs of the poor children, and strips off the clothes of the wife."—*Sydney Smith*.

"Men may lose their health without losing their senses, and be intemperate every day without being drunk once, perhaps, in this course of their lives."—*Sir W. Temple*.

A HARD SUM.

ARE you good at arithmetic? I will give you some losses to add up and calculate how

much they come to. It is a good sum for the boys. They are *losses made by strong drink*:

Loss of money.
Loss of time.
Loss of health.
Loss of business.
Loss of character.
Loss of friends.
Loss of good conscience.
Loss of feeling.
Loss of mind.
Loss of life.
Loss of the *immortal soul*.

It is a long and terrible account to run up; but it is an easy one to begin, and I see even boys beginning it at the beershops—young men adding to it at the tavern and billiard-saloon. Stop, stop! and reckon up all the losses before you go further. Can you afford such losses in the long run of eternity?

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

By *Mrs. Clara L. Balfour*.

"OH! call not our principles cheerless and sad;
Oh! talk not of custom and use;
We are friends to what really is kindly and glad,
But not to fair reason's abuse.
And trust me, our wishes are warm and sincere,
Though we drink not in wine—*A Happy New Year*."

A Happy New Year! O how common the words!
How glibly they flow from the tongue!
How oft 'tis the lips, not the heart, that affords
The change so repeatedly rung;
And cold is that heart that the glass must needs cheer,
Ere it wish to a friend—*A Happy New Year*.

A Happy New Year! ah! look back on the past,
And call up in mental array,
The deeds of the days that so swiftly have passed,
Like the dream of a sleeper, away;
And think not this question is stern or severe,
Has the past sown the seeds of—*A Happy New Year*?

If conscience approve not, seek not in the bowl
To quench the pure light of the mind;
Oh! list to the deep warning voice of the soul,
If wisdom and peace you would find.
Turn! turn from the wine-cup with loathing and fear,
And soberly strive for—*A Happy New Year*.

Hear the bacchanals' shout over time, as it flies,
Exerting their fast fleeting breath;
They think not—they heed not—but madly each tries
To run a swift race to meet death!
There are hearts to whom these poor madmen are dear,
Alas! for their hopes of—*A Happy New Year*.

Could the slave of strong drink know the tranquil
delight
That true abstinence sheds o'er the soul,
He would burst from his thralldom, and wisely unite
With the friends that have banished the bowl;
And his eyes would be dimmed with a penitent tear,
As humbly he prayed for—*A Happy New Year*.

Then leave babblers to talk of the pleasures of wine;
Our joys are true, lasting, and pure;
As blessing and blest—in one cause we combine,
And grateful its comforts secure;
While our hearts the Great Giver of mercies revere,
And we wish to each other—*A Happy New Year*.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at half-past 10, and in the Evening at half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the Services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

THE REV. GEORGE THOMPSON has accepted the Pastorate of the Church; any person wishing to see him, must call, or communicate with him at his residence—OSBORNE PLACE, GIBBET STREET.

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,

of superior make at moderate prices.

BEST GOLD JEWELLERY

new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.

SOLID SILVER & ELECTRO PLATE,

both useful and ornamental, in best quality.

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HALIFAX CLOTHING HOUSE,

70, Top of Woolshops.

Clothing for all Classes—Good,
Cheap, and Stylish.

J. WRIGHT AND SON,
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Millinery, Baby-Linen, and Ladies' Underclothing Establishment,

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A Choice Assortment of Iron Bedsteads, Fenders and Fireirons, Coal Vases in most elegant designs, Cutlery, Fancy Bird-cages, Copper Kettles, and a General Assortment of Hardware, Wholesale and Retail, at

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GREAT PREPARATIONS AT

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AND

A VARIETY OF OTHER GOODS,
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CHARLES HORNER,

17, NORTHGATE, HALIFAX.

NEURALGIA & TIC-DOULOUREUX!

This painful affection immediately
relieved and in most cases permanently
cured by taking

"FARR'S NERVINE."

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JAMES FARR,

DISPENSING & FAMILY DRUGGIST,
CROWN STREET, HALIFAX.

STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 29.

FEBRUARY, 1872.

The Monthly meeting will be held on Tuesday, Feb. 6th, when a Lecture will be given by the Rev. W. B. Affleck, of Bradford. Subject—"Poets and Minstrels." Admission free. The attention of the members is requested to the accompanying Report, and the announcement respecting Medical Officers.

"NOBODY'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN."

If you had asked any of the hands at Murby and Peel's what they thought of Dick Johnson, ten to one the reply would have been, "He's a jolly good fellow, and nobody's enemy but his own." He was a fair workman, could sing a good song, could tell a good tale, was always up for a spree, and ready either to stand treat or to be treated, as the case might be. No wonder, then, that he was a greater favourite amongst their mates than his cousin Joe, who worked in the same shop with him; for Joe was a man of few words, cold and stiff in his manner, and inclined to be close-fisted. No wonder, too, that when they both fell in love with Margaret Brown, she preferred merry, light-hearted Dick to his severe and silent cousin. Poor Joe laid his rejection much to heart—far more so than anybody could have expected. Though silent and reserved, he was a man of strong feelings, and he loved pretty Margaret Brown with all his heart. He was too proud to speak about it; but he became morose and sullen, and shortly after the marriage he left the works, and got a place in another part of the town. I was then manager at Murby and Peel's, and was very sorry to lose him, for though not a remarkably clever hand, he was so steady and trustworthy that I never felt anxiety about any job he had in hand: and whilst many of his mates could beat him far away whilst they were at work, yet, by dint of keeping at it, Joe earned more money in the year than any one else about the place.

For a while Dick and his wife got on very well together. He took home most of his wages on Saturday night, and she kept a com-

fortable home for him. It was but seldom that I had to complain of him for being off work, and I hoped that he had turned over a new leaf. But by degrees he began to slip back into his old habits. He never came to his bench on Monday, and often it was Tuesday or Wednesday before he did a day's work. His score at the "Blue Lion" took nearly all his week's wages to wipe out. His wife struggled hard to keep things decent, but at last she gave up in despair, and became a slattern. Poor thing! she was weak and delicate; she lost her good looks and her cheerful pleasant ways, and the home became very wretched. This drove Dick to the public-house more frequently than ever. At last I was compelled to give him notice to leave. Work was slack, and he tried in vain to get another place. He picked up an odd job now and then, but all he earned he spent in drink. His wife and children were starving and in rags, and he sank down to a low drunken blackguard.

I had seen nothing of the cousins for some time, when one day, passing the savings bank, I met Joe—or as he now began to be called, Mr. Johnson—just going in. I stopped and spoke to him. He told me that he was doing very well, and had started in a small way for himself. A job which he had taken on contract needed more money than he had in hand, and he was just going to draw out £20 or £30 to complete it. Whilst we were talking, the door of a ginshop opened, and out came poor Dick, stupid with drink, and a thin, pale, ragged girl clinging to his arm. She had been sent to try and get him home. "Mother," she said, "was very ill, and wanted to speak to him." He refused to

leave, but seeing his cousin at the door, came out with a glass of spirit-and-water in his hand, and with tipsy generosity insisted upon Joe drinking with him to the memory of old times. It was a painful sight. Pity for the wretched child, indignation at the drunken maudlin sot, and a tender remembrance of the poor girl whom he had loved so well, struggled in his mind. I saw a softened look pass over his face and tears come into his eyes. But when Dick laid his hand upon his cousin's shoulder, put his bloated face against him, and, in a thick, hiccuping voice began to say, "Ole fellow, let's be friends," he shook him off roughly, saying, "Hands off, you tipsy blackguard!" and, holding up his bank-book, with a contemptuous and somewhat self-righteous look, as though to show the difference between them, turned away without a word.

Dick never got home. He fell down in a fit shortly after leaving the public-house, was carried to the hospital, and, after lying insensible for some days, died, and was buried by the parish in a pauper's grave.

There seemed nothing now for the poor widow and her children but the workhouse. She was to ill to do anything—indeed, she was confined to her bed. The eldest boy, who had been brought up to his father's trade, just earned enough to keep himself. It was as much as little Maggie, the child whom I had seen clinging to her father's arm, could do to keep the garret tidy in which they lived and wait upon her mother and the baby. The other children had died one after another, chiefly from want of proper food, for it was true of Dick, as of most people like him, that instead of being "nobody's enemy but his own," he had been everybody's enemy who had to do with him, and this not because he meant to be cruel and unkind, but from sheer selfishness and self-indulgence.

One evening, a few days after the funeral, Johnson called upon me, evidently under deep feeling. He said that he bitterly reproached himself for having parted from his cousin in anger when last they met, adding that perhaps if he had done his duty by him in former years, he might have kept him from going to the bad altogether. "Now," said he, the tears trickling down his cheeks as he spoke, "I cannot bear that poor Margaret should have to go to the workhouse. I have never married, for I could never feel to anybody else what I felt for her. I have been to see her, but she would not take money from me; will you be so kind as to see that she wants for nothing, and I will pay you again?" Of course I gladly consented, and my wife, in whose district she lived, at once set off with a basket of provisions.

It was not for long that Joe's help was

needed. In about a month after her husband's death she and her baby were buried in the same grave. It was a plain, inexpensive funeral; the mourners were Johnson and the two children. Of course he paid for it.

My wife and I went round to see the poor orphan children that evening, hoping to make some arrangement for them. Johnson was there. His face looked very softened and sad. After a while he said to me, "Sir, I've been a hard man. I hated poor Dick, and thought him worse than the dirt beneath my feet; but now I don't know whether, in the sight of God, I have not been the worst of the two. When I read the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican the other night, it went to my heart, and I, who used to 'thank God that I was not as other men,' had to go down on my knees and cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I have lived all alone, thinking only of myself and how I might get up in the world, and left these poor children and their mother to starve. We've just settled together that I shall give up my lodgings and take a little house; Dick here will work with me, and Maggie will keep house for us."

So it was settled, and it was hard to say which of the three seemed the happiest in their snug little cottage. Dick had the light heart of his own father, and the steady industry of his adopted father, Maggie's face began to bloom with smiles and roses, which had never shone there before; and Mr. Johnson, who had lost all his old hardness and coldness, declared that he never knew what happiness was till now, and that his little lassie reminded him more and more of his poor lost Margaret every day.—*The Cottager*.

CHARLES GARRETT AND THE FIRE-ENGINE.

IN connection with the last Wesleyan Conference, a crowded Temperance Meeting was held in the Manchester Free Trade Hall.

Rev. Charles Garrett said:—In one of our very popular comic papers the other day, there was a cartoon that very much impressed my mind. There were two sketches, one was a picture of desolation, and at the bottom the words, "How they do it in France;" the other was a picture of a fire, and a fire-engine at work, and peer and peasant were clustered together at the handle, working away in order to extinguish the fire, and under it was written, "That is how we do it in England." I regard that as an exact description of our position. There is a fire in England, burning to-night, far more terrific than the fire that threatened to desolate fair Paris. I looked at Paris,—what did I see? Threatened buildings, exquisite pictures,—much, very much, which we should

have mourned for if it had been destroyed ; but in my own land I see a fire raging far more terrible, because the fuel of the fire is so much more precious. In France, they only destroyed the work of man ; in England, intemperance is destroying the work of God. In France, they only destroyed the material ; in England, they are destroying the mental, moral, and spiritual. In France, they destroyed that which can be replaced again in a few years ; but intemperance is destroying that which, once destroyed, is gone for ever. I say, then, as I look at the fire blazing all around me,—as I see on every hand the blackened and smoking ruins,—I rejoice to turn to the other cartoon, and learn from it that we all help to bring out the fire-engine, and, forgetting all distinctions of rank or creed, work away till the fire is extinguished. The fire is raging. I ask, where can I look, that I do not see the lurid glare of it, and gaze at the terrible ruins it produces ? The very church itself is in danger. We were told that the celebrated church of Notre Dame was in peril, and likely to perish, and I suppose all England rejoiced when we got the news that that magnificent building was spared. But the church in England is not spared. It is not exempt from the terrible effects of strong drink. Some of its most beautiful ornaments have perished. Ministers have fallen ; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink." If this be so, if everywhere I hear the cry of desolation, is it not gratifying that when a meeting of the people of this country is summoned to look at the fact, this building is not large enough to contain them ? I should be ashamed of their patriotism if it were not so. Well, what are we to do ? In the first place, look at *the extent of the evil*. We find it existing in the army, in the navy, on the mission stations, in Ireland, and at home ; and we have no need to look further at it now. Then there is a second point ; how is it *caused* ? I want our friends to look at that,—especially these my ministerial brethren. In Paris, they say the fires were caused by a certain liquid called petroleum ; and our fire is caused by a certain liquid called alcohol. Let us not run away with the notion that it is the effect of human depravity ; the grand cause of the destruction around us is nothing more or less than strong drink. There have been fires where there was no petroleum ; but there has never been a drunkard where there was not alcohol. Sweep away alcohol, and you sweep away drunkenness. This is not one of the evils that come out of the human heart. A certain writer has said, drunkenness is declared in the Bible to come out of the heart. There is no such word in the Bible, and when people write against us, and quote the Scriptures,

they should take care to read first what they quote. No, no, intemperance does not come out of the heart. Falsehood, pride, envy, malice, and a thousand other evils do ; and wherever men are to be found, there you find those evils. But you can find millions of men where they know nothing of drunkenness. It is an artificial vice ; and will be destroyed as soon as ever humanity decrees it. Then the third point is, how is it to be *cured* ? The fire is burning ; how is it to be extinguished ? The means must be moral, social, and political. In the first place, I plead with you on behalf of the young. *We must protect the young*, or they will perish as their fathers have. The drunkards of forty years hence,—where are they ? They are the little children of to-day. Must I go on talking to them till the fire is kindled, and nothing is left but a blackened ruin, and then bring the fire-engine and water to bear upon it ? No ; far rather let us protect the child from injury, before it is blasted by that terrible curse. What have we done ? We have erected Sunday-schools in connection with all our churches, to protect our children against ignorance. Now let us have a Band of Hope in connection with all Sunday-schools, to protect them from the drink. Then the second best thing is to grapple with the drinking customs by which we are surrounded ; these are at the very root of the evil, and effect the ruin of thousands. Till the drink is banished from the table our homes will never be safe. Take care that the serpent is not in your paradise, or perchance that child nestling at your heart may bring your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Then next is, the prohibition of the traffic. We must come to that. We may beat about the bush as long as we like, but we must come there at last. We have been going over the old ground for hundreds of years ; we have denounced drunkenness from the pulpit, we have talked against it in our families, we have passed all sorts of laws limiting, restricting, and shaping, and moulding ; but after ages of hard work there stands the traffic to-night, like the woman in the Gospel, "nothing better, but rather worse." Are we to go on so for ever ? No ! If England is to be the leader of nations, as we hope,—if Christ is to have his head-quarters here, we must go much farther. What are we to do ? Prohibit the traffic ! They tell us so much money is invested in it, and that therefore it must continue. Suppose somebody during the Parisian disturbances had been caught pouring a lot of petroleum down the grating of a house, and a policeman took him by the collar, and he said, "It is nothing to you, you must not interfere ;" and when the policeman asked, "Why not ?" he replied, "Because it cost me a large sum of money,

and there is a great deal of it." "Why," he would say, "that is the very reason I must stop you." This alcoholic petroleum is in barrelsful among us. Wherever you look, you find this terrible petroleum; and the State must interfere to rid us of this terrific danger. Who is to do this? Let all classes come,—let the priest and the people come,—let the ladies and all classes come,—and let us take hold of the handle of our Teetotal engine and pump! And if sometimes those of us who have got hold of the pump do speak a sharp word to those who won't help, they must forgive us. A man that is in a hurry cannot be very polite; and if a man wants to argue with me, I say, Brother, let us put out the fire first, and we'll argue afterwards. Thank God, we can bring cold water to bear upon the fire. Some of you here have been rescued,—thank God the fire is out with you; but, oh, take care it is never rekindled. Let the Church never rest till England is free from this curse, and the blessing of coming generations shall be her reward.

POLITICS AND TEA IN AMERICA.

Boston, U.S., Nov. 28th.

THE little town of Reading, near this city, recently gave a complimentary banquet to Colonel Wright, the successful Senatorial candidate in the late election. The good people of Reading had resolved to do honour to their senator-elect, and they did it in a hearty but simple fashion which would delight many of our reforming friends at home. There was no lack of food and drink—only the food was cold and was set out upon the table before the company seated themselves, and the drink was limited to coffee and tea. You must picture a brightly-lighted hall, with a gallery at one end, where was a band of music, and six rows of tables stretching down the centre. You must fill the hall with quiet, earnest-looking people of both sexes, and imagine the usual cross-table at the top, furthest from the music, where sat the principal guests of evening. It is easy to realise the appearance of those long centre tables, with the ladies and gentlemen placed alternately, to promote the general cheerfulness, and to credit the brass band in yonder gallery with a fair rendering of sundry popular strains. You may fancy that the scene is before you, and hurry on to discuss its social bearing without having heard of the pretty young waitresses. Yet stay a moment, I intreat, for this matter of the pretty young waitresses aforesaid is worthy of our attention. The well-behaved, neatly-dressed girls who hand round the coffee and tea so demurely, and who are, in one sense, the chief ornament of the room, belong to the same class of society as those on whom they wait.

We may notice that the "prohibition," or temperance movement is very strong in Massachusetts, for this simple form of banquet is adopted without any flourish of protest against intoxicating drinks. That is, perhaps, the most curious thing of all, to an observer from the old country. These grave, earnest politicians assembling at the festive board to congratulate a party champion in party speeches of no small vigour, receive their hot coffee with silent satisfaction. The temperance battle has been fought to such purpose that we pass on without a solitary shout of triumph to the business of the political "tea-fight." Bygone habits of life have left their trace in the phrase "toastmaster," and in the proposal by the gentleman so designated, of one topic after another on which the speakers, duly chosen, hold forth.—*Daily News.*

WHAT CHILDREN MAY DO.

"Do you really believe that it is of any use whatever having children to join your temperance society?" was asked some time ago. "Indeed, I do," replied a worthy minister of the Gospel; "I have had more parents reclaimed from intemperance, and added to my church, through the zeal of these little ones than from any other agency."

We know a young man who, when a very little boy, was very active in the temperance cause. Before he was thirteen years of age he had prevailed upon more than a dozen poor drunkards to sign the temperance pledge, and five of them became regular attendants at a place of worship. It was his practice when walking out to take a few tracts in his pocket. When he saw a drunken man he would go up to him and very kindly ask him to take a tract and attend a temperance meeting.

In San Francisco there is a juvenile temperance society, called the "Grant Legion Boys," that is doing a good work, and bids fair to be a power in the land. There is also a youth's society, called the "Lincoln Legion," numbering over two hundred and fifty members. One of the Grant Legion boys was ordered by an aunt, with whom he lived, to purchase some beer for her; he refused, was whipped severely and sent on the errand. The night passed away, and the boy did not return. In the morning his father found him asleep under his waggon near the stable, with the can by his side. "My son, why are you here?" The boy told his simple story, concluding, "Father, I couldn't do it; I have taken the pledge not to do it!" What was the result? That father took his boy to his heart, and vowed before heaven that not one drop of liquor should again enter his house.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

HOW TO MAKE ALL IN THE WORLD
TEETOTALERS.

I say, Bill, you ought to have been at the lecture last night," shouted a sprightly Band of Hope boy to a companion whom he recognised coming down the street.

"Of course I know I ought to have been there, if I could; but I couldn't don't you see that; father had a special job to finish, and I staid at home to help him."

"Well, you should have been there, it was jolly fun; and didn't he tell a crammer, that's all!"

"Who?" asked Bill.

"Why, the lecturer, certainly," replied the first. "What do you think he said? Why, he said if there was only one teetotaler in the world now, and he was to get one man to sign the pledge in a year, and then both of them got one each the next year, and so on, each getting one a year, everybody in the world would be teetotalers in thirty years."

"Did he say that?" asked Bill, thoughtfully. "He just did," said the first speaker, laughing; and if that isn't a crammer, I don't know what is."

"But," said Bill, after a pause, "perhaps it is true."

"True! it can't be true. Why, look here. At the end of the first year there would only be two, wouldn't there? the second year, only four; third year, only eight. Why, it would be a thousand years making the world teetotalers at that rate."

"Stop a minute, while I run home after my slate," said Bill. "I'll soon work it out."

In a little time the boy returned; and sitting on a block of stone for a few minutes, he carefully wrote figures on his slate, and kept on multiplying while his companion kept watching the passers-by.

"The lecturer was right, though!" exclaimed Bill; "just look here. I read the other day, that the people in all the world were reckoned to be a thousand millions; and in thirty years, according to the lecturer's way of making them, there would be a thousand and seventy-three millions seven hundred and forty-one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four teetotalers; and that's *more* than there would be people."

"Nonsense, Bill."

"Yes there would; just look at the figures—1,073,741,824."

"Well," said the first, after looking at the slate a long while, "I declare if it isn't right. I certainly thought it was a crammer; but it isn't after all."

"Then don't be in a hurry next time to doubt what the lecturer say," said Bill. And off the two young folks trotted, in search of amusement, till schooltime.

ON THE WING.

I HAVE been travelling between Exeter and Bath with a wine-merchant, and he told me several things. Here are a few of them in order:—

1. "The aristocratic women drink a great deal, sir. The doctors prescribe it to them—that's it, sir."

2. "Business, sir, is very much a matter of temper, sir. When I find a man won't order anything I invite him to dinner. I give him what he wants, and then he swears, sir, that I, and only I, shall have his orders for wine. The more I spend, sir, the more I get."

3. "I once had an invitation to a dinner prepared by M. Soyer. It was ordered by a merchant for thirty-six of us. We sat down at six and rose at twelve, every man sober! We drank wines at £6 per dozen, and the bill was £108."

4. "I know the town of N. well, sir. I knew Peter W. there. He opened a ginshop in the S. and found it to do so well that he opened another, and another, and he had at least fourteen shops going. He walked out early one morning, and he saw that 2000 men passed one of his shops on their way to H's factory. So he opened his shop half an hour earlier and *carught* them. Well, sir, he has made £60,000 in fourteen years, and retired. Good morning, sir, I get out here."

And out he got, and went his way to sell more wine and to spread more drunkenness, and I sat in the train wishing that poor men were not such fools as to pay £60,000 for whisky and gin.—*Record*.

PROPOSED TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.

A VIGOROUS effort is being made to establish a Temperance Hospital in London, and the promoters of the scheme state it is believed that a hospital in London for the treatment of disease, apart from the ordinary administration of alcoholic liquors, "would be characterised by special economy, a reduced rate of mortality, and a more rapid recovery of the patients, and would thus prove of signal advantage to the Temperance Reform." As at present arranged, it is proposed that £1,600 a year should be provided to defray the cost of the constant occupation of 25 beds, equivalent to the treatment of 400 patients annually; and it is computed that for this sum many thousands of out-door patients would also receive medical necessities and advice gratis. A Provisional Committee, comprising some of the leading temperance reformers of the metropolis, has been formed, and already about £900 has been guaranteed for preliminary expenses, and some £500, as annual subscriptions, for at least three years.

THE CHURCH AND THE DRINKING SYSTEM.

At the autumnal meeting of the Baptist Union, recently held at Northampton, the Rev. Charles Stovel said:—"While they deliberated and drank they were not able to calculate the ruin which was ripening around them. Some time since he took the pains to ascertain what quantity of drink was consumed amongst the members of their religious churches and assemblies, and he thought he ascertained pretty clearly the fact that the simple abstinence from the expensive use of liquors would enable them to double their ministry all over England and their operations in the missionary societies all over the world. He might not be quite accurate, but he thought he was within the limit, and it was worthy of their consideration every time they drank. While the competition in opening beershops and drink shops was so rife and was pressed with such intensity, occupying every corner of their streets, that intense appetite of competition ought to awaken something like decision amongst religious people. And they knew the hardest thing they had to overcome when they came to plead against drinking was that parties said, Why do you not expel it from your churches? Why was not even error on that score treated with due severity in their discipline? Why was so much license allowed over the use of liquors? Let the church speak whenever she could speak, and by every voice she could use in facing the iniquity, which was the breeding of all other iniquities in our land."

A FACT FOR BOARDS OF GUARDIANS.

THE master of a workhouse not very distant from Leeds is a consistent total abstainer, and through his influence the guardians of the poor have, during the last few years, gradually reduced the amount of intoxicating liquors given to the inmates, so that during this year only about one-tenth of the former quantity has been given. The master has just been complimented by the medical attendant on the health of the establishment, saying that he never knew the health of the house to be so good as during the last year.

NO GOOD IN WINE.

"I THINK the intimacy which is begotten over the wine bottle, has no heart. I never knew a good feeling come from it, or an honest friendship made by it; it is only a phantom of friendship and feeling, called up by the delirious blood and the wicked spells of the wine."—*Thackeray*.

FITTING NAMES.

"MANY a true word is spoken in jest." Standing, the other day, near the entrance of the saloon at a large hotel at the sea-side, we saw several young men pass in. As they stood at the bar, one said to another, with a smile: "Nominate your poison!" He had said a terribly true thing in joke. Yes, name your poison—just the word! And they swallowed the poison and went their way. Soon another party went in. Said the leader to his companion, as they leaned against the slab, "What is your family trouble?" meaning "What will you drink?" "Family trouble!"—rightly named; for what has made such domestic misery as liquor? And we walked away, feeling that we had learned two new and strikingly appropriate names for liquor—"poison" and "family trouble."

ALCOHOL AND INDIGESTION.

INDIGESTION, being relived by alcoholic stimulants, lays the foundation for an ever-growing habit of taking them.—*Professor Laycock*.

EXTRACTS FROM

"JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S ALMANAC," 1872,
(*Edited by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*)

"WHAT's the way to Beggar's Bush?—Ask at the first public-house." "Water is strong drink—Samson drank it." "Drink is England's foe—temperance lays it low." "Make haste, much waste; much drink, little chink." April 1: "Fools common in public-houses." "Wine drowns more than the sea." "The ale-jug is a great waster." "Which is the high road to Needham?—Turn to the left by the sign of the 'Quart Pot.'" August: "Beware of sunstrokes and beerstrokes." "Satan's palace: the gin-palace." "Whisky is very harmless—if you don't drink it." December 26: "Drunkards' heads ache this morning." "Doubtful benefits: a benefit society at the tavern."

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

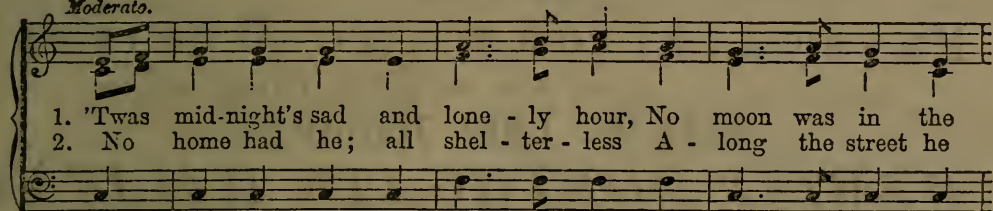
A RELIEVING officer in the east end of London, suspecting where the money on pay-days went, marked a number of shillings and half-crowns. In the afternoon of the pay-day he went across to the public-house, and had a £5 note changed, and got back two-thirds of the shillings and half-crowns.

POSTMEN AND CHRISTMAS BOXES.

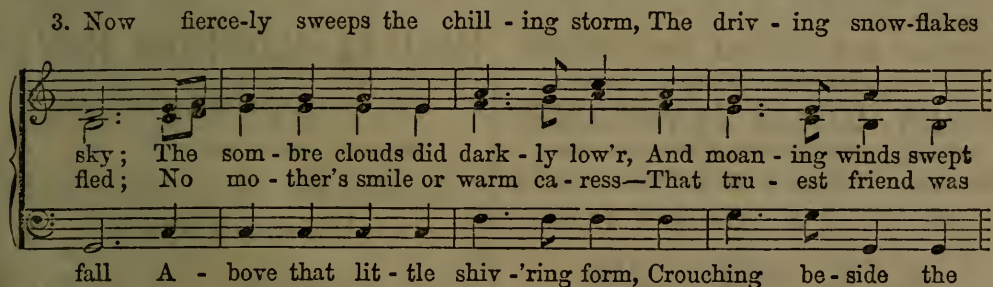
MANY people are too good to the postman about this time—so good to him that they help to ruin him. People mean well enough when they force the postman to take a glass of spirits before he leaves their door at Christmas time; but it comes to be a bad look-out for the postman's sobriety before he has half done his round; and it is worse for a postman to be drunk on duty than a soldier, and rightly so. We have had several cases of incapacity from drink this Christmas. You can't expect a man to do his work properly after drinking four glasses of neat rum in a quarter of an hour, as one chap owned to. Another fellow got drunk on Saturday night

and took his letters home with him and had a sleep, completing the delivery on the Sunday morning. He might have pulled through without a report had it not been that one of his letters, fixing an appointment early on Sunday morning, was not delivered till after the hour named in the letter for the appointment. But if drink is a curse to the letter-carrier, the Christmas-boxes are a great blessing. "All that I expect will be coming to me, the missus and I have planned out the spending of long ago. It will run to new dresses and boots for the children all round—and they want them bad enough—we can settle up and start fair with the baker again, and I hope manage to lay in half a ton of coals."—*Daily News, Dec. 28th.*

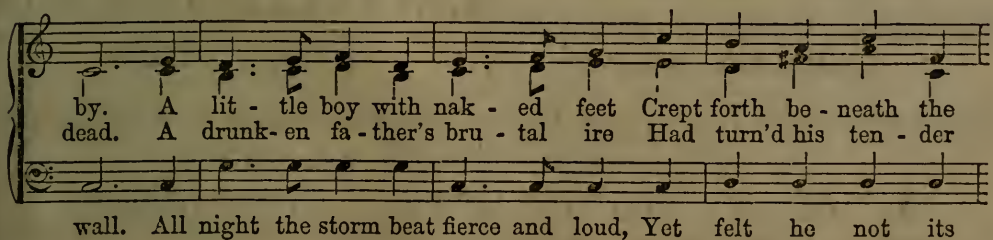
NO HOME

Moderato.


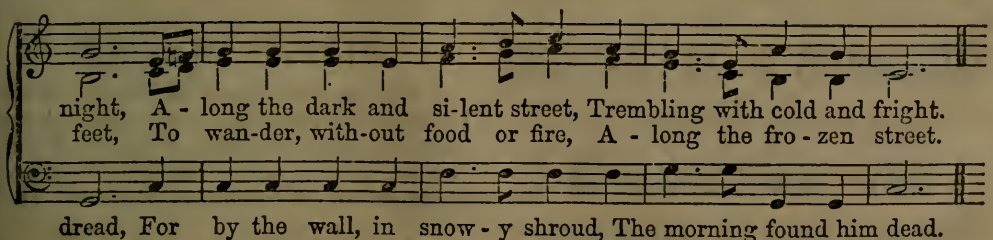
1. 'Twas mid-night's sad and lone - ly hour, No moon was in the
2. No home had he; all shel - ter - less A - long the street he



3. Now fierce-ly sweeps the chill - ing storm, The driv - ing snow-flakes
sky; The som - bre clouds did dark - ly low'r, And moan - ing winds swept
fled; No mo - ther's smile or warm ca - ress—That tru - est friend was
fall A - bove that lit - tle shiv - 'ring form, Crouching be - side the



by. A lit - tle boy with nak - ed feet Crept forth be - neath the
dead. A drunk-en fa - ther's bru - tal ire Had turn'd his ten - der
wall. All night the storm beat fierce and loud, Yet felt he not its



night, A - long the dark and si - lent street, Trembling with cold and fright.
feet, To wan - der, with - out food or fire, A - long the fro - zen street.
dread, For by the wall, in snow - y shroud, The morning found him dead.

The above Melody is from the "Crystal Spring," published by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union; we cordially recommend this as well as other publications of the Union, regretting that our limited space forbids enumeration.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at half-past 10, and in the Evening at half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the Services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

THE REV. GEORGE THOMPSON has accepted the Pastorate of the Church; any person wishing to see him, must call, or communicate with him at his residence—OSBORNE PLACE, GIBBET STREET.

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13, St. James's Road,
HALIFAX.

STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 30.

MARCH, 1872.

On Sunday evening, March 10th, the annual Band of Hope Sermon will be Preached by the Rev. George Thompson, Service to commence at 6.30. Collection on behalf of the funds.

The Monthly Band of Hope Meeting will be held on Tuesday, March 12th, Addresses will be given by the Medical Officers, Mr. W. Waite & Mr. F. E. Macaulay, also by Mr. John Mackintosh. Chair to be taken by the Rev. George Thompson. Admission Free.

[THE WILD-BEAST TAMER.

A SKETCH.

BY THE REV. G. W. MCCREE.

A LION-TAMER has been killed at Bolton, in Lancashire. He was performing with his lions at half-past ten at night in a wild-beast show, which was crowded with spectators. One of the ferocious animals attacked him, threw him down, and five other lions worried him. Before he reached the hospital he was dead. The report of this terrible catastrophe says that "the man had been drinking, but was not drunk." The probability is, that, had he been a total abstainer he would have been alive now, and perhaps pursuing a nobler profession.

The account of this unfortunate man's death reminded me of an interview with a wild-beast tamer which I had a few years ago. Sitting alone in my room one day, I was informed that a man wished to speak with me. When he was sent into the apartment I asked him to sit down and inform me what he wanted. He was a short, strong-looking man, but with a queer professional look which made me feel that I had no ordinary person before me. Every man bears on his face, in his costume and manner, some distinctive mark of his pursuits. A gentleman's coachman and a cabman both drive horses, but in any dress they may assume you can tell the difference. A clergyman and a medical practitioner, when dining out, both wear black garments, but you can distinguish in a moment the physician of the body from the physician of the soul. If you

were to take the clothes of a peer and put them on an Irish labourer living in White-chapel, you would not make him look like a peer, but like an Irish labourer who had put on the wrong coat. Were a soldier and a sailor to interchange dresses, you could still distinguish which was the hero of the land and which the champion of the sea. Were the same tailor to prepare similar garments for a ploughman, a mason, an engraver, a city merchant, and a prince, through the garments would shine the similitude of the men. Garments do not make men, and so with the man who came to see me. He was not a groom, and yet like a groom; he was not a workman, and yet looked in some respects like a workman; he was not a comic singer, or an actor, and yet there seemed to be something of both about him.

"May I ask, sir," said I, "what is your business with me? I am very glad to see you, and shall be delighted to be of any use to you. Pray what is it?"

"I want to sign the pledge, sir."

"I am very glad to hear it. I have been a total abstainer for many years myself, and am quite sure that any man in signing the pledge is taking a wise step. I have not the pleasure of knowing you, and shall therefore be glad to hear your name."

"My name is William Jones, sir, but that is not my professional name."

"Oh! then, you are a professional, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I ask what you are?"

"I am a wild-beast tamer, sir."

"You perform then in some wild-beast show, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, I have done this for many years, and am doing it now."

"What do you perform with?"

"Why, at present I have the charge of a performing elephant, but I have also performed with lions and all those sorts of animals."

"Then you ought to be a sober man, for you must be often placed in a critical position."

"Indeed, sir, I am, and that is why I want to sign the pledge."

"Have you been in the habit of drinking?"

"Yes, I have a bout now and then, especially at fairs and races, and people treat me and my comrades, and get half-drunk. Why, then, of course, my life is in danger, because you know, sir, you ought to be sober when you go into a wild-beast's den."

"Yes," I said, "I think you ought, and I suppose it is the consciousness of your danger that has led you to wish to become a total abstainer."

"Yes, for when I have been drinking I do not feel at all steady. My nerves are not steady, and a man needs all his nerves about him when he is performing with lions."

"Yes, I should think he does. May I ask you how you control the lions when you perform with them?"

"Well," he said, "one secret is this, and I don't object to tell it to you. I always perform with the lions before the public are admitted into the show. I put them through their exercises, you know—make them do all I want them to before anybody comes in."

"I understand the wisdom of that, but still, I wish to know how you make these animals spring from side to side, and go through their other antics."

He gave a slight smile.

"Well, sir, I will tell you how I manage that. The public know nothing about it, but I don't object to tell you. I do it in this way. I have a red-hot bar in my hand when I open the door of the cage, and nearly always the big lion flies at me. Then I poke the red-hot bar in his face, and scorch him, and he jumps back. He doesn't like that, you know. Then I go into the cage and begin to manoeuvre them with this red-hot bar. I make them go through all their performances with this red-hot bar in my hand. They don't like to be touched, and so they spring away to get free of it, and that is the way I make them jump from end to end of the cage. Don't you see, that when the public are allowed in they don't see the red-hot bar? I have my whip in my hand then, and the lions don't know the difference much between the whip and the bar. When I move my hand to the right the lion flies away from it; when I move my hand to the left, he flies away to the other side, because he thinks he

is going to be hurt. That is the way I manoeuvre them, sir."

"Well," I said, "have you ever been severely injured by these lions?"

"Not by lions, sir, but I have by an elephant."

"What happened with the elephant?"

"I will tell you one thing that happened with him. I had performed with him one day at a fair, and I had got some drink. I was not steady, and I teased him too much; but then you must bear in mind, sir, that I had him out of his den at this time. I had him, in fact, in the open area of the show."

"I understand. Well, what took place?"

"I suppose I tired and vexed him, and I was off my guard in some way, because you see, sir, I had been drinking—lots of drink about at fair time—and before I knew where I was, he took me up in his trunk, lifted me right off my feet, swung me up into the air and made a dash at the centre pole which supported the marquee above the show, and I felt that he was going to dash me against this pole. I put up my hand to try to push myself from the pole to prevent him crushing me against it, and when I did so his tusk went right through the back of my hand to the other side against the pole; and this is the mark it has left," he added, holding out his hand to show me a dreadful scar on the back of his hand, and an equally dreadful one inside the palm, thus showing that the man was not telling an idle story.

"Well," I said to him, "that ought to have been a warning."

"So it was. My word! I kept myself sober after that, but I have got on the drink again, so I thought I would come to you and sign the pledge."

"Well, my friend, I am very glad. Here is my pledge-book. Put down your name, and keep that pledge as long as ever you live. If you don't, you may possibly lose your life."

"Very well, sir; I will sign the pledge."

And so he did. I gave him the best counsel I could; we shook hands and parted, but whether he is alive or dead, I cannot tell.

A THING NO ONE CAN UNDERSTAND.

COMMENTING upon a case brought before him on Saturday, Mr. Raffles, the Liverpool stipendiary magistrate, said that the sooner the early closing movement was introduced into the liquor trade the better. The prisoner had left a public-house at midnight and assaulted a policeman. Why (said Mr. Raffles) those places, which caused ruin to body and soul, should be allowed to keep open when all decent shops were shut up, he could not understand.

DEATH IN THE STREETS.

IN a little side street branching off from one of the leading thoroughfares into London, being within a mile of what is commonly known as the "City," it devolved on me to call for a small account. It was a very small account—only a few shillings; the customer being out, yet expected every minute, I told the solitary clerk whom I found in the counting-house that I would wait, which was readily acquiesced in.

I had leisure to observe the clerk as he stood on the side of his desk. He was doing nothing, all about him was nothing, and there was nothing to show but what he had been doing nothing ever since he had been in the office. It was about eleven o'clock in the day.

"A light berth this," I said pleasantly, alluding to his apparent want of occupation.

His dull eyes opened at this sally, and as they turned full on me, and I took in his sallow, pinched, threadbare face, and sorrowful forehead with its scanty weak hair, I felt certain there was a history, aye, and a sad one too, allied to that face and form. I had not to wait long—the clerk spoke in low measured tones:—

"It is *not very light* here, sir," and he glanced at the window.

"Oh, I meant," I interrupted, "you don't seem much overburdened with business."

"Mr. Spruce is closing his business," in the same low tones and quiet way he replied; "and I wait here to answer enquiries, and do any little thing he may require when Mr. Spruce is here, but he is very seldom here, and then only for a few minutes," and there he stopped, and silence ensued; while I looked at my watch and then at my collector's book, and was calculating how much longer I should, or rather could wait, ere I resumed my rounds—there stole upon my ear in the same cold, low, measured tones, this inquiry:—

"Do you know anything about inquests, sir?"

"I have sat upon two; but why do you ask?" said I.

"I am summoned as a witness on an inquest, to attend this afternoon at five o'clock, and I want to know whether I must attend."

"Why should you not?"

"I had rather not. I—had—rather—not," he resumed; "It is to attend on my brother's inquest; he was found 'DEAD IN THE STREET' on Sunday night—last Sunday night, and I was the last person seen with him."

"How did it happen? was it a fit? was it an accident? what was the cause of his death?"

"Well, sir, you see he was rather given to intoxicating habits, and when he was picked up out of the gutter, they do say he was

biting his tongue, and that he appeared in pain; do you think he was, sir?" he rambled on; "some said it was a fit from over-drinking, he had had four or five glasses with me on this Sunday evening; I think it is very wrong to get intoxicated on a Sunday, so very much worse, sir, isn't it, of a Sunday? I always told my brother so."

A pause ensuing, I enquired how old was this brother.

"He was 34, my only brother, he was the eldest."

"Why, you don't look very juvenile! there were only two of you, then?" I asked; "and how old may you be?"

"I am 31, sir; there were four of us—three are now dead; one was 26, the other 32; they went to Australia, sir, and they died there."

"And what did they die of?"

"Well, sir, they were both rather given to intoxicating habits."

I noticed throughout that he never used the word drink, he never said that they drank, or got drunk. It was always that they were addicted to intoxicating habits, implying that they were always soaking themselves, completely surrendered, helpless victims to the vice of tossing off glass after glass until landed in hopeless fatuity. Then I commented—

"You have lost three brothers through the curse of drink!"

"Yes, sir, it is true—it is true."

He was falling into his ordinary passive mood of existence I could see, so I rose from my seat, being unable to wait any longer for his employer, and signified that I must leave; but before doing so, feeling how absolutely any thing I should say would be lost upon him, for it was plainly legibly inscribed on his face and form that he was equally addicted to intoxicating habits, I opened my pocket book, and I offered him a little leaflet containing a few hints towards the formation of a Christian character, and I intimated that in his immediate recent bereavement they might afford him some solace, and lead him to peruse that Word where alone he could find true consolation for the loss of his poor brother, found "Dead in the Streets."

BEECHER ON TEMPERANCE.

At a large and enthusiastic meeting of the friends of Temperance in New York, Mr. Beecher is reported as saying:—"According to the Darwinian theory, mankind sprouted from the animal kingdom, and appearances indicate that the human race has a natural affinity for its former condition. It is a most difficult thing to persuade men to forsake

their animal natures. They like to hug their lower passions. Strength increases as we go downward, and it decreases as we go upward. We are engaged with the red dragon himself when we attempt to cure men of intemperance. Strong drink represents animalism. Intoxicating drinks, more than all others, promote animalism. In America we are weaker, for we are set to a higher key—concert pitch as it were. The burly Englishman does not feel the effects of strong drink as the lean Yankee, who is a bundle of nerves. We live on excitement, and we burn more wicks than any other people of the same size. There are a great many more apes in this world than in the tropics. As soon as men get rich in this country they fill the cellars with wine, though they do not like it to drink: they do this because it is fashionable. When men tell me that wine is good for drunkenness, I say that if they begin on shavings they will soon get to the hickory wood. We are full of nerves, and it will not do to burn them out. A man in health does not require alcoholic stimulants. It is the duty of all Christians to take a decided stand on the temperance question. There are reasons why people should let it be known that they are for total abstinence. We have got to shield the young from temptation; we cannot look to the ignorant, nor to those that get money by destroying their fellow-men, for help. We have a right to look to church-goers, and they are bound to abstain from strong drink, and let it be known that they are opposed to intemperance. There must be an example set. As it is, we have to contend not only against the passions of our young people, but against the blighting influences of fashion. The young man comes down from the country to get a situation; he enters a store and is looked on kindly by the proprietor who has five dollars to dispose of. In a year or so, he is invited to dine at the house of the merchant; and there, while his employer and all the guests are making merry over their wine, he dares not refuse to drink with the man who has done so much for him. This is the beginning. "You have no right," said Mr. Beecher, "to set a trap for young men—to make your liberty the destruction of others. The Christian Church has the power to suppress this evil, and I appeal to you not to be silent on this question, but to stand out and show a clean hand. It is love that clings to a man until the end. When memory has gone, and reason fled, the early love is the last thing which lingers; and it is this that will finally conquer."

EDUCATION AND INTEMPERANCE.

THERE is undoubtedly a class of violent

crimes and an immense amount of misery which ensue from drunkenness, and that may be a reason why the drunkard should be rigorously punished; but I have yet to learn that the great mass of drunkards have become the degraded things they are on account of their being less well-informed than others of their own rank. On the contrary, so far as my own experience of the class will enable me to judge, they would appear to be chiefly composed of persons who are somewhat better educated than the poor generally are—who have a taste for the conversation, the music, the gaming, the politics, the conviviality of the tavern—who from the force of such allurements have been led to neglect their business, till they were alike bankrupt of capital and character—and who, having once given way to dissolute habits, have gravitated from lower to lower to the lowest depths of wretchedness under the depressing weight of their vices.—*Literary Life of the Rev. W. Harness.*

CONTRASTED EXPENDITURE OF RICH AND POOR.

THE London correspondent of the *Leed Mercury* says:—

I do not think it is generally known how enormous is the disproportion between the expenditure of the working classes on alcoholic drinks, and that of the upper classes on the same object. I am assured by a member of the Reform Club that the wine and beer bill of that institution is £4,000 a year for about 1,600 members. The same informant assured me that a contractor engaged in constructing Government works at Portsmouth, and having 1,240 men in his employ, opened a public-house, and run up some booths for his men to drink at, and that in one year they spent £17,000. That is to say, 360 fewer men spent four and a quarter times as much as the members of the Reform Club. It would have been bad enough if the expenditure had been equal, for a working man ought not to be able to afford to spend as much in luxuries as a gentleman. Moreover, the price which the second pays for his drink is out of all proportion higher than that which a navvy would pay for his. Even if the second had paid nothing, the enormous quantity swallowed must have been most seriously injurious to him. It must have diminished his productive powers, his power to labour, and so diminished the wealth of the country. Clearly, so long as increased wages mean merely increased beer, a man is no better off with high wages than with low, but rather the reverse.

TEACHING THE PEOPLE TO HELP THEMSELVES.

IN a leading article on the new 'Social Alliance, the *Nonconformist* says:—"Much misery may be obviated, much degradation escaped, much comfort may be obtained, by the working men themselves, if they can bring themselves to exercise the virtue of self-denial. We should be reluctant indeed to cast a stone at them. But when it is proposed to call upon Parliament to house them more decently, to feed them better, and to teach them their trades at the public expense, it is impossible for us to forget that much of the necessity for doing these things for them, instead of helping them to do them for themselves, arises out of their drinking habits, and would be easily done away with if they could but control their passion for intoxicating beverages. It is difficult to raise up those who make no effort to raise themselves. We make allowance for their temptations. We would try by all rational means to lessen them. But it is quite useless, in any discussion of the legislative measures they call for in their own behalf, to ignore the fact that the workmen of this country, with numerous honourable exceptions, of course, spend an inordinate proportion of their wages in liquor, and that, whilst that habit overpowers them, no laws can make their condition what it should be."

FINES FOR DRUNKENNESS IN THE ARMY.

AN army circular issued in December, 1870, ordered that during one year a portion of the fund accruing from fines levied for drunkenness in the army should be applied to the purpose of rewarding well-conducted soldiers. The order directed that every soldier discharged during, or on the termination of his first period of service was to receive a gratuity of 10s. for each good-conduct stripe. If he had never been entered in the regimental defaulter's book, he was to receive as much as £3. All soldiers discharged during or on the completion of their second period of service were to receive £1 for each good-conduct stripe, and in the event of their names not appearing in the regimental defaulter's book, the maximum sum each man was to receive was £5. This order has, it appears, worked so well that it is contemplated to issue a circular extending its operations for another year. The fund from which these gratuities were paid amounted in 1871 to about £200,000. In some regiments the fines amounted to £300, in others to less than half that amount.—*Times*.

WHERE DRUNKARDS COME FROM.

BY THE REV. G. W. M'CREE.

I AM sorry to say that my experience of the worst drunkards I have met with in London testifies that they are persons who formerly moved in respectable, refined, and even religious society, but who through strong drink have so degraded themselves that you now find them in the slums of St. Giles's, Westminster, and Whitechapel, without decent attire, reputation, or friends, and many times without a home. The worst drunkards are *not* the children of the poor born in Somerstown, Whitechapel, or in St. Giles's. Judge for yourselves. My bell was rung one Sunday morning at seven o'clock; I went down into the lobby, and found there a man. I looked at him, not because I did not know him, but because I did. He had a battered hat upon his head, beaten with London weather, and that is very rough. He had an old grey paletot fastened under his chin, poor and filthy under garments, no stockings, his shoes were full of holes, and I could see his feet through almost every part of them; he shivered with wet and cold. "Ah," he said, "I remember, not many years ago, riding my horse in Tottenham-court road, followed by my servant upon his horse, and last Saturday I sold old magazines in that road to get myself a bed." Who was he? The deputy coroner for one of our largest counties, a splendid young fellow, who led to the altar a young lady who brought him £6,000. A wretched drunkard now, who two or three years ago was promised by his brother £1,000 if he would keep the pledge for a year; he kept it for eight months, and then broke it. If there is any man here who begins to feel a love of drink creeping upon him, let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall. Here is another case. I was out very late one night, as I often am to my great discomfort, and a poor woman came up to me and said, "Mr. M'Cree, I think, sir, if you go along that street there, you will find something to do." I thought it was a fight, because I am sometimes sent to pacify the Irish Fenians. I came to a door with a lot of people around it; they parted in their kind way, and I saw upon a doorstep a little boy asleep in one corner, and a little girl in another. I woke them up and said to the girl, "My dear, where is your mother?" "Mother's in prison, sir." "How came she to get there, dear?" "Please sir, she got drunk, and she was locked up." "How came you here?" "Please sir, when the landlady found my mother locked up, she turned us into the streets." "Come along with me," I said, and took them by the

hand and led them to our refuge, and there in a short time they had all the comforts they needed. In a few days the mother came out of prison, and having gained access to the refuge, she demanded her children. We said, "You had better leave them; we will feed, clothe, and educate them, and you may come once a month to see them." "No, sir, I cannot do that," said she, speaking in a lady-like manner—for she really had been such—"I want that girl to assist me in my needle-work." "No, mother," said the girl, "all you want me to do is to get up at six o'clock to get you gin to drink in bed." "I never did that before," she said, and took them away. At six o'clock in the evening, the children came and knocked at the door—the mother was locked up a second time. When she came out again she demanded her children, and because we would not give them up, she tried to smash our windows, so we let them go, and she took the girl, fourteen years old, into a house which I decline to characterise before this audience. Who was she? A wretched woman born in St. Giles's? She was the wife of a physician from the West-end of London. If every clergyman, Dissenting minister, and Sunday-school teacher in the land signed the pledge, and kept it (for that is another thing), teetotalism would confer a greater honour upon them than they would confer upon it.

HINTS FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF PUBLIC-HOUSES WITHOUT THE DRINK.

MANY of our friends, on hearing of the good doing in Leeds by the establishment of "British Workman" public-houses, and recognising the fact that "God is with us," are anxious to have the full particulars of the expense, mode of operation, &c.

We, therefore, append below some hints in order to succeed well and avoid failure.

1. The HOUSE should be, if possible, an old Public or Beer House, in a populous neighbourhood. It should have two ordinary reading rooms, in ONE (if not both) of which smoking must be prohibited. There should be a third larger room for meetings, and this latter room should be on a different floor or sufficiently apart to cause no inconvenience to the readers in case of any noise being made at the meetings. Besides these three rooms, the manager and his wife should have a good kitchen and two bedrooms.

2. The MANAGERS should be carefully selected. Much depends upon having the right people. They should be a respectable and respected God-fearing couple—abstainers

from strong drink, good-tempered and obliging, with no young children. They receive no salary, but live rent free, and have the use of coal and gas. The man should be in good work, so that he is not dependent in any way upon the funds of the house. His duties are to forward the wellbeing of the place in the evenings and during his leisure hours, and the wife cleans and keeps the place warmed and lighted. Both give their best help on extra occasions, and undertake the social teas, suppers, &c.

3. The ATTRACTIVENESS of the house should be made a matter of importance. Clean windows, doorsteps, and floors are very desirable, and in winter a WARM fire and tidy hearthstone.

4. The FURNISHING will vary in cost according to the size of the house and the provided accommodation. An old public-house will probably have fixed seating and tables, which may have to be taken too at a valuation. If the house be empty, the following is the ordinary furniture:—For each reading room—3 forms with backs, 10s. each; 6 chairs, 3s. 6d. each; 2 tables, 10s. each. For large meeting-room—one or two tables and a number of forms, those with backs at from 10s. each; without backs, 8d. per foot. The length to be decided by the size of the room. The gas-fittings have generally to be altered to adapt them for good reading-room light. A lamp outside is an advantage, and a large signboard, with "The British Workman" over the door. The windows to be frosted and painted "Free Reading-room for Working-Men," and "Come and welcome."* From £15 to £30 will be the cost.

* The well-known lines are frequently added—
A Public-house without the drink,
Where men can sit, talk, read, and think,
— Then safely home return.

5. The NEWSPAPERS should be supplied punctually and EARLY in the morning, as the men like to see them at breakfast-time. (Possibly the local papers would be presented, if an application were made to the proprietors.) The average cost of papers and periodicals is 2s. 6d. per week. Friends in the neighbourhood are sometimes sufficiently interested to supply a few additional serials. A pledge-book should be provided for such men as may wish to sign.

6. The RENT of the Leeds "B. W."s has averaged £20; add to this £20 for papers, periodicals, gas, coal, rates, &c., and you have an annual expenditure of say £40. Of this, from the outset, money has been forthcoming from the frequenters to meet part, in some cases more than half. Boxes for contributions, and cards for the names of voluntary subscribers are placed in each room, and

other plans are contrived by the men for raising money.

7. A local committee, including secretary and treasurer, to co-operate with the managers, works advantageously; indeed, ONE active co-worker near the spot is INDISPENSABLE—more if possible.

8. REFRESHMENTS are left to the managers to provide at a moderate price, and any profits arising therefrom fall to their share for the trouble incurred.

NO!

MANY years ago, a young man whose name has since rung through the land, was sitting at a table, an invited guest, in what was counted as first society. It was almost his entrance into the charmed circle; for he was poor, of obscure birth, a shoemaker by trade, the son of a dissipated, degraded man; and without education, except so far as his own earnest, persevering effort had obtained it. But he was rich in integrity, courage, and reliance on God; and with the strength that is only given through right principles of life, he had made his way amidst difficulties such as you who read this can hardly dream, and set out on a career of true, noble manhood.

At that time, it was a universal custom to put wine on the dinner-table when guests were invited; it was regarded only as common courtesy to offer it even to callers. Ministers drank it; the most respectable of all classes, who could afford the expense, were in the very same habit.

The host himself asked the young man to take wine with him. It was counted a rudeness to refuse.

Was it an easy thing, think you, for him, there and then, to say "No"?

But he had temperance principles. He had seen, yes, bitterly felt, in his childhood's home and his opening manhood, the evil of intemperance; and he knew that it was the one glass at dinner that began the downward tendency; that without the beginning, the terrible conclusion would never be reached; and believing in total abstinence as the only safeguard for others and himself, he would not sanction by his act, however trivial it might seem, the violation of that principle. Cost little or much, cost favour or ill-feeling, he would be true.

"No," he said, courteously, quietly, but firmly, "I never take wine."

Bravely, resolutely, has he maintained his ground through after years, up to this time. That victory made every subsequent victory easier.

On the side of temperance, humanity, right, and God Himself, Henry Wilson firmly stands. Like him, boys, learn to say "No."
—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, BROTHER?

Oh, what are you going to do, brother?

Say, what are you going to do?

You have thought of some useful labour,?

But what is the end in view?

You are fresh from the home of your boyhood,

And just in the bloom of youth:

Have you tasted the sparkling water

That flows from the fount of truth?

CHORUS—Is your heart in the Saviour's keeping?

Remember, He died for you!

Then what are you going to do, brother

Say, what are you going to do?

Will you honour His cause and kingdom?

Wherever your path may be?

And stand as a bright example

That others your light may see?

Are you willing to live for Jesus?

And ready the cross to bear?

Are you willing to meet reproaches?

The frowns of the world to share?

CHORUS—Your lot may perhaps be humble,

But God has a work for you;

Then what are you going to do, brother

Say, what are you going to do?

Oh, what are you going to do, brother?

The morning of youth is past;

The vigour and strength of manhood,

My brother, are yours at last.

You are rising in worldly prospects,

And prospered in worldly things;—

A duty to those less favoured

The smile of your fortune brings.

CHORUS—Go, prove that your heart is grateful—

The Lord has a work for you;

Then, what are you going to do, brother?

Say, what are you going to do?

Oh, what are you going to do, brother?

Your sun at its noon is high;

It shines in meridian splendour,

And rides through a cloudless sky.

You are holding a high position

Of honour, of trust, and fame;—

Are you willing to give the glory

And praise to your Saviour's name?

CHORUS—The regions that sit in darkness

Are stretching their hands to you;

Then, what are you going to do, brother?

Say, what are you going to do

Oh, what are you going to do, brother

The twilight approaches now

Already your locks are silvered,

And winter is on your brow.

Your talents, your time, your riches,

To Jesus, your Master, give;

And ask if the world around you!

Is better because you live.

CHORUS—You are nearing the brink of Jordan,

But still there is work for you;

Then, what are you going to do, brother?

Say, what are you going to do?

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at half-past 10, and in the Evening at half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the Services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

THE REV. GEORGE THOMPSON has accepted the Pastorate of the Church; any person wishing to see him, must call, or communicate with him at his residence—OSBORNE PLACE, GIBBET STREET.

DRESSES & MANTLES

MADE TO ORDER AT

H. BUTTON'S

MILLINERY & DRAPERY

ESTABLISHMENT,

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J. WADSWORTH,

DRAPER AND SILK MERCER,

68, Northgate,

HALIFAX.

A. & A. SUTCLIFFE'S

Millinery, Baby-Linen, and Ladies' Underclothing Establishment,

22, OLD MARKET,

OPPOSITE MR. DYER'S.

BUYERS OF

WATCHES, CLOCKS, BRONZES,
JEWELLERY, SILVER, JET,

AND

A VARIETY OF OTHER GOODS,
SHOULD SEE THE STOCK

OFFERED BY

CHARLES HORNER,

17, NORTHGATE, HALIFAX.

NEURALGIA & TIC-DOULOUREUX!

This painful affection immediately
relieved and in most cases permanently
cured by taking

"FARR'S NERVINE."

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BOOKBINDING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

AT REASONABLE PRICES, AT

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GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,

of superior make at moderate prices.

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new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.

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both useful and ornamental, in best quality.

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Clothing for all Classes—Good,
Cheap, and Stylish.

J. WRIGHT AND SON,
Proprietors.

STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 31.

APRIL, 1872.

At the Monthly Meeting to be held on Tuesday, April 9th, a Lecture will be given by Mr. F. H. Bowman, F.R.A.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., &c. Subject—"Alcohol—What is it? How obtained? And what its use?" The Lecture will be illustrated with Diagrams, and numerous Chemical experiments. To commence at 7.30. Admission Free.

JACK'S FALL.

A SAILOR-BOY stood on the deck of the good ship Ocean Foam, his face upturned to his mother's, who looked down into the depths of his honest eyes, and murmured soft blessings upon him. Her arm was round his neck, her face showed unmistakeable signs of grief and many tears, but there was a tender smile now, though the face grew more grave as she whispered, "And you'll take care of your father, Jack? promise me."

"Yes, mother, I will."

"And you'll keep your pledge, Jack, whatever happens?"

"Yes, mother, you may depend on me."

"Jack, dear boy," said the delicate little woman, "I thank God you never told me a lie, and I can trust your word altogether."

"Dear mother, I'm so glad you do," and the boy squeezed impulsively the thin hand that rested in his.

"And you'll remember my little Bible, Jack, and read every day, if it is but one verse; 'twill help you, I know it will, and say the little prayer we have said together every day for so long, for I shall be saying it too, Jack; don't forget."

The tears glistened now in the boy's eyes, and he answered;

"No, mother, darling, I'll do it all, as I promised you, never fear."

"Time's up; you must be off, Lizzie," said a tall big sailor, who came up to them at that moment.

"The boat's getting up her steam, the boy 'll be better when you are gone."

"John," said his wife, timidly, "you won't let him come to any harm, will you?"

"Harm! bless you, no," returned her husband with an oath, and in a rough but not bad-tempered voice, "why, he'll be fifty times better afloat than ashore, poking about with women folk—eh! Jack?"

"I mean to get on, father," said the boy, but he looked at his mother as he spoke.

"Of course you do—get ahead of me some day, that's like you, Jack! you be plucky, and you'll get a lot of schooling aboard that I never had."

John Lance, able-bodied seaman, now stooped and kissed his wife, not without some degree of kindness, but as if he were a great deal too much used to saying good-bye to mind it much; but Jack and his mother were folded in a passionate embrace. Neither of them could speak, their hearts seemed bursting with the anguish of parting, and the rough sailor could not remain unmoved.

"Cheer up, Lizzie; the lad 'll be back to you safe and sound in less than a year; don't cry your eyes out, little woman."

The wife and mother tried, but it was in vain to smile, and to tremblingly say, "God bless you," to both husband and son; they helped her carefully down the ladder to the little steamboat below, and then John Lance had to return to his work, and help weigh the anchor, for the sails were set and the ship was ready for sea. But Jack still watched his mother from the bulwarks, and gazed after her till his very best efforts could no longer distinguish her waving handkerchief; gazed indeed with great tears rolling down over his face, till even the line of smoke be-

longing to the small shore steamer had vanished from sight ; while poor Mrs. Lance had the last impression of her young son stamped for ever on her loving heart, as she saw him stand in his picturesque dress and waving his round sailor's black cap with its blue ribbons towards her, with boyish vehemence.

She went home to her good old mother, whom she had taken to live with her, and told her all about their darling Jack with assumed cheerfulness ; but when she laid herself down to rest, the anguish and distress of her soul could only find vent in renewed sobs and tears.

John Lance, her husband, was a sad drinker ; this was the bitter cause of all her grief. Had he been prudent, his wages would have kept them in great comfort ; as it was, she saw so little of her husband's earnings, that she was obliged to supplement them by her own exertions, and to part from Jack, her dear, good promising boy, when she would have liked to have kept him at school, and looked forward to his rising in the world. Jack had shown a love for the sea, which not even his greater love for his mother could quench, and this his father sought to improve by every possible means ; "there wasn't reason why he should be idling away at home any longer," he said, "let him try a voyage with me ;" and his gentle mother had consented.

If only John Lance had been a sober man, the wife's heart would have trusted in him, but she had long ago lost confidence in his word and in his conduct. Not that he was worse than hundreds of our jolly tars ; there was a pleasant geniality about the man even yet, a remnant of the fascination which had won her affections sixteen years before, an open-handed generosity that stamped him amongst his shipmates as a "tidy craft," and "seaworthy," but which dreadfully crippled his home resources.

Jack knew his father's weakness only too well ; he was a staunch teetotaler himself, brought up in the Band of Hope by his mother, and had a good share of that best of all pluck, the courage to do rightly at all times and in all company.

The Ocean Foam had accomplished the greater part of her voyage with perfect safety to her passengers and crew, and now she was bounding along swiftly and gracefully over sun-lit waves, before a fresh breeze that filled her spreading sails. John Lance had had many a dispute since they left port with his young son about the drink. The boy had heard his father swear at him many a time because he would keep firm to the temperance pledge he had signed in Old England, and resisted all the many entreaties to taste grog.

It was a beautiful evening just before sunset ; the rich tropical hues of the sky were reflected in the clear waves below. It was John Lance's duty to ascend the rigging and tighten the ropes ; but the rough-and-ready sailor had been drinking to excess, his hands and feet were unsteady, he staggered forward across the deck.

"Father," said Jack, "who came up the cabin stairs at that moment, and he clutched his father's arm eagerly ; "Father, I know what it is, I can do it ; let me go, you might slip, you know," and Jack's feet were already on the rope.

"I don't care if you do, Jack," said John Lance ; "I'm a little bit tight, I do believe." And the boy went up into the giddy heights of the topsail and top-gallant-sail, tightening the ropes. There was no thought of fear in the brave boy's heart. He was about to descend, when a rope, not skilfully fastened by his inexperienced hands, blew against him, knocking him sharply on the face. He went forward to push back the flapping rope and to secure it in its place, saying to himself with a merry smile—

"I've lots to learn yet before I'm a sailor."

Then the ship gave a slight lurch, moved by the freshening breeze, and Jack lost his balance and fell heavily upon the deck below, his fall only broken by a pile of canvas that the sailors had been overhauling for repairs.

Oh ! it was well that the loving eyes far away, which even now gleamed as she thought of her darling the while she plied her quiet industry, could not see that dizzy, giddy height from which he was so fearfully descending—could not see the young form falling, falling to the deck of the Ocean Foam ; else must the mother's heart have broken, and her life's work for her boy been unaccomplished.

A startled face turned ghastly white at the sudden appearance of that swiftly-descending form.

"My God ! I have killed him !" broke from the frightened, solemnised heart and lips of the tipsy father as he hurried forward, sobered by his terror, and by the greatness of the calamity. He bent over his young son ; Jack lay with his white, wan, unconscious face turned upwards to the summer sky, his dark eyes closed, his form motionless.

"He be dead," said one and another of the rough seamen as they gathered round.

"Dead as a dolphin."

"How could he be alive after that fall ?"

The young surgeon, summoned hastily, bounded up from his cabin. There was sorrow on his kind face, for he knew and loved the boy. He now bent over Jack's prostrate form, felt his pulse, watched him attentively and in silence for many moments.

Then a hand grasped his arm convulsively, and a choked voice said in his ear, "Doctor, is there any hope? For, if I've killed Jack, I've killed his mother too."

And as the surgeon turned to answer, he saw the haggard face of the sailor, John Lance, looking pleadingly towards his own.

"There is a faint shadow of a hope, Lance," said the surgeon kindly, "and that is all; but the boy will be a cripple, my man, even if he lives."

There was a low groan of anguish from the father's heart as he turned aside, covered his face with his hands, and shed most bitter tears.

The remedies adopted by the surgeon proved effectual; Jack recovered consciousness, and with it, alas! extreme suffering. They did not attempt to move him from the deck, but easily protected him from the weather, so far as it was necessary in that beautiful climate, and John Lance to the surprise of everybody, became his son's most devoted nurse. It was wonderful to see how soon the rough-handed man learnt to be tender in his touch of the invalid boy, how attentive he was to the least order of the doctor concerning his charge; how meekly he bore the blame that was justly lavished upon him for allowing his son, so inexperienced in his profession, to undertake such a dangerous task in his place. It was many days before Jack could talk to his father, save by smiles, and loving looks, and gentle touches; and many days more before he could hold anything like a conversation with him.

At last, Jack said, "I shall never be a sailor now, father."

"No Jack," said John Lance, dismally.

"Mother 'll have me at home with her, fter all."

"Yes, Jack," said his father.

"And I shall be a burden to you both, fter, that's all I mind; though I reckon ere's something I could get to do. I'd rather work, father, if I could. Don't you know there's the verse in the Bible, 'He that won't work neither shall he eat.' I read it that morning I fell."

Jack's father gave a great sob. "Jack," said he, "there's no need for you to work. You will have all my drink money—that 'll float you, I reckon."

"What, father?" and Jack turned, with joy in his eyes and on his lips, "are you gog to give up the drink for me?"

"I think it's about time. You wouldn't ha' had this horrid fall if it hadn't been for th' accursed drink, and your beast of a fatr," said John Lance.

Jack impulsively put his hand, grown very white and thin now, upon his father's lips.

"Dear father," he said, "it's all right,

if you give up the drink. Mother will be glad."

"Jack," said his father again, "how is it you've never blamed me?"

"You didn't go to do it, father. I never thought of blaming you, and you're dreadfully sorry for it."

"So I am, Jack."

"Haven't you taken any grog since, father?"

"No, Jack."

"Then I'm happier than I was when I was well."

John Lance looked surprised.

"Never, Jack!" he said.

"Yes, I am, father."

"How then—did you care all that about my drinking?"

"Why you know 'twas what the Bible said that so troubled me, father?"

"I don't know much about the Bible, Jack; what is it?"

"No drunkard shall go to heaven, father, that's what it is—but now I think we'll all try to go together, mother and you and me."

Just six months after Jack's fall, the good ship Ocean Foam sailed into Plymouth Sound.

Jack had never recovered from his accident sufficiently to walk, he had been carried ashore at Melbourne, where he spent the time the ship stayed in the colony, in a hospital, where every possible care was taken of him, and where he yet longed for his mother so passionately that he counted the days and then the hours till the time when he should set sail for his home. And now, after another prosperous voyage, he had reached old Devonshire and his native place.

John Lance had bravely kept the vow he secretly made, as his boy lay mangled upon the deck; not another drop of grog or any of the enticing drinks which met his gaze at Melbourne hotels and drink shops had passed his lips, and the result of his abstinence was a handsome balance of wages to take to his home. News had been sent by Jack from Australia to his mother to tell her of his accident, but he had not mentioned his father's share in it. A feeling of dread was naturally blended with the mother's joy; she had waited through some weary weeks since the receipt of her boy's letter, and now she came out to the Ocean Foam to receive and welcome him.

John Lance stood ready to help her out of the boat and up the companion ladder.

"Lizzie, my girl, how are you?"

The voice was tender as in the old days of wooing, the manner was gentle. With a trembling gladness to which she had long been a stranger, Mrs. Lance found herself in her husband's arms.

"Prepare yourself to see Jack very weak and sickly, Lizzie; our dear boy must be always left at home with you in future; but here, this will help to keep him for a bit, and there's more to come, my girl."

He handed her a sealed paper containing several sovereigns. She was trembling with agitation.

"Where is he? Where is my Jack?" she asked as she stepped on deck.

"Here, darling mother," said a voice behind her, and she turned to see her crippled son lying on a sort of couch, his dear face older, thinner, more thoughtful, yet as happy as of yore. He was a dreadful contrast in physical health to the blooming sailor boy, who had waved his cap to her from the bulwarks; but morally and spiritually, Jack had grown so beautifully, that it far more than compensated for the evil.

"And father is a teetotaler now, mother," said Jack, when all the many difficulties of moving him to his home had been surmounted, and he was lying safely on a chair-bed that was opened out for him in his home. The sunshine streamed in through a pleasant window overlooking the bay, where the Ocean Foam lay at anchor in calm beauty, and the boats glided hither and thither between many a stately merchantman. On the window ledge, outside, was a box full of fragrant mignonette, and within, upon the sill, several beautiful scarlet and crimson and white geraniums in full flower.

"Father is a teetotaler now," repeated Jack, "and I'm to have his drink money to keep me."

Mrs. Lance was busy setting the table for supper, for John Lance was to get ashore that night if possible from the Ocean Foam; the dear industrious old grandmother was as usual knitting away at a "blue frock," such as is worn by the watermen and fishermen and trawler boys, and by which continual industry she earned a tolerable little sum.

"But for all that," said Jack, not pausing for his mother to speak, "I think I'll get grannie to teach me to knit, or I'll learn to do something; I'm not going to be idle if I can help it."

"Father a teetotaler! yes, he told me so," said Lizzie Lance, as she trimmed the edge of a dishful of delicious strawberries with geranium leaves—for she believed in making everything as pretty as possible; "and yet I don't feel as if I could properly believe it—it is so good. Jack, dear boy, if you never do any work at all we shall be better off than we used to be, for now we shall have all father's money!"

"I think we are happier than if I hadn't had my fall," said Jack, cheerily.

His mother was at his side in a moment, her arms round his neck.

"My boy, my boy, when first I looked at you and saw how you were injured, I thought I could never be happy again," she said, passionately.

"Hush! mother dear," said Jack, caressing her very tenderly; "You see it is God's work to make the good come out of it. It was very bad to have the fall and to lose the use of my limbs; but then, how it has gained father over to us! Please God, he'll be always good to us now, and he'll never drink, and I think we shall be happier than we were before. 'All things work together for good,' mother—you read it yourself out of the Bible when I was going away—to them that love God!—don't you mind, mother? You were comforted then, and shan't we believe it now?"

John Lance had entered whilst Jack was speaking, and the old grandmother rose from her seat and drew near also to the little bed by the window.

"All things work together for good to them that love God," mother," continued Jack. "Father, mother, grannie—don't we all love Him a little and want to love Him more? Don't you hate the drink, father, because it has driven you away from God? and aren't we all happier now than ever we have been before?"

And they all softly answered "Yes," and fell on their knees around Jack's bed, while the crippled, maimed boy returned a simple thanksgiving to the dear Father in heaven who, spite of every danger, every accident, had made them meet so lovingly, so joyfully in the dear old home.

M.A.J.
From the Record

PUBLIC-HOUSES WITHOUT DRINK

MR. HIND SMITH, in his account of the growth and increase of "British Workman" public-houses at Leeds, narrated several touching incidents.

COBBLER TOM,

after a period of twenty-five years' hard drinking, having during that time been many times in prison, and in the West Riding Lunatic Asylum, having broken up his home several times, at last found himself, according to his own words, "within a hair's breadth of destruction, body and soul." After drinking hard one night, and being struck and tied out of a public-house by the landlord, his injury was such that it was not expected he would recover; in a most pitiable condition, "too bad," as he said, "to walk to the workhouse," he turned into "British Workman" No. 3.

For two or three days Tom was verbad,

but was kindly attended to by the landlord. As soon as he was well enough to work he sought out one of his neglected and squandered children, who helped him to get his tools out of pawn, and being also helped by the frequenters of "British Workman" No. 3, he commenced work, and at once took a home, where he could once more assemble his children round him, which luxury he had not had for years. Tom had now found a new way of spending his time, and was to be found Sunday after Sunday sitting in the adult class of the Friends' school, where he was heard to say there was something more than temperance that he required and longed for.

Step by step Tom went on. One Sunday evening Mr. Hind Smith missed him at the meeting at No. 3, but at a later meeting he came to him at No. 13, now a well-dressed, good-looking man. He had a friend with him, an old "pot companion," and said—

"We've joined the Methodists; we mean to support the 'British Workman,' but it's not for such as *we are now*: it's for such as *we were*. We'll stick to the house, and help to support it; but we'll make room for somebody else."

If Tom lives a few weeks more, he says he won't owe a penny in the world. He had owed money to every one that would trust him, and had "long shots on" at some places, but when converted, he began to pay off all his debts, some of many years' standing, and now is nearly free. His poor broken-hearted wife had died twelve years ago.

Tom, *alias* Mr. Thomas Hazelgrave, is now a credit to the town and neighbourhood; a member of the managing committee of No. 3, and his name is associated with clergymen and others to address the second annual meeting of this house, which has proved so great a blessing to him.

A POOR TRAVELLING TRAMP

turned into "British Workman" No. 1, attended the religious service and the week-evening Bible-class. Here he felt his own sinful condition, and the kindness shown him so much that he asked permission to open his mind to the lady who conducted the Bible-class. His last tramp was through twenty-six market towns—1,700 miles—only three times in bed—through drink. Four years ago had left wife and three children, after breaking up, through drink, no fewer than six homes. He ascertained that his wife was at Bradford, and his children at Settle workhouse. A guarantee was found for the payment to the guardians of 2s. 6d. weekly for two years, and the children were given up to the father. When he went to see them he did not remember them, nor they him. That man is now a member of the "British

Workman," No. 1, and works hard for the institution, having a happy home.

AN AMERICAN BREWER'S TESTIMONY.

At a recent meeting of a hundred or more gentlemen, late residents of the North Side (Chicago), where wide tracts of the beautiful lake shore have for years been ruined for homes or investment by the great breweries of that quarter, William Lill, a citizen of large wealth, whose thirty years' experience as a brewer have placed him confessedly at the head of his guild in the North-West, was among the speakers. The question being upon the rebuilding of the breweries, Mr. Lill said that he should never build nor own another brewery. It was a business that demoralised both master and man. He had found it impossible to keep sober men on his premises. It was a manufactory of drunkards in constant operation; and the curse began in the brewery itself, where every man was a beer barrel in the morning, and a barrel of beer at night. He would have no more of it. He would be content to make less money in some other way. At this point an old acquaintance in the audience called out, "Lill, what are we to do for that excellent ale of yours?" Mr. Lill answered, "Do without, and be the better for it."

What will the advocates of beer say to this revelation?

It is no new discovery that the beer saloon is one of the principal stations and ticket offices on the Dark Valley Railroad, but there is great value in this confirmation of the fact from one whose experience covers twenty years in a great brewery establishment.

If the business is demoralising to master and man, what must the effects be to the consumer? and what can we think of those who, knowing this fact, continue in the traffic?—*J. B. Dunn, Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.*

What will the brewing interest in "Old England" say to this? We believe there are not a few brewers in this country who would gladly give up their business if they could get honourably out of it.

INDIA.

"INDIA, my boy," said an Irishman to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta, "is jist the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they dhrink and they eat, and they dhrink and they die; and then they write home to their friends a pack o' lies, and says it's the climate has killed them."

TEMPERANCE SAMPLES.

MR. W. TWEEDIE, at a meeting in Bryanstone Hall, London, February 9th, said—

It has been his good fortune within a week to find three cases as samples of what was being done in the way of rescuing the intemperate and restoring them to the positions in society which they had formerly occupied. In 1853, a gentleman came to him in very great difficulties. He was out of employment, without character, and positively without bread. He had lost a good situation through drink, and was then looking out for anything he could get to do, however humble it might be. He was glad to do any odd work that could be found in such a place as his. At that time he had a daughter in the workhouse, and his wife—perhaps, fortunately for her—was dead. Shortly after, he went to a situation at £40 a year—a boy's place—but he was glad to take it. He met that gentleman last week. For the last ten or twelve years he had been in the receipt of £400 a year, and no one considered that he had too much money for the duties he performed. Within three hundred yards of where he (the chairman) then stood, he visited a house some seven years ago, and found there a lady, both by birth and education, in a most deplorable position. Her husband had died through drunkenness, and she herself was also a victim, and in abject circumstances. He saw that lady the day before the present meeting. She was now connected with one of the large religious organisations of London, an active visitor, a minister to the poor, and beloved by all who knew her, and yet seven years ago she was in the position he had described. The third case was that of a solicitor, who was in excellent practice in a country town. Drink, however, reduced him, and in consequence, his wife and only child were, until five years ago, in such absolute poverty that he was glad to accept a shilling of anyone who would give one to him. His friends had discarded him, and altogether he was in as miserable a plight as was the man he first described. The friends of temperance after a time found means to get him back his certificate, and he had been in practice three or four years. It was a hard struggle at first, but he came to tell him last week that he had just completed the purchase of settlements of property to the amount of £20,000, and that he had got a position upon that property which would bring him in a hundred or two a year, but what was of far more importance to him, it gave him a status in the profession, and he was now on the high road to that prosperity, which drunkenness had nearly lost him so many years before. These three cases showed

his hearers that drink was no respecter of persons, but they were only samples of many that he could bring before them if time permitted.

IMPORTANT LETTER.

The following simple, but interesting letter has been sent to us; we print it in the "Visitor," hoping it may encourage Temperance Reformers to go on in the good work of reclaiming the drunkard; and helping to save others from becoming drunkards.

SIR, I beg you will pardon the liberty which I have taken in addressing these few lines to you.

I wish to inform you, that I have been a subscriber to the "Monthly Visitor" over two years, and am truly sorry that my health will not admit of my attending your meetings, which would give me much pleasure.

I am now over 70 years of age; when it pleases God to spare us to that age, we should all have serious thoughts and reflections on our past sins and follies; and how we have abused those talents which the Lord gave us.

Drink, or drunkenness, is one of the greatest evils of our land; and it alone is sufficient to cast any one from all respectable society, and from God. What folly and madness, to indulge in such a practice, to bring such misery upon themselves, and all belonging to them; but here I must express my pity for them, as I must confess the truth with shame, that I indulged in drink for over 30 years; and oh! the misery and horrors I could relate, both to myself, and to those belonging to me. I have seen much of the world in my time, and have witnessed scores, or even hundreds of cases of misery brought on families by drink. However, I thank God for the change of heart He gave me, to see my folly. I have been a temperance man these last 20 years; and I sincerely wish that every drunkard could only be brought from his wretched state, and feel the difference; he would often weep over his past folly. I am very glad to hear that there are many of my fellow-townsmen who are exerting themselves for the welfare of our poor lost fellow creatures. May God give His blessing and assistance to the cause; I am sorry that I have not the means to help you; but will willingly pay my 6d. per quarter.

I send my "Visitor" every month to India, which I am happy to say is read by the soldiers with much pleasure.

Yours respectfully, WM. LAWSON.

January 17th, 1872.

HOW "BACCA" BECAME BOOKS.

(A Sequel to Sam Adams' Pipe.)

At a meeting recently held in Norwich, of the Scholars connected with the Friends' Adult Schools, one of them stated that a short time since he was out of work for a few weeks, and he then felt it his duty to abstain from tobacco; otherwise he should have been burning his children's clothes in his pipe. When the good time of full employment arrived, he had proved to himself that he could do without the weed, and he resolved to expend the cost of his "ounces" in books. The result was, that he had now a library of which any working-man would be proud!

He had read "How Sam Adams' Pipe became a Pig," and he thought he had shewn how "Bacca" might become Books.

THE FIVE STEPS.

A MAN had committed murder, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to be hung. A few days before his execution, upon the wall of his prison he drew a gallows, with five steps leading up to it.

On the first step he wrote *Disobedience to Parents*. Solomon says, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it"; that is, he shall perish by a violent death, he shall come to a miserable, wretched end.

On the second step he wrote, *Sabbath-breaking*. God, in His command, said, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." Visit your prisons and jails, and you will find that nine-tenths of its inmates have begun their downward course by breaking this command.

On the third step he wrote, *Gambling and Drunkenness*. The late Dr. Nott, having been a close observer of human events, truly says, "The finished gambler has no heart. He would play at his brother's funeral, he would gamble upon his mother's coffin."

Several years ago, a youth was hung for killing his little brother. When on the gallows, the sheriff said, "If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live." The boy, bursting into tears, said, "I have to die. I had only one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him. But one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home I found him gathering strawberries in the garden. I became angry with him without a cause, and I killed him

at one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it till the next morning when I awoke from sleep, and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found, his hair was clotted with his blood and brains, and he was dead. Whisky has done this. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one more word to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say it to young people; Never, never, never touch anything that can intoxicate!"

On the fourth step he wrote, *Murder*. God's command is, "Thou shalt not kill."

On the fifth step he wrote, *The Fatal Platform*. It is impossible for us to form a correct idea of the thoughts that must rush through the mind of a man under such circumstances; the disgrace and ignominy attached to his name; the pains and agony of such a death; the want of sympathy in the community around him; the fearful forebodings of his guilty soul at the bar of a holy God.

CLOSING OF PUBLIC-HOUSES ON SUNDAY.

MR. HUGH BIRLEY, M.P. for Manchester, has promised to introduce a bill for closing public-houses on Sunday; and the Committee of the Central Association now depend on the hearty support of the friends of temperance.

Written Petitions to Parliament, Memorials to Members, &c., are prepared ready for signature, and can be had free on application to the Secretary, 43, Market Street, Manchester. We trust our friends will at once pour in petitions in favour of the most important bill before Parliament.

A POLICEMAN ON THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT, says, I spoke to a policeman on Sunday last, and after hearing evidence from his lips as to the evils which the Sunday traffic produced, I expressed my regret that it should exist, when he replied, "Well, I think nobody is to blame but you Christians: if you liked, you could make mincemeat of it this Session."

Let us, as members of Christ's one Church, be united in this matter, and tell our legislators that we will not allow this evil to continue. Let a petition go from every church and school in the land, and ere this Session ends, the plague will be stayed.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at half-past 10, and in the Evening at half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the Services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

THE REV. GEORGE THOMPSON has accepted the Pastorate of the Church; any person wishing to see him, must call, or communicate with him at his residence—OSBORNE PLACE, GIBBET STREET.

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,

of superior make at moderate prices.

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new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.

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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 32.

MAY, 1872.

At the Monthly Meeting, to be held May 14th, the Dissolving Views of the Bradford Band of Hope Union will be exhibited. Subject—"Incidents in the lives of the Great and Good." An explanatory Lecture will be given by Mr. William Bell. Admission One Penny.

THE PLEDGE.

A True Story, by M.E.M.

"OH!" exclaimed Jane Harris, smarting under the infliction of a heavy blow dealt by her husband, who had just returned from his carousal at the "Ploughshare," as usual in a brutal state of drunkenness:—

"Oh, I wish beer was a guinea a glass," she sobbed; "I do, I do; he gets worse and worse; if it wasn't for the poor children, I'd go home to mother; what shall I do? no bread for breakfast, and they are gone to bed hungry: I can bear it, but they can't, poor dears; what shall I do?" And the desolate woman wept again, while her lost husband snored, his head resting on his arms, which, supported by the table, served as a pillow. He was almost in a state of dead drunkenness, and therefore incapable of hearing her lamentations.

This was only the scene which was enacted daily, or rather nightly. A chance observer would say, it surely cannot occur frequently, because a man of such apparently delicate form and constitution, could not stand this wretched mode of life.

Yet he did, and in the morning, washed himself and went to work.

John Harris was a sort of generally useful man to Squire Williams, a gentleman of good means, who lived in a handsome house in a country village near a flourishing mercantile town; he had the charge of a horse and carriage, also of a conservatory, forcing house, etc., which he managed with the assistance of a boy. As might be supposed, he was not without much useful information,

which made his dreadful habit worse, and more disgraceful to himself.

Jane had borne this state of things a long time, and would have done so perhaps much longer; but Mrs. Williams heard their eldest child was ill, from Dr. Smith, who attended it, and he told her he believed the child was suffering, and indeed not only that child, but the whole family, from privation, and want of proper nourishment, adding, "I wish you would call and enquire; I fear it is all caused by the intemperate habits of Harris; at least, the neighbours tell me so."

Mrs. Williams, a genuine kind-hearted English woman, set out on a visit to Harris's cottage, carrying such little things as she deemed necessary and useful; but she was not prepared even by the hint she had received for such a scene of misery. A clean cottage she found, and Jane, as also her children, clean and tidy; but want spoke in their faces; and Jane's black eye, and a large dark bruise on her arm, told a sad tale.

Mrs. Williams sighed, and asked to see the sick child, who was nine years of age.

He was little more than a skeleton; his large bright blue eyes looked almost fierce in his death-like face; and when Mrs. Williams asked if he could drink a little soup, the poor boy eagerly stretched out his hand, saying, "Yes, please," and then drawing it hastily back, added, "give it to baby, he's so hungry, and so is mother, and all of us."

The effort was too much for the poor child, who fell back exhausted. His kind friend gave him a few spoonfuls of soup till he revived, and promised to send some for all; giving Jane two shillings, she sent her for

bread, butter, and coffee, and would not leave till the starving family had been amply fed. During their meal, she quietly put questions to Mrs. Harris, who very reluctantly told her sorrows and their cause to her benefactress.

"Oh! indeed, ma'am," she exclaimed, it is only the drink; he is so good and kind when he is sober, but drink makes him mad, and even when I don't speak, he says, 'Well, if you won't laugh, you shall cry,' and he hits me anywhere, and he is sorry when he is sober; but he can't find money to drink and feed us too, and what can I do? he is killing himself, and us all;" and her tears flowed fast.

"I think," said Mrs. Williams, "we must manage this; Dr. Smith told me of Harris's bad conduct, and I will see if Mr. Williams cannot alter it. I will send you some soup this afternoon, for yourself and the others; but keep this for Johnny."

Mrs. Williams on her road home, pondered over the sad picture she had seen, and felt glad that Jane was such a good wife and woman; and reflecting that his master might not have so much patience with him, she decided on speaking to Harris herself; accordingly walking into the garden, she saw him busy with the flowers, and entered into conversation about them.

"These flowers are very beautiful," she remarked, "and do you great credit, Harris."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "they are, but they want a great deal of care and attention, else they would soon fade and die."

"How do you manage to keep them strong and bright in colour?"

"Why, you see, ma'am, I take care to give them good soil to nourish them, and then I water them when they need it, and they repay me for all the trouble I take."

"They do, indeed," remarked Mrs. Williams, "and it is always the case, I think, if we try to do well, we are rewarded. Now Harris, you have been telling me you give flowers good soil to nourish them, because they want great care and attention, else they would soon fade and die. I suppose children are like flowers in that way, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I suppose so."

"Well then, listen, to-day as I went to the village, I met Dr. Smith, who told me he had been to see a little boy, who was ill; I asked his name, he said, 'Johnny Harris, your gardener's son.' I asked what ailed him, he said, 'Only privation, and want of proper nourishment;' and asked me to call; he said also from what he heard in the neighbourhood, you were starving your family by spending so much in drinking. Don't interrupt me. I went to your cottage with some soup for the child, and I was sadly

shocked to see the effects of your drunkenness; your wife and children are fading and pining away for want of proper nourishment and care, as your flowers would. She did not tell me; and only when I said I knew it, she exclaimed, 'Oh, indeed, ma'am, it is only the drink; he is so good when he is sober,' and that feeling seemed to comfort her.

"Now, Harris, I have not spoken to Mr. Williams, because he would be violent, and most likely would dismiss you. I want you to promise me that you will not go to the publichouse, for a week at least, and I will help to make the poor starved ones, whose proper nourishment you are drinking away, look and feel stronger: will you promise me?"

Harris, who as his wife said, "was so good when sober," sobbed, and with a touched heart, thanked his kind mistress, and gave her the promise required.

Mrs. Williams paid repeated visits to the cottage during that week, and found John had kept his word, and was full of contrition and kindness to his wife and children. At the end of the week, Mrs. Williams again joined him in the garden.

"Well, Harris, I think the flowers are thriving even better than last week, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think they are; and I believe it is because you put it into my head, to think of my wife and children when I look after them."

"Ah, always think of them when at work, and remember, they require proper nourishment; and you will be a better and happier man—husband and father. And remember also, it is written, Galatians 5th chap., 21st verse:—"No Drunkard can inherit the Kingdom of Heaven."

Time fled on for a few weeks, and all was happy and bright at Harris's cottage; the child recovered, and blessings and smiles always greeted Mrs. Williams.

The grand village holiday was coming on, "Club day," and all the neighbourhood was in a state of excitement and bustle; the smartest ribbons and whitest round frocks were looked out, and all rejoiced.

A noisy day it was—music, evergreens, and banners, and everyone who could, followed the club band to church, and joined in games after. Good, kind Mr. and Mrs. Williams gave man and boy a holiday, except as regarded feeding the animals.

The following morning, Harris was missing; he had not returned, and his mistress' heart misgave her, as to the cause; but in the afternoon, she saw him pale and wan, looking to the flowers, and resolved not to take any notice at present, saying—"He has forgotten, but may not do so again for some time. I must have patience."

A letter received on the morrow, called Mrs. Williams from home, to visit a sick friend; but on her return she sought the cottage; all was sad again, since "Club day," the old bad habit had been resumed.

"What can I do?" thought Mrs. Williams, as she returned dispirited to her home.

"I must try, and he must also." Stepping out on the lawn, where he was pruning rose trees, she said, "How are the flowers, Harris?"

"Fading, ma'am, fading, missing their proper nourishment; but it won't do, it won't do."

"No," remarked Mrs. Williams, "it won't do, depend on it."

"No, ma'am, it won't; and I *must* take the pledge," almost shouted Harris.

"Stay," said Mrs. Williams, who entertained very erroneous opinions on the subject, as many do, and frequently are the means of preventing the reformation total abstinence would effect; "why can't you take a little? you are not strong, and total abstinence may not suit you."

"I can't, ma'am, I can't; if I take one glass, I must go on. I can't help it—no, I'll take the pledge, then I can't take even one."

"Think well of it," replied his mistress; "don't do anything so serious in haste, because it would be worse to take it, and then go back to your old bad habit."

"Thank you, ma'am, thank you; but I have thought it over and over again; I could not drink if I took the pledge; and please God, I will before the end of the week; and please ma'am, will you pray to Him, to give me strength to keep it?"

"I will indeed pray for you, Harris," replied his mistress; "but it will be little use for me to pray, unless you do also, and try to be a sober, good man."

John Harris carried out his resolution, and it is many years now that he has been a total abstainer; a blessing and comfort to the good wife of a now sober man, who never gives her a cross word, and whose children are a pride and credit to their parents. Where can be found a happier home, or a neater cottage!

He has by example and argument brought others to the same happy termination of a once drunken life; and there is no fear but the pledge will work for his future, as well as present benefit.

Mr. Williams has departed, for we may fondly hope, a better world. And Harris is still the handy-man, and faithful servant of a judicious, respected, beloved, and above all, a Christian mistress.

THE MERLIN'S CAVE: OR THE VISIT OF THE PUBLIC-HOUSE MISSIONARY.

THERE was a special inducement to visit this house out of its regular order, as play-cards announced that "The gorilla, or man-monkey, had not made its escape, but could be seen by customers using the bar." Upon entering one Sunday evening the Missionary was surprised to find the place crowded with the lowest order of drunkards, chiefly from Seven Dials. Their object was to see the stuffed skin of the monster, and they, for so respectable a house, formed a ragged, dirty, and debased company. The landlord, who was unfavourable to Christian visitation, stopped a conversation of deep interest by inviting the visitor to look at the gorilla.

"We don't usually show it on Sundays," he observed, "but as you have come in we will oblige you and gratify the people." And he then drew the curtain aside. All pressed forward to look at the monster; and the Missionary, leaning upon the bar, gazed at it for some moments.

"How he is staring at it!" observed one of the men.

"Yes, I am," was the reply, "as I was making up a conundrum for the landlord; and I hope he will answer it to our general satisfaction. 'When is a man uglier than that gorilla?'"

After a little thought, he replied, "A man never can be uglier than that, so I will give it up."

"Yes, he can," replied the visitor, with energy: "When he is drunk. Yes: a drunkard is the picture of a beast and the monster of a man. Dressed in rags, with livid face and blood-shot eyes, and filthy breath,—he sinks below a brute like that, which answered the end of its being. A drunkard debases his intellect and becomes a mere animal,—a wife-beater and child-starver,—a pest to his neighbours, and a disgrace to his family and country. A drunkard has the curse of the Almighty over him, which no brute has; for being filthy and abominable,—a child of the devil,—He, the Great God, has said that such shall not inherit His Kingdom." The landlord stood aghast at the warmth of this declamatory speech; and the drunkards seemed rooted to the spot. Tracts were then handed round, a passage of Scripture being repeated with each.

Quite a group of conscience-stricken men and women had stepped outside, and were waiting for the visitor. One of them—a woman—seemed to express the general state of feeling, when she said, "Can't do without

it now, master. Can do without food; but though the drink is killing me, I should die without it." And then she cried, as drunkards are so ready to do. The state of disease which alcohol had produced in her was explained, and she was told that a little medical attention, total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and regular diet, would save her from the drunkard's grave, and would put her in the right position to seek pardon and deliverance from the eternal curse. She readily gave her address, and the visitor promised to call next day to receive her pledge, and to give her further advice.

That visit was not lost, as the woman, who kept a beer-shop in the "Dials," was recovered from her debased condition, and with her husband became morally reformed.—
From—"The Man and the Book."

THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.

UPON entering the bar-parlour of this house the landlord commenced conversation with the Missionary, in which the latter said:—

"Few men have a larger acquaintance with the trade than myself, and I am convinced that a strong feeling against Sabbath labour, and other evils of this business, is growing up among you. For instance, several of your neighbours now close their houses upon the whole of the Lord's day, others close their tap-rooms, and many refrain from lighting the glaring lamps outside. This shows a desire to use the great moral power you possess for the good of the people. And then as regards the loss resulting from Sunday closing, I am convinced that the saying of the Book is true,—

'That in keeping His commandments there is great reward.' I am, however, content to reason the point with you from a trade point of view. It is a fact that all who close bear the loss lightly, if loss there be. One house in Shoreditch has been established more than a hundred years, though, for all that time, the following rules have been printed over the bar:—

1. No person served a second time.
2. No person served if in the least intoxicated.
3. No swearing or improper language allowed.
4. Smoking not permitted.
5. When you enter a place of business, transact your business, and go about your business.

'CLOSED ON SUNDAY.'

The landlord told me that after the experience of a century they had no wish to alter the rules. Twenty-six other Sunday-closing publicans, with whom I conversed, told me that the loss is really small. They lend bottles of various sizes to their customers upon

the payment of a small deposit, which increases the Saturday's returns; and as they save one seventh of wear and tear and gas, the cost of obtaining a Sabbath of rest is to many, small indeed. But be this as it may, the old question remains, put by Him who alone knew the value of the world He made, and of the soul He created,—for all souls are His: 'What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' You, and many of my friends, in the trade, give a practical answer to this, question by suppressing drunkenness, though much to your money loss (for I never saw a person the worse for liquor in your house); extend that answer by observing the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

From the "Man and the Book."

ONE TO MANY.

By the Rev. Frederic Wagstaff.

PUBLICHOUSE signs always possess a great attraction for me. Whenever I visit a town for the first time, I manage, if possible, to secure time to study what someone calls "The Signs of the Times;" and more than once have I puzzled my friends by displaying a marvellous, not to say suspicious, familiarity with the titles of the public-houses of a place, scarcely surpassed by the most experienced dram-drinker in the town. I was at Rawtenstall the other day, and according to custom, was giving a passing glance at some of the "Houses with Pictures hung over the Door," when my attention was rivetted by what was to me a new one. I do not remember ever to have seen such a one before, or to have read of it in all my literary gleanings. There was no picture, but on a square board of modest pretensions, were painted these words:—

ONE TO MANY.

Whatever could it mean? "One to Many!" Did it signify that the tavern in question was one house to many people? That could not be it; for, despite the fact that Rawtenstall is not a populous place, and in spite of another fact, namely, that the Rawtenstall Temperance Society includes some four or five hundred members, who pay regular quarterly contributions, to aid the cause of true sobriety; in spite of these facts there appeared to be a good number of drink shops besides the one which thus puzzled my brain, and set me thinking. Had it been "One to Few," it had been more intelligible. However, there it was; and I suppose I may say, there it is. There it stands, suggesting to all

passers-by strange questions as to the queer notions which the licensing Magistrates have concerning the requirements of what they are pleased to regard as public convenience. Only the day before my visit to Rawtenstall, I was at Haslingden, where with only a small population, I was told that they have some fifty public-houses.

Here it is that the Rev. Mr. Wilson, author of "Frank Oldfield," is Vicar, and what wonder that he and all other religious teachers find their efforts neutralised by the abominations sold for drink?

Mr. Wilson presided at one of my lectures, and on all sides I was told of his untiring endeavours to do good. But not far from his vicarage,—between it, indeed, and his church, I stood and counted twelve public-houses, to each one of which I could easily have thrown a stone, without moving from the spot on which I stood! "One to Many."

But perhaps the sign-painter had left out a letter; perhaps it should read. "One *too* Many!" Yes, that must be it; and, do you know, I fancy it would not be a bad sign to put up over the door of every house, licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors, when we consider the evils which flow from the traffic; when we think of the homes made wretched, of the hopes blighted, of the fortunes lost, of the characters ruined, of the hearts broken, and of the souls lost for ever, through the drink; we must feel with regard to every house engaged in this destructive traffic, that it is "One too Many." Let all to whom the "Visitor" comes, shun these dens of evil. Let them set their hands to the lifelong pledge of abstinence from all that can intoxicate. Let them, in a spirit of earnest dependance upon Divine power resolve to taste no more that drink, which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." If any of them have been its sad victims in the past, let them take heart of hope. If they cannot recall the wasted part, they can at least resolve that the future shall be brighter. As John Critchley Prince sang:—

"To shun the cup that sometimes cheers,
But often deadens and destroys,
Will not bring back my wasted years,
My withered hopes, my banished joys;
But it may help to make the best
Of what remains of mortal life,
Yield me an interval of rest,
And banish needless strife.

"To scorn the draught that bringeth blight,
Sad waste of body, dearth of soul,
Will not afford the perfect light,
Nor make us calmly, truly whole;
But it may lend us strength to rise
To higher duties, holier aims,—
Give us an impulse towards the skies,
And purify our claims."

THE BAR.

From an American paper.

IN public houses we often see the words, "The Bar," and multitudes find their chief attraction in the Bar-room. What scenes are there transacted! How often the bar-room has been a place of riot, blasphemy, obscenity, vulgarity, intemperance, gambling, rioting, brawling, cheating, robbery, quarreling, fighting, and murder.

Beware of the Bar. It is a bar to peace, a bar to happiness, a bar to prosperity, a bar to domestic joys, a bar to respectability, a bar to honor, a bar to heaven. Those who have tried and observed it, find that this bar is not only a bar to hinder men from going right, but it is an open road to lead them wrong. It is the road to degradation; the road to vice; the road to gambling; the road to the brothel; the road to poverty; the road to wretchedness; the road to want; the road to robbery; the road to murder; the road to prison; the road to the gallows; the road to the drunkard's grave; the road to Perdition.

The eminent Dr. Willard Parker, one of the leading physicians of New York, related recently that one-third of the deaths in New York City resulted directly or indirectly, from the use of alcohol, and that in the last thirty-eight years *one hundred and ninety thousand persons in that city had died from its use.*

Who wants to travel this way? Let him take the first glass, and he has then made the beginning. Who then can tell what the end will be?

WHAT WILL YOU TAKE?

"WHAT will you have?" says the bartender. What will you have? Methinks I can answer that question. First, to the shoemaker, who is asking for gin. "What will *you* have?" You will have an empty pocket. There comes my neighbour, the printer. His hand shakes as he raises the glass. Ah! Shannon, you will have the palsy. The baker, there, will have a sudden death by apoplexy. James, the tailor, already has the consumption, and those bloated beer-drinkers will have the cholera. Sorry am I to see in this den, the cooper, Mr. Scantling; both his sons are beginning to drink. He looks about suspiciously. Now he has plucked up courage. He takes whisky. Ah! friend, you'll have a pair of drunken sons. And now the crowd increases, for it is Sunday night. Two voices call: "What will you have?" Misguided souls, I greatly fear you will have a death-bed without hope.

A DEAR SAVING.

A FRIEND of ours was invited some years ago to address a costermongers' club, held in a public-house, near Lant Street, in the Borough, on the advantages of savings-banks. He ventured to state how imprudent it was of the costermongers to hold their meetings in a public-house, instead of having respectable premises of their own, which they might easily have, provided a number—say a thousand—joined together for that purpose. They listened with grave attention, but declined to admit the correctness of his arguments. "What nonsense you talk!" said one of them. "How is it possible that we can do anything of the kind? We are all poor men, and should have a heavy rent to pay for premises. Here can we have the room, the lights, and attendance for nothing." "You do not mean to say," he remarked, "that you use the landlord's room, fire, and lights, and make him no return?" "No," said the man, "that would be shabby. Of course we spend something at the bar." "Come now, tell me," he said, "what do you spend here in a week?" "Well," he replied, "taking one week with another, we spend about a shilling each." (This our friend knew to be untrue, and that the sum far exceeded it, as anyone acquainted with the habits of our London costermongers will readily believe, but he did not tell him so.) "We should have to pay," he continued, "at least £100 a year for a room such as you mean, and how could we afford to do that?"

"Form a club of a thousand costermongers and working men," he said, "and each give me sixpence a week instead of the shilling you spend here, and I will tell you what I will do. I will allow you £500 a year for rent, £100 for taxes, £100 for gas and coals, £100 for repairs, £200 for servants and establishment charges, £100 for books, and make a profit of £200 a year by my bargain." "Impossible!" said the man. "Work it out yourself," he replied. The man did so, and found our friend was correct.—*Good Words*.

TEETOTALISM AN AID TO GOOD HEALTH.

AT the annual Meeting of the Streatham Temperance Society, held on Thursday, February the 29th, the Rev. Stenton Eardley, B.A., Vicar of Immanuel Church, stated some striking facts respecting a Foresters' Lodge that holds its meetings in his school-room. 1. In 1869 the lodge numbered 120 members, of whom 22 were teetotalers. The total amount paid to sick members during the year was £97. Of this sum, the share

of the 22 teetotalers would have been £17 15s. 8d.; but the sum received by them was only £1 5s. 2. In 1870 the lodge had 136 members, of whom 25 were teetotalers. The amount paid during that year to the sick was £91. If the teetotalers had been sick in the same proportion as the other members, they would have received £16 14s. 6d.—the amount actually received by them was 14s. 3. In 1871 the lodge contained 150 members, including 45 teetotalers. The sick money for the year amounted to £68. The proportion due to the 45 teetotalers was £20 8s., but they (poor weakly fellows!) did not claim or receive one penny! So much for the power of beer to keep up working men.

THE SURPRISING SUCCESS OF THE GOOD TEMPLARS MOVEMENT.

THE progress of the Order in England, during the short month of February, 1872, probably exceeds the ratio of success in any jurisdiction, since the Order was founded more than twenty years ago. In this month, new lodges to the number of *One Hundred* have been opened in thirty counties, the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands. They were formed in Eighty Towns and Villages, and the number of these *new* lodges in the various counties are as follows:—

Lancashire 14; Durham 10; Yorkshire 9; Staffordshire 8; Somerset 7; Cheshire and Kent 5 each; Devon and Isle of Man 4 each; Monmouthshire, Gloucestershire, Dorset, Surrey, and Wilts 2 each; Bedfordshire, Berks, Channel Islands, Cumberland, Essex, Hants, Herefordshire, Herts, Middlesex, Nottinghamshire, Norfolk, Northumberland, Oxon, Salop, Sussex, Warwickshire, Westmoreland, Worcestershire, 1 each; making 94; not including several others which are opened but not reported.

ALCOHOLIC STIMULANTS IN WORKHOUSES.

MANY facts have been published during the last few months which tend to show that the general mode of prescribing alcoholic liquors for inmates of workhouses is exciting increased attention in all parts of the country, not only amongst medical officers and boards of guardians, but amongst the public at large; and we are glad to learn that a return has been moved for in the House of Commons, which will shortly put the public in possession of important facts relating to this subject from every workhouse in England and Wales.

BOYS USING TOBACCO.

A STRONG and sensible writer says a good sharp thing, and a true one, about boys who use tobacco :

"It has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined many thousands of boys. It tends to softening and weakening of the bones, and greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys who want to be anything in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison. It injures the teeth, it produces an unhealthy state of the throat and lungs, hurts the stomach, and blasts the brain and nerves."

TEETOTAL ATHLETES.

THE REV. G. W. MCCREE, in the course of his remarks at the closing meeting of the Lambeth Baths, referred to the ability of abstainers to bear great strains on their mental and bodily power, and as an instance, mentioned the case of the brothers Clegg, of Sheffield. He said he visited the house of their father, and by particular request was shown the various prizes they had won in athletic sports. He saw on the drawing-room table the following articles :—six time-pieces, a box of cutlery, a box of spoons, a decanter stand, a silver waiter, worth £10, a breakfast service, two butter-coolers, a basket, a caddy, a case of dessert cutlery, two cruet-stands, two glass vases, a sugar basket, forty-nine silver, gold, and bronze cups, thirty-seven being of silver, and nine of gold, and 27 silver medals (seven with gold centres.) All these prizes had been won by these two brothers. One of them is John Charles Clegg, aged twenty-one, and the other William Edwin Clegg, aged twenty, sons of a solicitor, and both studying for the law. They had won those prizes between them—Charles having engaged in these sports by way of amusement for three years, William during two years. The father and mother were both teetotalers, and the two young men had never touched a drop of intoxicating liquors in their lives.

THE MARRIAGE OF CANA.

From speech of the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Wriothlesley Russell, at Exeter Hall.

A POOR MAN in the country was pressed, as doubtless very many in that meeting had been pressed, very strongly with the mar-

riage of Cana. This was brought before him to try to show that our Lord Himself was pleased to turn the water into wine, that the guests might drink of it. The poor man replied thus :—" I always desire to follow my blessed Lord in all things, and I find him saying, 'Fill the waterpots with water'; therefore I will fill my glass with water, and if He is pleased to work a miracle and turn it into wine, then I won't refuse to drink it." (Cheers and laughter.) "But," he concluded, "till that has been done I will stick to my water." (Renewed cheers.) There was a very great lesson to be learned there, "I always desire to do what my blessed Lord commands me."

THE BROKEN CUP.

THERE was once a prince who was very rich, and had fine clothes, and horses and carriages, and houses and gardens, and everything he could wish for. But this prince was not happy for all that; indeed he was very ill, and got worse instead of getting better. So he said he would give any one a large purse full of money who could make him better. Well, one day there came an old man, with a long gown and grey beard, and said he would cure him. The prince was at dinner when he came, and what do you think the old man did? He went up and knocked the cup from which the prince was drinking right out of his hand and broke it. Then he told him he was so ill because he drank too much wine, and the prince, like a wise man, followed his advice, and never took any more.

A WORKMEN'S CLUB WITHOUT STRONG DRINK.

In a letter recently addressed to the *Times* by Miss Adeline M. Cooper we find the following paragraph respecting the Westminster Working Men's Club, Old Pye-Street :—

"At the first public meeting held for the passing of the rules, the members unanimously agreed that all intoxicating beverages should be excluded from the club, on the ground that an unlimited supply would but increase the temptation by which working men were already surrounded, while limitation in quantity would be irritating, and drive men out of the club to satisfy their appetites—this opinion of the members has been publicly repeated on several occasions when the subject of introducing beer, &c., into clubs was first mooted, and at the end of eleven years' experience they see no reason for alteration."

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at half-past 10, and in the Evening at half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the Services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

THE REV. GEORGE THOMPSON has accepted the Pastorate of the Church; any person wishing to see him, must call, or communicate with him at his residence—OSBORNE PLACE, GIBBET STREET.

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GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,

of superior make at moderate prices.

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new and elegant patterns all kinds and prices.

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Clothing for all Classes—Good,
Cheap, and Stylish.

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Proprietors.

STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 33.

JUNE, 1872.

The monthly Band of Hope meeting will be held on Tuesday Evening, June 11th. An Entertainment, consisting of Singing and Recitations, will be given by the Queensbury Band of Hope Singing Class. Admission Free.

GRANNY GREY'S TEA-CUP.

"You know my husband was a carpenter, I married him when I was very young," said Mrs. Grey—"some said too young to take the cares of the world upon me; but I thought my husband, who was a very well-educated man, would teach me how to bear them. I loved him very dearly, and if there are faults, we are not inclined to see them in those we love. Well, we had everything very tidy and comfortable, and my husband had plenty of work. I did not think it then, but I had cause to mourn it afterward, that though I loved my husband, I was not as careful in my early married life as I should have been of his little home comforts. His dinner was not always ready to the moment; nor was the hearth swept and the room tidied up, when he came home from his day's work.

"During the early days of our married life we never omitted reading a portion of the Testament, and sometimes singing the verse of a hymn, before we retired for the night. Mr. Grey had a beautiful voice," said the old lady, with very pardonable pride, "and as you know, he leads in the church still.

"After we had been married about a year, it pleased God to make an addition to our family. That should have increased my dexterity, so that my attention to my child should not have taken from, but added to, the comforts and pleasures of our home; but, instead of that, my new duties rendered me heedless, and often untidy. My husband liked to see me neat and trim in my person.

"'Katie,' he used to say, 'I only ask to

see your hair brushed and shining, and your apron and cotton gown—as they used to be—clean.' He would often take the broom and sweep the hearth, and make up the fire, and put the white cloth on the table for supper. I had grown rather too fond of gossiping with neighbours, and carrying my child—who certainly was a beauty—about, to have it admired. That was our first baby—our dear blue-eyed boy. I always seemed fonder of showing him off than looking after my home."

Lucy looked at Mrs. Grey with wondering eyes; for she was the neatest and nattiest old lady you could see any where, and was held up as a pattern to all the young girls in the neighbourhood.

"I do not know how it was, or when it began, but we often forgot to read our chapter. My husband did not continue as good-humoured as he had been during our early days, and I did not see how much of that was my fault for not making him comfortable, as I had done at first. He was very fond of our baby, but the poor little fellow grew ill and peevish. He could not bear to hear it cry. When it began to cry, he would take up his hat and go out. The very thing which ought to have sent us on our knees in supplication that our infant might be restored to health seemed to break in upon our prayers; and, instead of the hymn—except, indeed, on Sunday evenings—my husband, who had, as I told you, a beautiful voice, would bring home a new song which he wished to learn, so that he might sing it at the Tradesmen's Club at the 'Blue Lobster.'

"Slowly but surely he began, instead of returning home in the evenings, to attend

these club meetings. Then I saw my danger, and how foolishly, if not wickedly, I had acted, in not attending to my first earthly duty.

"One morning—I never shall forget it—I rose determined to get my washing over and dried out of the way, as he had promised to return early. There is nothing, except a scolding wife, more miserable to a poor man, than finding the fire from which he expected warmth and comfort hung round with steaming or damp clothes, that a brisk good manager would get dried and folded before his return.

"I had made such good resolutions; but darling," said Granny, after a pause, "I trusted to my own strength. I did not then, as I do now, entreat God's help to enable me to keep them. I was too fond, in my young proud days, of trusting entirely to myself. Well, dear, I suffered one small matter or another to call me away, and an old gossiping woman and her daughter came and wasted my time; and when I heard the church clock strike, and knew my husband would be in in less than half an hour, and nothing ready to make him comfortable, though he had had a hard day's work at the saw-pit, in wet weather, I could have cried with shame and vexation. My resolve had been so strong—in what?—in my own poor, weak strength! Well, I hurried; but it is hard racing after misspent time. My husband came in, dripping wet, about five minutes before his usual hour. He looked at me, and at the clothes-line that was stretched in front of the fire, and, with a small chopper that he had in his hand, he cut the line, and down went my half-dried clothes on the not overclean sanded floor. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath,' said the proverb; but I did not give the soft answer, and the wrath was not turned away.

"Very well, Katie," he said; "there is no place here for me to sit and rest, and no supper ready; but I can get sitting, resting, and supper at the 'Blue Lobster,' where many a fellow is driven by an ill-managing wife." And with that he turned out of the door. It was in my heart to follow him, to lock my arms round his neck, and, begging his pardon, bring him back. But I was vexed about the clothes, and forgot the provocation.

"That was his first night all out at the 'Blue Lobster,' but it was not his last. I saw my error, and I prayed then for strength to do my duty; but somehow my husband had got a taste for the popularity that grows out of a good story and a fine voice, and he had felt that woeful night what it was to be warmed, when he was cold, by the fire of brandy instead of coal. Days passed; our

little boy—our Willie—grew worse and worse. Time had been when Mr. Grey would walk the night with him on his bosom, to soothe him to sleep; but now, if the poor child wailed ever so heavily, he could not hear it. Another child had been given to us, but she only added to our difficulties. Then, indeed, I laboured continuously to recall what I had lost, but drink had got the mastery. We were backward with our rent; my poor husband lost his customers, for he neglected his business; and both clothing and furniture went to satisfy our creditors, and that craving which cries for more the more it gets. I could not bear the sympathy of my neighbours—for they would give me their pity—held me up as a suffering angel—while every hour of my life I recalled the time when neglect of my wifely duties first drove my husband to the public-house.

"When sober, my poor dear was full of sorrow, but he had not the strength to avoid temptation. He never used any violence toward me, though, if I attempted to hold anything back he wished to turn into drink, he would become furious, and tear and rend whatever he could lay his hands on. One terrible night he broke every remnant of glass and china that remained of what once, for a tradesman's wife, I had such a store. Everything was shattered, everything trampled on and broken—everything but *that one cup*."

"And how did that escape?" questioned Lucy.

"It contained the infant's supper," replied Mrs. Grey. "I saw his hand hover over it, and the same moment his poor blood-shot eyes rested on the baby, whose little out-stretched arms craved for its food. Some silent message at that moment must have entered his heart; his arms fell down, and without an effort to support himself, he sank into a heap upon the floor, in the midst of the destruction he had caused. I tried to get him on to where once a bed had been; we had still a mattress and a couple of blankets."

Lucy did not speak, but her eyes were overflowing, and she stole her hand into that of Mrs. Grey. The good woman soon resumed her story:—

"I saw that even there sleep came to subdue and calm him. My poor child ate her supper and fell asleep, and my sick boy was certainly better, and also slept. I crept about, gathering up the broken pieces, and endeavouring to light the fire. A kind lady to whom I had taken home some needlework that morning—for several weeks I had been the only bread-winner—in addition to the eighteenpence I had earned, gave me a small quantity of tea and sugar, and an old pewter teapot, that, however battered, would not

break, seemed to me a comforter. He would awake, I knew, cold and shivering, but I hoped not until the Blue Lobster, and every house of the same description, were closed, and then his thirst would compel him to take some tea. I heard the church-clock strike one, and it was a joyful sound; no open doors, even to old customers, then. I knelt down between the children's blankets and my poor shattered husband, and prayed as I never prayed before.

"I had managed sufficient fuel to boil the kettle, and create some degree of warmth, and I waited patiently and prayerfully for the waking. It came at last. The anger and the violence that had been almost insanity were all gone; only the poor broken-down man was there. He asked what o'clock it was. I told him the church-clock had gone half-past one. He then asked for water. I brought him a cupful, another, and another, and then a cup of tea. After he had taken it, he gathered himself up and took the stool, I moved towards him. I poured him out a fresh cup of tea. He looked for some little time vacantly at the table, and not seeing another cup, he pushed that one towards me. I drank, half filled it again, and moved it to his hand.

"My poor Katie," he said, and kept repeating my name, 'has it come to this—only one cup between us all?'

"And enough, too," I answered, smiling as gaily as I could; 'enough to build a house and home on, if we trusted to tea.'

"What is your meaning?" he inquired.

"I was almost afraid to say what I meant, but I took courage, while trembling.

"I mean, darling," I answered, 'that if we could both be content with the refreshment of tea, we'd sooner have a better and a blither house than ever we had.'

"I've been a bad father and a bad husband," he said—for by this time he had nearly come to himself—"but all is gone, and it's too late to mend."

"I made no answer, but just drew down the blanket from the faces of the sleeping children—there never was anything touched my husband like the little child.

"Is *all* gone?" I asked; and with that he crushed his face down on his clasped hands as they lay on the table, and burst into tears. I knelt down beside him, and thanked God for the tears, in my heart, but I was so choked that I could not speak; and we stayed that way ever so long, neither saying a word. Now, it is strange what turns the mind will take. Even while his face was wet with tears, my darling lifted it.

"Katie," he said—"let's turn the cup, and see what it reads." Like all youngsters, I believe, we had tossed many a cup, in our

boy and girl days, just for laughter. He took it up quite serious like, and turned it, and as he looked into it he smiled. 'There's a clear road,' he went on, 'and a house at the top, and a wonderful lot of planks; they can't be ours, for there is not a plank in or near the pit now!'

"But there will be," I answered eagerly. 'It was only yesterday, down where the spianny overhangs the pool, I met Mrs. Grovely. She gave me a blithe good-morning, and asked if my good man was going to turn his leaf soon. 'Tell him to make haste from me,' she said, laughing like a sunbeam; 'for he's too good a fellow to go on much longer as he's been going. There's goodness in him.'

"Are you sure she said that?" whispered my husband.

"So I told him indeed she did, and more. She said she was waiting until you'd resolve to turn to like a man, and cut down the small lot of timber that's waiting for your hatchet on the corner farm. 'I'm determined,' she continued, 'no one but he shall fell those trees. As I shall want to use the planks in the spring, he has no time to lose.' She said something not pleasant about the public-house, but I could not let that pass; so I up and told her that it was my carelessness and neglect that turned you from your own fireside.

"You should not have said that, Katie," he answered. 'I've been a bad husband and a bad father, and I did not think there was one in the place now that would trust me with a day's work;' and his voice shook and faltered, but he got it out at last. 'Even if I did take a turn, it's not likely you could forgive me!'

"And then I wept, and repeated again and again that it was my ways that drove him to find by the tap-room fire what he had lost at home; and then I lifted up my voice, and called to my Saviour to look down and help us both. I, with my voice full of tears, promised my husband if he would try me—only try me—he would see what a home I would make for him. He was always one for a little joke, and even then he said, and twirled the cup, 'A well-plenished house in a tea-cup; one tea-cup between us.'

"Yes," I said, 'if nothing stronger than tea flows into that cup, or wets our lips out of that cup, *we will build our house.*'

"We both kept long silence, and the break of that blessed day, though it showed me my husband's once glowing and manly face pale and haggard, and his hand trembling—so trembling that he could not carry the tea-cup to his lips without spilling its contents—brought new life into our shattered home.

"Lucy, on that blessed day—this day

eighteen years ago—strength was given us both to keep our promise to God and to each other; and somehow this text got stamped upon our hearts:

“‘We can do all things through Christ, who strengthens us.’

“My poor darling! he had hard lines at first. Never was there a drunkard who did not cast about to make others as bad as himself. As the day drew near on, he had not courage to face the street; but I went up to Grovely Manor, and told the good lady that my husband would fell the trees; that he might be trusted, because he no longer trusted in his own strength; that he was a pledged teetotaler, and I was pledged to make his home happy; but that we did not trust in our own pledges, but in faith that we could do all things through Christ, who strengthened us.

“Still the lines *were* hard. He had to bear up against the taunts and the sneers of his boon companions, and I had to struggle hard to give a desolate room the welcome home-look that would prevent his wishing for the lights, and the warmth, and the excitement, and the praise his songs were sure to obtain. But, however scanty the furniture, a poor man's home can always be sweet and clean; *that* is in the power of the poorest; and though when he returned from his first day's timbering there was but one tea-cup between us, the old darned cloth was clean, the tea-pot and fire bright. No lord's children could be cleaner, and he said it was as good as a nosegay to kiss their sweet cheeks.

“Our necessities returned to us slowly—very slowly at first—but the neighbours, when they saw how hardly and earnestly my husband worked, offered us credit for what they thought we needed; but we resolved to abstain from all luxuries until we could pay for what we got. Some of our little valuables had been left at the public-house as security for scores, and the landlord thought himself a most injured man when my husband redeemed his one article of finery—a gold shirt-pin that had belonged to his father. We learned the happiness every Saturday night of adding to our comforts; and from that day to this my husband has always found his house swept and garnished—no damp linen hanging about, no buttonless shirts or holey stockings. The children were trained to neatness and good order, and the sound of discord and contradiction has never been since heard within our home. The habits of our first months of marriage returned; a few verses of Holy Writ, a prayer, and a hymn refreshed the memory of our bond with God and with each other. We feel those exercises far more impressive now than we did

when we practised them as a cold ceremony rather than as the result of a living faith.

“In less than six years my husband built this cottage, I may say with his own hands. We got the bit of land at a low rate, and over hours he worked at it as only a teetotaler can work. Our Willy has never been a strong lad, and the doctor says, if he had been even a trifle wild he would have been long ago in the churchyard. With all my love for his beautiful infancy, I did not do my duty the first two years of his life. A careless wife is never a careful mother, whatever she may think; but it pleased the Lord to let in His light upon us before the night came. And it was not folly to carry two things first into this house—our Bible and the old tea-cup that attracted your curiosity. It is not too much to say that the cup often reminded us of our duties. And you can understand now, I think, darling, why Goodman and Granny Grey value it before all the gay china that could come from beyond the seas; for I may rightly say that, by God's help and blessing, *this house was built out of that tea-cup.*”

THE BROKEN PLEDGE.

A GENTLEMAN in Virginia has a boy six or seven years old, who wanted to sign the pledge; all in the family had done so, but his father thought him too young, and would not let him. At last, however, after much entreaty, permission was given him. Soon after the father went on a journey. At one stopping place, away from the town, he called for some water. It did not come, so he called again; still he could not get it; but cider was brought, and, being very thirsty, he so far forgot himself as to drink that. When he returned home he related the circumstance. After he had finished, the little boy came up to his knee, with his eyes full of tears, and said, “Father, how far were you from James River?” “Rather more than fifteen miles, my boy.” “Well,” said the little fellow, sobbing, “I'd have walked there and back again, rather than have broken my pledge!”

TEMPERANCE PROMOTES HEALTH.

At a recent Annual Meeting of the Whittington Life Assurance Company, the Directors, in reporting the result of the triennial investigation into the affairs of the Company, and declaring a bonus, stated, that in consequence of the *low rate of mortality* in the Company's *Temperance Section*, the bonus to be divided among the members of that section was *six per cent. larger* than that received by the other assurers, viz. 30 per cent.

A NEW TEMPERANCE CATECHISM.

Q. WHAT happens to a person when he drinks alcoholic liquors?

A. The stomach is injured, and if it contains food, its digestion is hindered.

Q. How do we know that?

A. When a man has drank freely after eating, the food has been known to remain undigested in the stomach for hours.

Q. What happens when food is put into a bottle with alcohol?

A. The alcohol prevents its decay. We see worms, insects, and small animals preserved in this way for years.

Q. What does this show?

A. That the alcohol prevents their going to pieces, and it does the same to the food in the stomach.

Q. What else does the alcohol do in the stomach?

A. It destroys the gastric juice which helps to digest our food.

Q. If only a small quantity is taken, would it prevent digestion?

A. It would if the stomach held it like a bottle.

Q. What does the stomach do with it?

A. It absorbs it and sends it to the liver and into the blood.

Q. Why can it be smelled so soon in the breath of the drinker?

A. The blood carries it quickly to the lungs and throws it out.

Q. Why is that done?

A. Because it is a very hurtful poison, and the blood makes haste to get rid of it.

Q. In what other way is it thrown off?

A. By the skin and the kidneys.

Q. How does it make people feel good, as they say?

A. It rouses up the whole system to expel it. The tissues all pour out their fluids to wash it away. The organs all hurry it along to get rid of it.

Q. Does it really do them any good?

A. We cannot find that it does.

Q. Why do we suppose that it does no good?

A. Because when the system throws it out it is alcohol still, just as it went in; as much as to say it has no use for it.

Q. Does the system treat food in this way?

A. It does not. It uses it up; it gets strength from it.

Q. Is not alcohol strong?

A. Yes, it is a strong poison. It is strong, like lightning, to hurt people, but not to give them any strength.

Q. Does it make any difference in the strength of the drinker?

A. His strength is used up in expelling the alcohol.

Q. Then the man is not so strong who uses alcoholic drinks?

A. He is not. The man who drinks no alcohol can do the most work and the best work, and keep at it the longest.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

AN UPSETTING SIN.

MR. M'COSH, now president of Princeton College, tells the story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his coloured brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sin."—"Brudder," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting, "you aint got the hang of dat ar' word. It's *besettin'*, not *upsettin'*."—"Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin of intoxication, and if dat aint a upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

OUR TREAT AT STOCK-TAKING.

I WAS once in a populous town in Kent, when the conversation with my host and hostess was about *treats* to work-people. "As the matter is generally managed," said my friend (an extensive draper), "the young people employed are not benefited. I know places where the custom is to give a supper and wines of different sorts, and the results that follow are intemperance and quarrels, leading to loss of situation, partings in anger, and many painful things that make the annual treat anything but a benefit, either to employers or employed; for I hold it as a sound maxim, that whatever injures the true prosperity of the employed, also injures the employers. Their interests are identical."

"Then you do not give a supper and a merry-making when your stock-taking is over?" said I.

"No," replied Mr. W.; "we give a treat of another kind. To every one of our assistants, including the apprentices, we give a book. A large list of good works is made out and given to them, for them to select from, and on the evening that the books are presented, we have a comfortable social gathering, and a friendly talk over the year that has closed, and the prospects of that which has opened; and though there is no wine on our table, and no expensive luxuries, we are all very merry, and the bonds of friendly intercourse are drawn closer; while the books given are not only valuable and interesting in themselves, but they are keepsakes, that in future years will remind our young friends of us."

I thought the plan a good one, and when I shortly after saw a youth who had served

his apprenticeship, and lived some years after, in the employ of my friend, leave to take a share in the business of a relation, he took with him *ten handsome volumes* as the permanent records of the stock-taking treat, and the friendship of his employers. I thought how forcibly in after life they would remind him of the superiority of mental over mere fleeting table pleasures, pleasures that not merely perish in the using, (happy if they did) but often leave a rankling thorn behind, that produces irritation and annoyance of every kind.

C.L.B.

THE GROCERS.

IN opposing Lord Kimberley's Licensing Bill, in the House of Lords, May 3rd, the Duke of Richmond, quoted evidence to show that the law which allowed spirits to be sold by grocers was having a most pernicious effect in stimulating solitary drinking amongst women. A grocer at a village of 900 inhabitants near Ipswich stated that he was selling as many as a hundred bottles of gin to women, who came on Saturday to buy their week's tea and sugar. The Bill did not touch that matter.

A CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT.

ONE of the best temperance sermons ever delivered is this sentence by the late Rev. S. J. May: "If it is a *small* sacrifice for you to give up drinking wine, do it for the sake of others; if it is a *great* sacrifice, do it for your own sake."

ST. MARY THE LESS TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, LAMBETH.

THIS society was inaugurated on Monday, the 29th of April, by a tea and public meeting. It has been started by a few Christian working men, under the leadership of the Rev. S. E. Gladstone, second son of the Prime Minister. Although this was their first public meeting, it was not exactly their first start; there being already fifty members on the pledge-book.

During tea, the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Gregory, made a very able speech.

The Rev. J. F. Lingham, rector of Lambeth, then addressed the meeting. He said he was very glad to stand before them as a total abstainer, though not of quite so much experience as his friend Mr. Gladstone. He had thought for a long time that however little a man may take, it is better for him to leave it off, if only for the good of others who

cannot stop at a little. Some people say, "I have such a little drop to give up." That is all the more reason why they should give it up. It is commonly those who take little drops that hinder the cause of temperance. It will help you, in trying to reform a drunkard, if you say, I have given it up for your sake, and I am none the worse for doing so. It will give you a moral hold over that man which it will be impossible for you to have if you drink ever so little. He was coming home from Gibraltar some time since in one of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company's vessels, when he was surprised to find that no strong drink was allowed to be given to the sailors on board on any pretence whatever. One of their vessels was overtaken by a dreadful storm in the Bay of Biscay, and the crew had a tremendous job to save the vessel. At length they did so, but were so exhausted by the work that the captain ordered every man a glass of grog. But when the vessel arrived at its destination, the cost of the grog was struck out of his accounts, the company arguing that what was necessary in one case might be in another, and different men would have different views as to when it was necessary to give strong drink and when not.

AS A MEDICINE—A WORD TO MOTHERS.

A SHORT time ago a lady, moving in the best circles of Cincinnati—a lady whose father's name was widely known as an eminent banker and prominent Christian philanthropist; a lady whose husband's voice had been listened to with respect in the Halls of Congress and on the floor of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church—she, the child of the Church, was picked up from the gutter by a policeman and borne to her home drunk. How had she come to this? She had never tasted wine till her first child was born. Her physician recommended it to her as needful for the restoration of strength. The demon soon had the mastery over her. So has it been with thousands of the noblest of women—women of culture and refinement, of warm sympathies and strong affections. In an evil hour, recommended by the doctor—a man of skill and eminence in his profession—to take a little wine, brandy or ale, as a stimulant, to give strength and tone to the system, mothers have begun to use intoxicants. *The use created the desire.* Soon the temptation became irresistible; and then followed such scenes as described. Nor does the evil rest with the parents. Oh! no. From the very nature of alcohol children suffer.

Sir Anthony Carlisle, F. R. S., has well said, "Of all errors in the employment of fermented liquors, that of giving them to children seems to be fraught with the worst consequences. The next in the order of mischief is their employment by nurses, and which I suspect to be a common occasion of dropsy of the brain in young infants. I doubt much whether the future moral habits, the temper, and intellectual propensities, are not greatly influenced by the early effects of fermented liquors upon the brain and other organs.

"The plain fact is, that if alcoholics are drunk by mothers, the alcohol goes into the milk, and is so given to the child indirectly; and the effects are all the same. It never improves the *quality*, but makes it more watery, with less casein or nutriment, and even less oil, as analysis has often demonstrated what the effect is." Dr. Inman states, "Through the influence of lactation, children have suffered severely from diarrhoea, vomiting, indigestion, and convulsions. . . . I have known a glass of whisky-toddy, taken by the mother, produce sickness and indigestion in the child twenty-four hours thereafter."

Dr. E. Smith, on practical dietary, makes a similar statement—"Alcohols are largely used by many persons in the belief that they support the system and maintain the supply of milk for the infant; but I am convinced that this is a *serious error, and is not an unfrequent cause of fits and emaciation in the child.*"

We have no doubt that the *convulsions*, from which multitudes of children die, arise in many instances from inflammation *produced* by taking the alcohol in the mother's milk. Banish intoxicants from the sick-room, let not alcohol be taken by the mother, the nutritious food with which nature has supplied her for her infants not poisoned, and not only will the health of the mother be better, but the children will suffer nothing from flatulency or other complaints that torture infancy nursed on milk poisoned with alcohol. Their indigestion has not been injured, or their tender nerves and brain excited, by spirits in any form, and therefore are healthy and strong. The command given to Samson's mother was not arbitrary, but physiological. Had his mother drank either wine or strong drink, it would have required a constant miracle from God to extract the poisonous stimulant from his frame, and to heal the hourly injuries that it would have inflicted on his stomach, brain, nerves, and muscles. Intoxicating liquors might have made a weakling and a pigny of Samson, and therefore God enjoined "*total abstinence*"

both on him and his mother.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

PUBLICANS AND SUNDAY CLOSING.

THE London correspondent of the *North British Daily Mail* says:—"I hear that Mr. Bruce has been urged by some of the friends of the temperance cause to send out to all the publicans a voting paper, that they may state whether they are for or against the opening of public-houses on Sunday. Mr. T. B. Smithies has recently canvassed a number of publicans and their wives in the district of London in which he resides, and he found that out of twenty-nine publicans, only two were opposed to the closing of their houses on Sunday, the rest expressing a strong desire for one day's rest in the seven."

WHAT GOOD CAN I DO?

I WAS never a drunkard; I never *shall* be.
And why I should sign the pledge I can't see,
I wonder what difference it would make
Were I to give up the little I take.
The abuse, not the use of the drinks I condemn;
What good can I do were I pledged against them?

You take but little, my friend, you say;
But are there not many you know to-day
Whose little grew much, and whose much grew
to more,
And whose drink caused miseries you deplore?
Now I'll tell you the good that you can do
By signing from motives pure and true.

Not only would you stand safe and high
On the firm ground of sobriety,
But your every refusal to touch the drink
Might cause some thoughtless one to think;
Though feeble the word, and though small the
deed,
It might sink in the heart like precious seed.

It is little for you to give up, you say;
Then if that little price you agree to pay,
An angel might envy the power you would win—
To guard from ruin, to save from sin
The easily tempted, the wavering, the weak,
The falling to raise, and the lost to seek.

As far as your influence can reach,
Willing or not, your actions must teach
Their lessons either for evil or good,
In a language seldom misunderstood.
You cannot stand upon neutral ground,
You *must* spread the truth or error around.

Then does the question engage your mind,
What good *you* could do if the pledge you signed?
Your life would be stamped with a nobler aim,
Your breast would be fired with a purer flame;
Be ye rich or poor, be ye young or old,
The good that would issue can ne'er be told.

Your example, if blest to the saving of one,
Shall a mightier triumph have bloodlessly won,
Than earth's Cæsars or Alexanders gain
As they waded through the blood of their foemen
slain.
Your love-prompted sacrifice God shall bless,
And your work shall be crowned with abundant success.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at half-past 10, and in the Evening at half-past 6 ; also on Wednesday Evenings at half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the Services ; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 34.

JULY, 1872.

At the Monthly Meeting to be held on Tuesday, July 9th, Addresses will be given by Mr. B. Snowden, and Mr. J. Smithies, of Elland. A Recitation Contest will take place, for which prizes will be awarded. Admission Free. The attention of the Members is requested to the accompanying circular respecting the Band of Hope Union Demonstration.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD.

By the Rev. C. J. Whitmore.

“SAVED SO AS BY FIRE!”

“WHO’S got a copper for poor Peter? I’ll stand on my head! or give you a dance! or sing you a comic song for a ha’penny or a penny, or a drop o’ beer. Now! who’s going to throw the first copper into the old hat towards getting a dinner for poor Peter?”

So spoke a man of middle height and middle age, having the liquid red lips that denote spirit-drinking, and a full, bloated face,—among a company of working men who were taking their mid-day meal in a public-house in the northern district of London. He stood, cringing and smirking in the centre of the room—an awful picture, or rather reality, of what strong drink can do to debase and degrade man, formed in the image of God. Very far superior to most of those around him in education and natural gifts, he had sunk far below the lowest through indulging the lust of strong drink. When sober, which was very seldom, none could work better or quicker than he; no one more skilled in grace and finish of workmanship: but he would not work; perhaps he could not. He had lost all desire to excel; all true manly ambition had departed from him. The drink had burned these things out of him, and, with them, love of home, and care for his wife and children. So sunken was he, so deeply degraded, that the man appeared to a thoughtful mind as, one truly and visibly possessed by the demon of drunkenness; which must be exorcised before he could be

once more in his right mind, and walk erect as his Creator had formed him in the image of his Maker. “Who hath woe? who hath sorrow?..... who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at” that which, at the last, “biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.”

Hungering and despised, weary and sick at heart—yet “no man gave unto him.” Some looked upon him with a half smile of pitying forbearance, regarding him as scarcely a responsible being; others, especially the younger men, made no attempt to hide their anger and disgust at his presence, but openly bade him go and leave them to eat in peace the dinner *they had earned*. Amid all, he stood bearing, with a sickly attempt at laughter, the hard words and coarse hints directed against him. With the same sickly smile upon his face, he passed out upon his wretched way—one of that horribly large army of young and old, sick and healthy, beggars, cadgers, and thieves, who exist by going from public-house to public-house during the day, and filling our refuges and casual wards at night. To these no man ministers; for them no man cares. And yet among them, it is well known, are those who might have been our brightest and our best, had they not bowed down soul and body under the awful tyranny of drunkenness. From house to house poor Peter went upon his miserable profitless way; meeting every-where with the same contemptuous treatment, the same scornful rejection; doing the same really laborious work, for grudging and scanty pay, and for the same seductive poison which made him willing to accept it.

As the day closed, and evening drew on, and night came, his gains both in liquor and money were slightly increased; until the last song was sung, the last house was closing, and there was only the choice between the damp chilly streets and his miserable home.

Thither he made his way, threading a filthy lane, and turning into a narrow court at the end. He entered the open door of one of the houses—always left open night and day, for the sufficient reason that the whole house contained nothing worth stealing. He ascended a narrow staircase, and passed into a close, dimly-lighted room, which filth and squalor made rife with fever and death. There were dirty bundles of mingled straw and rags, intended for beds, in three of the four corners of the room; an old broken table, two chairs without seats, one old saucepan, and a little crockery:—and *this* was home!

If such men and such homes were not so shamefully common in our midst, if such scandalous facts were not too patent to be for a moment doubted or denied, it might be thought a mere wanton effort of grotesque imagination to set forth such a picture. But the type is so ordinary, the case one of such constant occurrence, that habit has brought us to regard such homes and such men as things of course, calling for no special effort, for no hearty self-denying work, for no earnest prayer for the redemption of the man and the improvement of the home. We see and know, we sigh; we pass on, and we forget! “Am I my brother’s keeper?”

Peter was in his ordinary condition of dull intoxication as he entered his home; his step was steady, his strength firm; but there was brooding within him a fierce caged devil—greatly feared by his wife and children, because easily aroused by a word or look,—a devil that had oftentimes broken out upon them, and driven them forth amid oaths and curses, blows and tears. Without a word of greeting he sat down, ignorant and careless whether his wife and children had been fed during his absence; and he began to prepare for rest. His toil-worn wife glanced keenly at him from under her bent brow, and then timidly said—“There’s a bad message concerning Nellie, Peter; she must have caught the fever when she came here last week. I went down to see her this afternoon; but a boy came late this evening to say she was very bad and wanted you to go and see her.” As the poor wife spoke, she looked up fearfully, as if uncertain in what manner such unwelcome intelligence would be received.

He made no reply, but replaced his worn shoes upon his weary feet, and went forth into the sharp night. Shivering with cold

as the bleak wind met him, he steadily, and for a time silently, held upon his way. At length he began muttering, “Nellie! Nellie! down with the fever! I’d sooner it had been all the others together! Poor Peter’s one lamb, the despised drunkard’s last hold and hope in life! Nellie down! pleasant-faced, bright-eyed Nellie! I wish I knew there was a God! I’d pray to Him and ask Him to spare me Nelly: but I haven’t believed in any God for years: if I had, I shouldn’t be as I am now! But Nellie always loved me; when all the rest ran away afraid, Nellie never did; she came the closer, and looked up,—wondering what mad devil had got into father, but certain it would not hurt *her*. And I never did beat little Nellie, drunk or sober! Haven’t I gone hungry myself many a time with little Nellie’s half-penny loaf safe in my pocket? And I know I drank harder, because I missed her so, when she went away from me to service. Why didn’t I, why couldn’t I keep sober, and have little Nellie with me at home?”

Struggling on as fast as he was able, and muttering fitfully to himself, as heavy gusts of rain fell on him, he went through the darkness and cold until he reached the house where his daughter had found much kindness and a good home as a domestic servant. The master of the house answered his wavering knock at the door, and looked very sternly and doubtfully at the wet draggled figure seeking admission to his clean home: but the emergency was allowed to overcome all scruples; and, after a caution to wipe his shoes carefully, he informed Peter that he would find his daughter and a nurse at the top of the house. The nurse laid her finger on her lip as he entered, and motioned him to a chair close to the bedside. Laying his shoes aside and removing his wet coat, he sat down and looked attentively at his sick daughter. Nelly was lying as if exhausted, her face colourless, lips black and swollen, and her breathing hard and difficult. As he looked upon her, a dull, faint heart-sinking within him told him that hope was over—that his darling was passing away. A low, wild cry that he could not repress, broke from him; and then his face was covered by his hands, as he sank upon his knees by the bed-side.

The sound roused the dying girl; she looked wildly and unconsciously around until her eyes met the shrinking figure by the bed-side. Then thought and the old love returned to her; she gently raised the bowed head until it rested upon her hot labouring bosom; and his arms were flung around her with an intensity that said he knew not how to let her go.

"Leave me alone with father a little while, nurse, dear," said Nellie; "I have something I must say to him before I go." The woman left the room silently; and they were alone.

"Father! darling father!" she said, her arms clinging lovingly round his neck, "I am dying, and I want you to pray to our Father in heaven for me!"

A low groan, that seemed wrung from the depths of a breaking heart, was the only reply he was able to give; but it caused the fever-glittering eyes to fix more intently upon him, and the hot arms to tighten around him as she spoke again. "I want you to think of our old home, father, when you used to twine my hair round your fingers as I climbed upon your knee, and so remember how you always loved Nellie! I wish such times to come again, though I shall not be with you: and so I ask you to pray for me and for yourself too."

"I cannot, I dare not, Nellie," he said; "I would if I could—if only because you ask me: but I cannot; and it would be useless; I have sinned beyond forgiveness; He would not hear me."

"No, no, father!" she replied; "Jesus is able to save to the uttermost," and He came to do it; and He can and will save you. If you have been a great sinner, the greater honour to Him in saving you. Pray, father; pray for yourself and for me! I shall soon be in heaven, but I want you to come there too."

Closer and more clingingly yet, as though in her entreaty she would grow to him as in the old happy time, Nellie twined her arms around him. She was fast passing away; but it seemed as if she could not go until her striving spirit was gladdened by words of prayer from her father's lips; and she renewed her effort, entreating, "Father! darling father! Nellie is dying! but before I go, I want to hear you pray! only a few words, father! Don't refuse such a thing to your darling Nellie! It is the last thing she will ever ask on earth of you!"

With an outburst of sobs and tears, that shook the dying girl as a leaf in the autumn wind, her father for the first time in a long life uttered words of earnest prayer to God. He gasped forth—"God in heaven, have mercy upon my darling and upon me!" The barriers once broken down, the pent-up deluge burst forth. With his daughter's arms round him, her hot breath upon his tear-stained cheek, there the poor drunkard pleaded earnestly for mercy; and though the words were laboured and interrupted, they were earnest and heartfelt: and they were heard.

"Amen!" responded Nellie, and then continued, "I am going to be with Jesus,—

one of His servants, doing His will, and seeing Him always; and I want your promise to love and serve Him too, and so come to me again when you die!"

"I will, Nellie," he said; "indeed I will! if He will have a poor broken-down wretch like me!"

"Let me pray now, father," she said, and with her last strength she poured forth humble, earnest entreaties into the listening ear of Eternal Love for her father, and her mother, and the other children. Then still clinging closely round his neck, she faltered, "Father, one more promise: don't ever drink any more!"

"I won't, Nellie!" he gasped; "I never will, God helping me: I will die and come to you, if He will let me; but I will never touch strong drink again." A glad, peaceful smile lit up her face as the promise fell upon her ear; and then she faintly murmured, "I am going: father, pray!"

He complied, and the words fell solemnly upon the air. Then the loving arms unclasped, the head fell back, and Nellie "was not; for God had taken" her to the land of which it is written, "There shall be no night there!"

A few days, and what had been Nellie was laid in a green spot until the great awakening. Her master readily provided means of decent burial, upon her father's promise of repayment. Then all was over; and poor Peter had to return to daily tempting torture, without his darling Nellie. Oftentimes every limb seemed to quiver for the accustomed stimulants, and his life appeared one long continuance of awful craving—a terrible yearning that seemed as if it must have its way. Yet his strong resolve never once wavered:—he would die, or even go mad, if so it must be; but he would be able to look into Nellie's spirit-eyes and declare that he had faithfully kept the last promise he had given. It was hard striving for some time, and he often found it necessary to seek aid whence alone it could be obtained.

It was well for him then that he had to strive hard for honest means of living. He therefore went to an old employer, saying, "My daughter Nellie is dead! Before she died she made me promise never to drink any more; and if I die for it, I will keep my word. Now, if you will kindly employ me, and lend me money to redeem my tools, I will work steadily for you till all is repaid."

"Lift up your head and let me have a fair look at your face," replied the employer.

Peter quietly obeyed the request; and the master fixed a keen scrutinizing glance upon him,—replying at length, "All right, Peter, I'll trust you willingly."

So Peter fought the hard strife,—and con-

quered; clinging to his work, to Nellie's Bible, and to prayer. Among the vilest he goes upon his way, speaking of Jesus, of Nellie, and of Hope; himself a living gospel to the drunkard, a breathing proof of the infinite willingness of the Son of God to rescue and to save.

FALLACIES ABOUT LABOR AND LABORERS.

BEEF versus BEER.

WE give a brief extract from a report by Mr. T. Bailey Denton, on the subject of labour and wages. He says:—

In the year 1852 I had the control of some extensive works in Dorsetshire, and at that time the agricultural money wages of the district ranged from 7s. to 9s. a-week. Impressed that such pay was inconsistent with suitable labor, I imported into the work some north-country laborers from Northumberland, practised in draining, to afford an example for such local men as chose to enter the trenches and dig by the piece. I guaranteed to the northern men a minimum of 18s. a week, although I could command as many Dorsetshire laborers as I desired to employ at half that price.

The result showed that I was right in bringing high-priced competent men amongst low-priced inferior ones, for as soon as the Dorsetshire men knew what the north-country men were getting, and saw the character of the work executed by them, they applied all their energies in imitation. At first they drank more beer, thinking that by such means they could do more work. They soon saw their error, and it was both amusing and instructive at the same time to see how struck they were when they found that the northern men had for their dinners good meat and bread, while they were living on bread, tobacco, and miserable beer or cider. It was by very slow degrees that the Dorsetshire men realised the truth that the butcher's meat was more strengthening than bad beer. Eventually, by the example afforded them, the technical education given them by the Northumberland men, and by the effect of improved food, the despised Dorsetshire men were enabled to earn as much as their teachers.

Norfolk News, May 25th, 1872.

DRUNKEN PAUPERS.

ON Whit-Monday 13 women were allowed to leave the Chelsea workhouse for a holiday. Every one returned drunk, and one very drunk.

DOTTIE'S TEMPERANCE SERMON.

WELL, well! what did ail Dottie? She had positively refused to kiss her father for a whole week. He went to work very early in the morning, long before her blue eyes were open, and did not come home till dark. Dottie always watched for him, and ran to meet him, and when he came in would sit on his knee; but when he tried to kiss her, she would shake her head so emphatically as to set the sunny curls dancing about her eyes, and then tuck her rosy face down on his shoulder.

At last he grew almost angry, and one evening he put her down, saying sternly, "I won't have any little girl that does not love me."

Dottie went to her mother with grieved look, and tears stealing into her eyes:

"I do love papa, ever so much—five bushels!" and by her childish mode of measuring affection, this seemed immense.

"Then why do you treat him so?" asked her mother. "He does not see his little daughter all day; and when he comes home so tired she refuses to kiss him. Why is it?"

"Because, because—" and here Dottie stopped.

"Speak out, darling, don't be afraid; or suppose you whisper it to me, now—" And she bent down her head.

Dottie put both chubby arms around her mother's neck, and putting her rosebud of a mouth close to her mother's ear, in what she supposed was a whisper, said—

"He drink some medicine or somethin' in the even time before he gets home; and it must be dreadful stuff, for it makes me feel sickish to smell it when he puts his face close to mine—and that's all; and I do love papa." And she sobbed as if her loving little heart would break.

As the wife's glance met that of her husband, his face crimsoned with a flush of shame. The secret was out. For the week past he had been in the habit of stopping a few moments at the house of a friend, who had just returned from a voyage to Europe, and had a great many interesting things to relate. He always took a glass of something strong at night, and insisted that Dottie's father should drink with him; and that was how it happened. But he never touched a drop afterwards; the pure caresses of his innocent child were of more value to him than even the good-will of his friend, and the little Dot never had cause to refuse him his evening kiss.

"Papa must be cured, I think," said she one day; for he never drinks any more of that horrible medicine." And he was truly cured.—*Good Words.*

CHURCH-YARD VOICES.

A SHORT time ago I was called upon in my business engagements to pay a visit to one of the most beautiful villages in the Northern part of England. Situated upon an eminence, there was presented to view one of the most lovely panoramas of purple heathered hills, richly wooded dales, and silvery meandering streams, studded here and there with the mansions of the nobles, the less pretending residences of the squire, the neat rural dwelling of the English yeoman, and the thatched homesteads of the farm labourer.

The village Church and its surroundings were no less objects of attraction and interest, and especially so the adjoining Church-yard, with its elaborately carved monuments to worth and greatness, the plain, unpretending, chiselled head stone, and the simple, unadorned mound, recalling to mind the appropriate words of the poet,

"Beneath these rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

I could not but contrast this quiet, peaceful scene, with the one which I had left only an hour or two before, the dense smoke, and the whirl and bustle of a large manufacturing town, with its strife of tongues, and its many temptations and allurements to vice or every kind; and yet I found that even this retired spot was not freed from the temptations of the world without, as will be gathered from the extraordinary revelations of the village sexton, who was pursuing his accustomed occupation. Whilst engaged in tracing the virtues of the dead, handed down to posterity for the benefit of the living, I heard from my friend, the grave digger, the characters of others whose remains were deposited within a circumference of twenty feet from where I stood, and there, as in numbers of other beautiful places in this favoured land of ours, I found, were homes made desolate, wives made widows, children orphans, by the ruthless, fell destroyer, *strong drink*! ruining both the bodies and souls of many of the inhabitants! Yes, there were the slain victims to intemperance, as the following sad revelations from the sexton's lips testify.

Said he:—"Here, you observe the grave of a gentleman, aged 44, who left home to attend the races; got drunk, and was found dead in an out-house.

The next grave is that of a man, aged 39, who in a state of intoxication, ran a race with another, was thrown from his horse and died from its effects.

A little further on you see the grave of —, aged 50, who often drank to excess; he died soon after the Russian war, under

the effects of strong drink. He would often turn his wife out of the house, and once in a state of drunken frenzy, he took the butter which she had been churning, and battered the walls with it, saying that he was taking Sebastopol.

My attention was then called to a grave a little distance from the last, in which was deposited the remains of another drunkard, who died from the effects of drinking a gallon of gin for a wager.

We next came to the grave of a man who, in a state of intoxication, attempted to ford the river in the valley below and was drowned.

And now my foot-steps are directed to the grave of the village publican, who, the sexton informed me, had such an insatiable thirst for strong drink, that he swallowed all before him. He had possessed property in houses and land, but all went, and his life also fell a sacrifice to strong drink.

A little further on was the grave of the village doctor, who whilst engaged in trying to cure others, killed himself through indulging to excess in intoxicating drinks.

I now come to the last of this sad catalogue of drink victims. A man, aged 50, who was a great drinker, and in a state of inebriation passed through the grave-yard and saw me making a grave, "John," said he, with an oath, "are you making that grave for me?" His words were nearly verified, for the very next grave was made for this poor drunkard!

After listening to these startling disclosures, I appealed to the sexton, if they were not sufficient to make him abandon the drink altogether; to which he replied, "I like a little drop yet." And so it is—"the little drop" was the first step downwards in the career of these poor drunkards. They started in the belief that they would be able to withstand temptation, but see how they fell! Hundreds and thousands of others are now treading the same dangerous path, and will fall over the precipice, victims to strong drink. If, reader, you feel that you still have a craving for intoxicating drinks, may you be strengthened to give up this "*little drop*," and banish it altogether.

Fathers and mothers, give it up for the sake of your children, wives for your husbands, husbands for your wives, Sunday-school teachers for the sake of your scholars, and above all, Christian ministers, Christian professors, for the sake of your churches and those near and dear to you; deny yourselves, sacrificing your own appetites and indulgences for the sake of those who are perishing around you, and for whom Christ died.

THE TRUCK BILL.

CANON GIRDLESTONE, who is well known to take great interest in the welfare of the

agricultural labourers, makes some remarks on the Truck Bill before Parliament. He speaks highly in favour of the twenty-eighth clause, which prohibits the payment of wages in drink, and conditions on compulsion as to spending wages in drink. Should this clause pass, it will be illegal to continue the present system of paying wages to agricultural labourers in beer or cider, and Canon Girdlestone thinks this will conduce more than anything else to improve their condition in the West of England, where it is the worst. As there appears to be some chance of this clause meeting with opposition when it again comes before the House, he trusts that Members of Parliament will weigh the matter well over before coming to a hasty decision. Before they sanction the continuance of the truck system, let them think if they would submit to the forced expenditure of a sixth of their income on drink, or allow their sons to receive in sherry a portion of the salaries they earn in banks, or at solicitors' and merchants' offices.

TWO SCENES.

A GENTLEMAN took his son to a drunken row in a tavern, where the inmates were fighting and swearing, and said he :—

"Do you know what has caused all this?"

"No sir."

His father, pointing to the decanters, said, "This is the cause. Will you take a drink?"

The boy started back with horror, and exclaimed "No!"

Then he took the child to the cage of a man with *delirium tremens*. The boy gazed upon him affrighted, as the drunkard raved and tore, and, thinking the demons were after him, cried "Leave me alone! leave me alone! I see 'em! they are coming!"

"Do you know the cause of this, my boy?"

"No, sir."

"This is caused by drink; will you have some?" and the boy shrank back with a shudder, and he refused the cup.

Next they called at the miserable hovel of a drunkard, where was squalid poverty, and the drunken father beating his wife, and with oaths knocking down the children.

"What has caused this?" said the father.

The son was silent.

When told that it was rum, he declared that he would never touch a drop in his life.

But suppose that the lad should be invited to a wedding feast, where, with fruit and cake, the wine-cup is passed, amid scenes of cheerfulness and gaiety, where all the friends are respectful, beloved, and kind to each other, and should he be asked to drink, would he refuse? Or suppose him walking

out with his father on New Year's Day to call on his young lady friends, to enjoy the festivity of the ushering in of the new year. With other things wine is handed to him by a smiling girl. His noble-hearted father, whom he loves, passes the wine-glass to his lips, and compliments the young lady on the excellence of its quality, what wonder if the son follows his example?

"I AM A WRETCH!"

So, on one occasion, said Samuel Mitchell of himself, as he walked along a street in the city of London. He was a packer in a warehouse. His wages were good, and his employment was regular and constant. His wife and their two daughters were employed at the work of envelope-folding, so that this family earned sufficient to have kept them in respectability and comfort; but, unhappily, Mitchell was fond of strong drink and what he called "cheerful society," and his attachment to both became stronger and stronger, until at last his home had no attractions for him; consequently, his hours away from labour were, for the most part, spent at the public-house. He became later and later as each night he reached his home, which he now used only as a place in which to sleep. His conduct towards his wife and daughters was bad, became worse, and at last was almost unendurable. When he entered the house, his first effort was to strike whoever might be within his reach. Sometimes he would try to destroy the furniture, and had even attempted to set fire to his bed; but as he was often so helplessly intoxicated as to be unable to resist the united strength of the mother and daughters, they were mostly able to keep him from doing much mischief by rolling him on to the bed, and keeping him there until he fell asleep, when there was generally no more danger, as he rarely awoke until the following morning.

Thus weeks and months rolled on, things becoming worse rather than better. He spent all the wages he earned upon himself, whilst his wife and daughters paid the rent and supported themselves by their own earnings. But was there no hope, no prospect of better things? Was there no way by which this poor besotted creature could be restored to home, to happiness and hope? Yes; there was one direction in which they could look, and from which Hope shed her ray to encourage their souls to believe that things would not be always so. His wife was a truly pious woman. Her daughters were senior scholars in the Sunday School, and all three had faith in God. They knew the value of prayer, and the way to the mercy-

seat through faith in the merits and mercies and mediation of Jesus Christ. They sought in prayer the strength they needed, and were upheld and kept day by day.

Although Mitchell had estranged his own heart and nature from his family, his wife and daughters had not withdrawn their affection from him, nor given him up as hopeless. They had arranged to spend a quarter of an hour each day in united prayer to God, that He would change the heart and renew the nature of this poor besotted creature, whom the one called "husband," and the others "father," so that home and happiness might again be enjoyed.

Time passed on; he only seemed to become worse, more ragged and more careless as to his personal appearance, until at length he lost his situation. Yet, somehow or other, he still managed to get intoxicated as usual. Still they prayed on, believing, hoping, enduring.

One evening, as Mitchell was walking along the street, as he passed under a lamp, his eye fell upon the ragged sleeve of his coat. He stopped and examined it more closely, and as he did so said, "I am a wretch!" Close by was a "Temperance Coffee House." He staggered into the house, and asked if they had a pledge-book, and was answered in the affirmative. He requested that it might be produced, that he might sign it. It was laid before him, and, as well as he was able, he wrote his name upon it, left the house and went home. His family were surprised to see him return so early, and somewhat less intoxicated than usual. On the next evening he was at home at an early hour, and then told his family the history of the preceding evening. He kept the pledge, and became a sober man. He soon procured another situation, and in due time was decently clothed, so as to be able to appear amongst respectable society. He then attended the preaching of the gospel in a school-room close by, and was regular in his appearance there.

He listened to the truth with interest, received it with faith, became renewed in heart by the power of the Holy Spirit, and, after twelve months' consistent Christian life sought admission into a Christian church, of which he became a member. Eventually a tract distributor, in connection with a "Christian Instruction Society," he aimed to be instrumental in rescuing others from the ruinous road he himself had been travelling along so rapidly.

From this time the peace and love and happiness of home were enjoyed by this family in Christian simplicity and sincerity; and many a time has the writer united with

them in prayer and thanksgiving at their family altar.

Here, then, we see the power and the result of earnest, persevering prayer to God. These, humbly pious, believed that God heard and would answer their prayers, and grant their desires. They had faith in His promises that He would do so. They believed in His power and willingness to touch and renew the heart which they could neither influence nor reach, and having faith, they had power with God and prevailed.

THE TIMES ON THE TRADE.

ACCORDING to the *Times*, "the wish of all thinking persons in this country is that half the money now spent upon drink should be spent upon something better." If alcoholic liquors were really "food necessities and beneficial comforts of life," to wish to reduce their consumption by one-half would be an outrage upon common sense. Who would ever think of reducing the quantity of bread, or meat or water, by one half? To reduce the consumption of strong drinks by one half, or, indeed, to give them up altogether, is, however, perfectly practicable, for in spite of all that interest or appetite can urge in their favour, intoxicating drinks are not "food necessities and beneficial comforts of life."

ON THE WING.

AN Essex farmer has a clever, muscular servant on his farm who is wise enough to do his work without beer. A publican asked my friend to allow him to come and do some thatching. So he went.

"How did he get on?" said my friend.

"Never had such a man for work in my life," responded the publican. Yet the man took no beer.

How to treat farm-labourers in harvest time is a sore problem with some farmers. Shall we give them beer? My friend, Mr. H. F., does not. He gives his men 30s. instead of beer during the harvest, and his system works well. It is a very simple and righteous plan, and may perhaps be usefully imitated by others. One thing is certain, no temperance farmer can consistently give his laborers beer.

"MARSHAL GROUCHY told me that in the famous retreat from Moscow, he was kept alive for days by means of this useful beverage (coffee). He lived upon it for more than a week, and was thereby kept awake, while others who took spirits slept never more to rise."—*The Times*.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at half-past 10, and in the Evening at half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the Services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

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IN GREAT VARIETY, AT

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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 35.

AUGUSA, 1872.

The Monthly Meeting will be held on Tuesday, August 13th. Addresses by Messrs. W. Artingstall, and D. Chapman. Recitations by senior members. Chair to be taken at 7.30 by Mr. J. M. Bowman.

It is intended to form a Singing Class in connection with the Band of Hope. Full particulars will be announced at the above meeting.

A Recitation Contest open to members above 15 years of age will take place at the September meeting. Intending competitors must send their names to the Secretary, not later than the 1st of September.

GONE FOR A SOLDIER.

THERE is perhaps no sort of news that will spread so rapidly through a quiet village as the news of some new love-match; so, at least, thought Joe Barrowdale and Mary West; for, before they could fairly come to such a decision themselves, it seemed that half the people in Sunbury were coupling their names together, and conjecturing as to when the "affair" was likely to come off.

It should be said here, that Joe Barrowdale, while wandering in search of work, had alighted on the village of Sunbury some seven years before, and had found what he wanted at a little anchor forge, down by the brook, which belonged to a Mr. Coverhill. He had a quiet country way with him, and though reckoned of a good heart, was inclined to be careless, and to take his own way, whether right or wrong. His friend, Mary West, had been for a long time in the service of Squire Witherbank, of Moss-rose Villa. Both were without parents—a fact which made the match look all the more suitable, and which had prejudiced most of the people in its favor.

There was one, however, who when he heard of the match, did not approve it. This was Old Thistlebud, the blacksmith. He was a keen-eyed old man, a good reader of character, and withal, rather strict in his own habits. From his shop-window there was an extensive view. It took in the bend of the lane leading to the brook, and there shooting up from the edge of the hill was the dirty stack of Coverhill's anchor forge; while much nearer was seen the Holly-Bush, kept

by a Mr. Marsden. Now, in this matter of Mary West and her suitor, the old blacksmith always would have it that Joe Barrowdale went into Marsden's much oftener than business called him; and that a time or two he had seen him come out again all the worse for his visit. But people said it had nothing to do with Thistlebud; he was no relation of the young folks, and if he would mind his work he would not see who went into the Holly-Bush.

"Well," said the old man, cooling his tongs in the water bosh, while the subject was one day being discussed in his shop, "I tell yer, Mary West 'ad better stop where her is—her'll ha' some trouble if ever her go's partners with Joe what's his name!"

Of course, the warning was unheeded. And in a few weeks from this, Mary had begged off from the Villa. Joe had left his lodgings, and the two were comfortably established in one home—dividing the sorrows, and sharing the joys of a new life.

It was a dark night in November, the tea-things stood in order, the toast was on the stand, and Mary waited for six o'clock and her husband. The one came, but without the other. Another hour went by. "Why, it is seven!" she said to herself. "I wonder where—O he's coming!" and she laid down her sewing. But a rap at the door told her she was deceived. It was a neighbour, generally known as Milly Bridges—a middle-aged woman, and much more laughed at than loved.

"I mu'na stop," she began, "but I was just a coming to tell you as how—but ain't your master come?"

"No," said Mary, rather sorrowfully.

"He's a workin' over then, I'm a thinkin'."

"He seldom does," replied Mary, "without sending me word."

"Well, you mu'n a be fidgetty," said Milly; "and so I come to tell you our Ezekiel's got work up o' the north. We're goin' to leave here three weeks come Saturday."

"But, dear me; your Joe is late; like enough, he's called in Marsden's—I've heard as him an' him bin very thick. Perhaps he wants Joe to buy his 'armoner,' I'm told he can do nothin' with it himself. They say when he pulls all the stops out, the music don't stop, it keeps on all the same; but as you sen, we munna believe all."

In spite of her own anxious thoughts, Mary couldn't help laughing at this droll woman; and she was about to correct her mistakes, but the clock struck, and Mrs. Bridges burst out again, "O law, is that eight on 'em! O! I mun' go." And she went at once.

And now left to herself again, Mary Barrowdale began to think. She knew of Milly's propensity to hear tales, and to believe them all, and she knew how hastily she came to conclusions; but she could not but think how often, lately, Joe had gone back from his dinner much sooner than he need. She knew, too, that his money was becoming less nearly every week. And so Mary sat thinking, and almost trembling, lest the troubles foretold by old Thistlebud should overtake her, when a strange rude step in the yard startled her. In a minute the door was dashed open, and with the foulest language on his lips, with his clothes all smeared with mud, her husband staggered in. In speechless agony Mary fell into her seat, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

* * * * *

It was next day, at dinner, that Mary ventured to speak to Joe about his conduct. With gentle words she urged him to forsake Marsden's, and to come straight home at night. She told him that if he would, he could do without the drink altogether, as thousands did, and were all the better for it. But she little knew how strong a chain bound him. He said but little; he promised nothing. And then, as every evening came, Mary anxiously waited his return, and it was not till for three or four weeks he had come home civil and sober, that her fears began to cease.

Meanwhile, Milly Bridges had been in to say "Good bye." As usual, her budget of news was vague and various.

Coverhill had threatened two or three of his men, that they must drink less, and mind

their work more, or leave. She had heard that Joe was one. And so, having favoured most of the people in Sunbury with a similar visit, she, with her husband Ezekiel, had moved away to the north.

Returning to Joe Borrowdale, although he had never since repeated to its full extent the scene of that first sad night, the drink demon was still unexpelled from his heart. In spite of Mary's efforts to please him, and to make everything comfortable, his evenings from home were sadly too many. It was not long, however, before matters came to a serious head. One night, after waiting for hours, Mary heard his footsteps. On they came, trampling down her heart. Joe entered the house. He was partly stripped; his hat was missing; and, from his face and fingers blood was oozing out and matting with the dirt.

"O dear, dear!" said Mary, "whatever shall I do?"

But she saw now that Joe was too much exhausted to be dangerous; and only uttering a threat to murder the lot of 'em, he dropped heavily into a seat, and was quiet. At midnight Mary got him up to bed.

Next morning, though still sore and sad, he was up and about the house long before daybreak. Just before six, having washed and made himself tidy as usual, he came and kissed Mary, which he had not done for weeks—told her to lie and rest, said, "Good morning," and went out as though for his work.

This little kindness on Joe's part brought the tears into Mary's eyes. She thought of old times, and was led to hope that even yet he might become a sober man, and her home as happy as it once had been. But the sunshine was too bright to last. Clouds were coming darker than ever. For the night before, under the influence of drink, Joe had refused to work—had insulted his master, and got his discharge. At Marsden's he had quarrelled too, and in a fight had been severely punished. With closed doors, Mary had heard nothing of these things the night before, but now they burst in like a flood.

"But where is he now?" enquired the neighbours, who had just broken the sad news to Mary.

"He's at work, I believe," she replied; "he went out this morning as usual."

"Eh, that canna' be," they said. "Coverhill paid him off at once." Mary was silent. She knew Joe was not the man to meditate long as to a course of action. He seldom told people what he was about to do; and at these thoughts she began to look round. There—his holiday suit was gone; now for their money-box—that was nearly emptied too. The case was plain. Joe had dis-

appeared. And then, while the neighbours tried to comfort Mary, saying he would be back before the day was over, the news went flying through the village, Joe Barrowdale had run away and left his wife.

And in a few days all this was a serious fact with Mary. Every night she looked for his return, but in vain. Weeks passed by, and he was still absent; her little store of money was dwindling to the last sovereign; and she began to arrange for her own support, with this thought, however, that it was just possible that the Squire would ask her to return to the Villa.

And here we must change the scene for the north.

The Saturday night Temperance Meeting of a certain Yorkshire town was just closing. A band of abstiners formed into what is called a Rifle Corps, and wearing a red uniform, had occupied the evening. The chairman was inviting on the platform any who were disposed to sign the pledge. He closed by saying, "There is one present who has promised to sign. He is one of my workmen. He came into my forge this week, asking for work. He said he had lost a good situation through drinking, but if I would give him work, he would sign the pledge and keep it. And now perhaps he will step up here as an example to others."

Here the man came up the room, and stepped on the platform. But just as he stood there, and while several of the Rifle Corps were telling him how well he would look with a red shirt and a medal on his bosom—just then, prompted by her large inquisitiveness, our old acquaintance, Milly Bridges, looked in at the door. As usual, her very way of asking questions betrayed her as a fit subject for a joke.

"And what be these people?" she enquired of those nearest the door.

"Why, men and women, to be sure!"

"But them 'ere in red jackets, I mean."

"O they are soldiers, Missus—Coldstream Guards—look you, they are just listing one man."

"Who?" said Milly; but here she caught a glimpse of the man.

"Mercy on us!" she exclaimed! "Why, that's Joe Barrowdale; an' 'as he gone for a sojer?"

But without further information, Milly was down the steps and into the street again.

"Gone for a sojer!" she still muttered to herself. "Mercy on us! Well, our 'Zekiel said he'd heard he'd left his wife; but, as true as I'm here, when I go home I'll write to Mary; but I don't know her address; well, I mun write for it." In this state of excitement Milly Bridges reached home, and told her husband everything. Ezekiel, how-

ever, was unbelieving; and to go a mile and a half, at that time of night, to learn particulars, it wasn't likely. And so it was not till the Monday that Milly could persuade him to help her to write to Mary Barrowdale.

"You write," said Milly, "and I'll word it."

So they agreed, and next morning the letter was in Sunbury, and trembling with suspense, Mary Barrowdale stood and read it. It said—

"Dear Mary,—i put my hand to the pen to say as how i've met with Joe, but I am sorry to say he 'as gone for a sojer. i was comin' 'ome with markitins, last Saturday, as ever was, and there was a meetin', and I stopped to ask the man what stood at the door, becoss it was so full, what it was; and they said, listen men for sojers. i say who? and then i sid him; and the red jacket man was pinnin a medal on him about as big as them what we had when the Prince of Whales was married—when we stood in Witherbank's lisow, and i kitched cold. And now Mary our Ezekiel says you must keep a shop, and the lord will help you.

My love and i remain,

MR. AND MRS. BRIDGES."

But at this, Mary's patience became exhausted; a momentary passion seized her, "And I hope the Russians will shoot him," she exclaimed, and flung the letter into the fire.

It was just at this crisis that Squire Witherbank came to the door. Pushing back his broad brim, and taking the first seat, he began, "Well, Mrs. Barrowdale, and have you decided yet what to do? or have you heard anything?" "Just this minute, sir," said Mary, out of temper, "and he's gone for a soldier."

"Gone for a soldier!" repeated the Squire. "Never! But how did you hear? Where's the letter?"

"I've just burnt it" said Mary; "It was from Mrs. Bridges."

"Burnt it! Eh, you should have kept it, by all means! But what was in it? what did Milly say?"

But Mary's heart was melting to its usual tenderness, and her tears prevented her reply.

"You know, Mary, Mrs. Bridges is a poor authority," continued the Squire. "She used to believe everything when she was here."

"Yes, sir; but her husband had helped to write the letter—his name was to it as well as her own," replied Mary.

"Dear me," said Witherbank, "that looks bad; but there must be some mistake somewhere. However, he doesn't seem to return, Mary, and so I've been thinking you

may as well make a move, and be where you have been. Your successors don't please me at all. I've just told this one she must go at once. What do you say? Never mind your furniture; sell up, and put the money in the Bank!"

This decision of the old gentleman was not to be resisted. Mary thanked him and agreed. Shortly after, while the story of Joe Barrowdale's enlistment was still fresh in Sunbury, and was often being discussed at Marsden's and at Thistlebud's shop door, Mary's goods were sold, and she was reinstated at "Moss-Rose Villa."

Meanwhile, having turned over a new leaf in the north, Joe Barrowdale was keeping it clean. His master, a temperance man himself, gave him every encouragement, and so, by strict sobriety and diligence, Joe was rising to a position better than he had ever held. Of course, his thoughts had been constantly turning to Sunbury; but it was nothing unusual for him to keep things quiet; and his plan was to feel sure that he could work without drink, and to be settled in a good situation before he sent for Mary. But what could she do till then? Or how could he learn anything about her?

From what he remembered, Joe knew he must be within two or three miles of Milly Bridges, and so taking the first opportunity, he sought and found her. As may be imagined, it was like a miracle in Milly's eyes, to see Joe out of the ranks, and in plain clothes; and it was scarcely less surprising to him, to learn to what a conclusion this credulous woman had jumped, and that his own enlistment was all the talk in Sunbury. Nor was this all; for, by this time Milly had received a letter back from Mary, and here Joe came right upon the news that his wife had given him up, had sold their goods, and was in her old place at the Villa. And then, everything being explained, Joe told Milly his plan, requesting her to keep the whole affair secret. This was a hard matter for Milly. At last, however, she promised faithfully to say nothin' to nobody, never.

And now, week after week, with better stimulants than beer, Joe Barrowdale kept to his work. Trade was good; his wages were increased; and his health, once endangered by drink, was happily restored. It was some relief, too, to think that Mary was in so comfortable a position; still he was determined to keep her in suspense no longer than he could help. And so, after a few more weeks, knowing that Mary would bring money with her when she came, Joe drained his own resources, and furnished a respectable little cottage. Milly Bridges came across to put things in order, and to keep it aired for a week. And now Joe sat

down to write Squire Witherbank a letter, which should explain everything, and bring Mary to a better, happier home, than the one not long since broken up. In due course, the letter reached the Villa. The Squire was too kind a man to think of his own convenience, when the rights and happiness of others were involved; and, reading the letter—"Yes," he said, promptly. "She shall go to-morrow. Dear me; what changes!"

And now, bearing in mind the request, that everything should be kept secret, the Squire rang his bell, and Mary entered.

"Mary," he said, I expect you'll think me a strange man; but what do you think I've just done! I've agreed to part with you again." Here Mary's countenance began to change. "A friend of mine, in the north, wishes me to let you come!" "Law master," interrupted Mary, "I've left you once, I don't want to go a second time."

"Perhaps not; but I know it will be for your good," said the Squire. "I wouldn't part with you at all, only I'm sure you will be more comfortable there than here, and happier too. The gentleman has just taken a new residence; his wife is absent, just at present; but you'll be there all the same when she returns; and then, you know that funny piece of humanity, Milly Bridges; well, she's there this week, doing what I suppose you would call the rough work, so you won't be quite lost."

"Indeed," said Mary, "it's rather strange; but what is the gentleman's name, sir?"

"Elad Worrab," said Witherbank, rather puzzled, and spelling Barrowdale backwards.

"Elad Worrab!" repeated Mary. "Law, that's never an English name. I shall never be happy with him."

"O you will," said the squire; "and yet, Mary, I won't compel you any further than this; that you go for a trial, and then, if you are not satisfied, at the end of the first week you may come back, and the trouble and expense shall be mine."

"You are very kind, sir, I'm sure," said Mary.

"Well, then; when can you go?"

"Well, sir," replied Mary; "the sooner I go, the sooner I shall be back. I'll go to-morrow."

"That will do," said the Squire; and I'll write, and say you are coming."

Next day the footman drove Mary to the station, where, with a sad and heavy heart, she took her seat for the north.

She arrived late in the afternoon, and found old Ezekiel Bridges waiting to conduct her to her new sphere of labor.

"Thee'st seen some changes, lately," said the old man.

"I have, indeed," replied Mary; "and

all through the accursed drink ; but never do I taste a spot again."

"No, I dunna believe in it like I did," said Ezekiel ; "but I never sid anybody sink like your Joe sank ; he seemed to go all at once. Why, it canna be two years since thee wast married."

"No, it is'nt quite two yet," said Mary.

"An' thee never heardest what rigmint he was in, nor nothin' ?"

"No," replied Mary ; "and I've almost done troubling about him. What vexes me is, that the Squire should send me away like he has—so suddenly—it's like a dream."

"Ah, well ; there's providence where we think there is na," said Ezekiel ; "an' thee't like this gentleman as well as Witherbank, I'll be bound. But here, this is the house ; and here's our Milly, look thee ! Her's bin here all the week, but her'll go back with me now thee'st come."

While Mrs. Bridges welcomed Mary at the door, and sat with her awhile in the kitchen, Joe Barrowdale seated himself in his easy chair, by the side of the parlor fire. He then rang the little hand-bell, which was a signal for Milly to bring Mary in.

"Hark thee !" said Milly, "the master wants to see thee before tea ; come on." With a throbbing heart, Mary followed her down the passage. And now she was ushered into the parlour ! But before Milly could close the door again, there came back a burst of joy which rang all through the house.

"O my Joe !" said Mary, drying up her tears ; I thought you had listed."

"So I have, my girl," said he ; "I'm in the *Coldstream Guards*."

"It was my mistake," interrupted Milly, coming into the parlour ; "but Mary, thee be'est happy now, I know ; an' I wish everybody'd list ; we shouldn't ha' so much misery goin' on as there is. But we'n have tea as soon as you'n ready, a'n then we can be off."

After tea, Milly and Ezekiel returned to their own home, and Job and Mary were left alone to begin life afresh. Ever since, their life has been a prosperous one. They are still amongst the *Coldstream Guards*. A little family has grown up around them ; these are in the same noble army ; and *my reader had better 'list too !*

THE DRUNKARD'S REWARD.

"AMONG the names registered at the Tombs one night," says the *New York Tribune*, "was that of a youth about fifteen years of age, who had been arrested for drunkenness. But he was not drunk, nor had he been drinking. He was, moreover, in good sound health, but gave all the external

indications of being intoxicated when arrested by a police officer. Upon protesting to the keeper of the Tombs that he was not intoxicated, it was revealed that the unfortunate youth had been born a natural drunkard, or rather, that he had always acted like one. He said that although in good health, he had never been able to walk without staggering. His speech was not unlike that of persons in a decided state of intoxication, and when excited he would mutter and reel. The unfortunate youth was detained until the next day, and was not sent to court to be gazed at through judicial spectacles. A subsequent investigation of the case proved that the lad had been telling the truth about himself, and his condition revealed a demonstration of the natural law, that the child is a fair copy of his parents. It appears that, prior to marriage, the father had been a secret but confirmed inebriate, and when the facts became known to the woman, suddenly and unexpectedly, she wept in the most terrible manner. Almost broken-hearted, she contemplated the future misery in store for her.

Months passed away, when it was discovered that the child, at three years of age, acted strangely ; and at the end of six years the unhappy woman fully realised all her forebodings. The effect produced upon the mother was not without the influence upon the father, however.

Realizing, in the midst of tears of bitter anguish, the sin that had been visited upon the child, the man reformed. He has now several bright children, and most exemplary ones, too, they are. But the boy that was brought into the Tombs was not drunk, but had entailed upon him a life of misery."

This case is by no means a rare one. We have repeatedly seen persons staggering through the streets, whose only fault was in being a drunkard's child.

Young man, would you court such a fate ? Young woman, would you be a drunkard's wife ?

CHARLES GARRETT AND HIS TEETOTALISM.

I SIGNED the pledge of Total Abstinence in 1840, after hearing a lecture on the subject by the late John Cassell. I have, therefore, tried it for more than thirty years, and I most gladly give my experience as to its effects.

In the first place, it has greatly benefited my health. From childhood I have been delicate, and yet for years I have been able to work *seven* days in the week. I travel from one end of the country to the other, have all sorts of irregularity of diet and

hours of rest. My brain is taxed with a large amount of writing, speaking, and preaching, and yet I generally begin my Sabbath without any exhaustion. Indeed, I believe that my Teetotalism has enabled me to get through an amount of work that would have crushed me if I had taken stimulants.

In addition to improved health, Total Abstinence has given me influence which I could not have had without it. Much has been said about the alienation of the working classes from the Christian Church. I have, however, found Total Abstinence to be a bridge by which I could reach them. And thank God ! I have *known* it to be a bridge by which hundreds of them have come over to us. In one of my circuits, I took pains to ascertain as fully as possible the spiritual history of the members, and found more than seventy men who had once been intemperate, but who had been reclaimed by Total Abstinence, and had then united themselves with the Church, and they were notoriously amongst the most zealous and generous members of that Church. I have also found that my influence upon those who move in a higher circle has been beneficial. In almost every circuit in which I have travelled, I have found some who were standing in slippery places, whom I have been enabled to restrain, and I have been cheered many times by hearing mothers and wives say, "Thank God you are an abstainer ! I have hope now that my son or my husband will be saved." And I thankfully record that in many cases their hopes have been realised.

I have noticed also that many of my friends who have not become abstainers have become much more cautious in the use of intoxicating liquors through my abstinence. No drunkard has been able to make *my* glass of wine an excuse for *his*, while those who have been trying to conquer the habit of drinking have been strengthened and encouraged by my example.

I will, therefore, sum up my experience as to the effects of Teetotalism by saying, IT HAS BEEN A BLESSING TO ME, AND HAS MADE ME A BLESSING TO OTHERS.

CHARLES GARRETT, Manchester.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST

CONFERENCE TEMPERANCE MEETING.

ON Friday evening, June 7th, a large and enthusiastic meeting was held in Priory Plain Chapel, Great Yarmouth, and despite the tremendous excitement in the town occasioned in honour of the Prince of Wales's visit, the large Chapel was nearly full.

The chair was taken by J. Garrad, Esq.

Mr. Wilson said he was not a total abstainer

of mushroom growth, having taken the pledge thirty-eight years ago. He was glad to be associated with a denomination whose ministers had taken a front rank in the cause of temperance. The advocates of this cause had been charged with extravagance, and could they wonder when they knew how much some of them had suffered from strong drink ; and he then proceeded to recount his own history, which drew tears from many eyes. His father was a respectable mechanic, and having married his master's daughter, was in a fair way of accumulating a fortune. But he began to drink, and went from bad to worse, till at length he clothed his children in rags and tatters and almost murdered his wife. He was one of the best of husbands and fathers while sober, but, under the maddening influence of drink, he had often dragged his wife and children about the house, and sometimes turned them out of doors amid the keen cold of a winter's night. At length health, reputation, credit, and everything except a few articles of furniture, were gone, and my mother, said the speaker, now almost a skeleton and with a face almost as white as marble, said to her son, "John, I'll work at my needle and stick to my lace rather than the furniture shall go." But it also went, and his mother wept till she could weep no more. His father, who began life well, had to work for 1s. 6d. per day ; the publican, who got most of his money, but who began life poor, retired from business worth £5,000 ! Yes, the latter could enjoy his legs of mutton and ribs of beef and plum-puddings ; but he, his mother and sisters had to starve. But he induced his aged father to sign the pledge. "Father," said he to him one day, "do you love the landlord of the 'Black Bull' better than mother, and your three daughters, and your son John?" The old, and wasted drunkard signed the pledge, and soon after he got converted, credit returned, and after a while he was the owner of a nice little freehold. "Mother," he would sometimes say, with eyes full of tears, "I shall never forgive myself for the hurt I have done thee." At length he died a glorious death.

The Rev. T. Whittaker glanced at the rapid progress of the temperance movement amongst the various religious denominations. Total abstinence gave to a minister moral power. The other day he, in company with a minister of another denomination, was in a railway-carriage, where they were annoyed by a drunken man. His friend reproved him. "And are you a teetotaller?" said the man. "I am not," said the minister ; and he afterwards declared, "I was ashamed, and could have crept into any corner."

The Rev. S. Antliff thought that if what

Mr. Wilson had said had not convinced the meeting of the goodness of the cause, nothing that he might say would. Some people were ever asking, "Is there any harm in taking a little drink?" but were they prepared to abstain from nothing, except it could be proved positively harmful? There is no real harm in turning over a few pieces of paste-card, even when expressive figures are imprinted on them; but where is the parent who would recommend card-playing to his children? Cards were first invented for the amusement of a crazed monarch; but viewed in connection with their modern associations, what parent would sanction card-playing?

There is no harm in a number of men in fantastic dresses, mounting a number of beautiful horses; but who present would ever think of vindicating our modern race-course? The common sense of the country had condemned these things as inconsistent with the Christian character, but in his opinion the habit of drinking was doing ten times more harm than the theatre, the card-playing, and the horse-racing in our land. He had recently paid a visit to Canada, and was gratified to find that all their ministers in that colony were pledged abstainers from intoxicating drink. The official meetings won't put a man out of office because he happened to take a little strong drink, but no man indulging in such drinks, stands any chance of being elected to any office in the connection. He never saw a minister take drink during his stay in the colony, and not more than three or four smoke.

The drink traffic, like the water of Bethlehem, for which David's men in battle ventured to hazard their lives and to brave death—is the price of blood. Would the parents present like to see their sons and daughters indulge in such drinks? Some said the grace of God could keep them. Had it always kept all present? Strong drink would produce the same effect upon a saint as upon a sinner. Besides, John speaks of our laying down our life for the brethren. You are christians as well as John. If John was prepared to lay down his life for others, what ought we to lay down?

TREATING.

If I could persuade all young people never to treat each other, nor be treated, I think one-half the danger from strong drink would be gone. If I cannot get you to sign the total-abstinence pledge, binding until you are twenty-five, I would be glad to have you promise three things: First, never to drink on the sly, *alone*; second, never to drink *socially*, treated or being treated; and, third,

when you drink, do it openly and in the presence of some man or woman whom you respect.

Now, boys, if you want to be generous and treat each other, why not select some other shop beside the liquor shop? Suppose as you go by the post-office, you say, "Come, boys, come in and take some stamps." These stamps will do your friends a real good, and will cost you no more than drinks all round. Or go by the tailor's shop, and say, "Boys, come in and take a box of collars." Walk up to the counter, free and generous, and say, "What style will you have?" Why not treat to collars as well as treat to drinks! Or go by a confectioner's and propose to chocolate-drops all round. Or say, "Boys, take a newspaper." Or say, "I'll stand a jack-knife all round!"

How does it happen that we have fallen into a habit, almost compulsory, of social drinking? You drink many a time when asked to, when really you do not want to. When a man has treated you, you feel mean and indebted, and keep a sort of account current in your mind, and treat *him*. And so in the use of just that agent, which at the very best is a dangerous one, you join hand in hand to help each other to ruin, instead of hand in hand to help each other to temperance.—*Thos. K. Beecher.*

TESTIMONIES IN REFERENCE TO INTOXICATING LIQUORS AND THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

"TRULY the people are poor, and their poverty seems to increase; but while the passion for drink is fostered by countless beershops and ginshops at every corner, *what can come upon the land but a curse!*"

Missing Link Magazine.

"THE TWIN DEMONS—DRINK AND DISCORD."

Right Honourable John Bright, M.P.

"THE Wine License Bill passed into law; and in addition to Publichouses and Beershops, the country swarms with Wine-selling Grocers and Confectioners.

Scarcely one spirit drinker or beer drinker contents himself with less alcoholic or less debasing beverages; but thousands of new consumers of stimulants have been added to the old ones: and, more than ever, women have become the slaves of the vice of drunkenness. How can Satan cast out Satan? Parliament blunders in the matter of legislation on the drink traffic. It is impossible to make just laws on a false basis: the evil lies in attempting to *regulate* that which needs *suppression*."

Western Temperance Herald.

STANNARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PUBLIC Services are held on Sundays in the Morning at half-past 10, and in the Evening at half-past 6; also on Wednesday Evenings at half-past 7.

Anybody not connected with any place of worship will be made welcome to any of the Services; there are no pew rents, service being supported by free-will offerings.

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STANNARY

BAND OF HOPE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

No. 36.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

In consequence of Cleaning and Painting the School-room, the Monthly Meeting of the Band of Hope will be held on Tuesday, September 17th. A Recitation Contest by Senior Members will take place, and Addresses will be given by Messrs. F. A. Sutcliffe, and E. Birtwhistle. Chair to be taken at 7.30. A good attendance is invited. A Singing Class is being formed, it meets at the School on Saturday Evenings, at 6 o'clock. The Subscription is One Penny per month.

LUCY AND EVELINE ;

OR,

THE WAY TO MAKE "HOME HAPPY."

IN the principal street of the old-fashioned town of N——, stands a fine and well-built mansion ; its proprietor is one of the principal business men of the town, and the house, and all about it may be said to have such an appearance of prosperity, as to indicate that its inhabitants have received a large share of the good things of this life. Let us take a peep inside, and see if the interior has the same well-to-do air, as the exterior. In a spacious dining-room, we find the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. R., endeavouring by all the means in their power to promote the happiness of a large circle of friends and acquaintances ; the long table is filled with guests, and to judge by the cheerful flow of conversation, their end is gained, and all are deriving enjoyment from the entertainment. The table certainly does justice to the establishment ; it is covered with costly fruits and sparkling wines. If one might be allowed a surmise, it would be, that some affair of no ordinary importance is afloat ; and true it is, the morrow is to be an eventful day—the wedding of two orphan nieces of Mr. R. They are cousins, both having been bereaved of their parents at an early age. Mr. R. was left guardian to both ; and having no family of his own, took them to his home : they have been well cared for. Lucy, the younger of the two, is about to be married to a doctor, just commencing practice in a neighbouring town, whilst Eveline is the

chosen bride of a wealthy and clever lawyer. Hers is considered an enviable position ; many a mother has cast an admiring glance at William Carlisle, and many a maiden has rejoiced at the slightest attention he has paid her. Agreeable and fascinating to an extraordinary degree, the society of Mr. Carlisle is much sought after ; his wit and natural abilities are such, that no evening party or convivial entertainment is ever considered complete without him, and who would think for one moment of comparing him with plain Henry Leslie, the doctor, who has nothing in person to recommend him to notice but his truthful eyes, and such an honest expression of countenance, that one would confide in him at once if in need of a friend ? But poor William Carlisle, with all his many attractions of person and intellect, has one besetting sin, and this is, "a love of Strong Drink : " he has even been known at a dinner party to over-step the mark of general sobriety, and to return home in a state of half intoxication. Had poor Eveline known and reflected upon this, she might have shuddered at the idea of linking her life's happiness with one who had already yielded to this terrible temptation.

Amidst the genial chat of the company, our attention is arrested by the following remark, "Come, Harry, we cannot let you off this evening ; you must have one glass of champagne, old fellow, just to keep your spirits up, you know, eh !"

"You must excuse me, indeed, Mr. S., never take wine !"

"Tut, tut, lad, be a man to-night ; the very eve of your wedding day, too ! next you'll be

telling me you don't mean to respond to the toast to-morrow, nor bring a glass of wine to your table for me, when I come to see you ; at least, you're not going to turn little Lucy into a teetotalter, are you ? eh ! Lucy, what do you say to that ?”

“Well, Mr. S., I'm not an abstainer now ; but I should be an easily-made convert, for I have had the strongest leaning towards temperance, or rather, teetotalism, ever since you know poor papa died of—of—” She spoke gently, and hesitated.

“Oh ! yes ; of course, poor man, quite another view of the question ;” and with a suppressed sigh, Mr. S. turned and commenced an earnest conversation with some friends across the table.

Meanwhile, Henry Leslie bent towards Lucy, and said in an undertone, “Thank you, dearest, for your help ; should you think less of me if I request that wine is not introduced into our new home ? Lucy did not answer, but the light in her eyes seemed to re-assure him, and no more was said.

At the other side of the table, where sat William and Eveline, the wine had passed without any check, and William's manner had become more than usually excited as he brought his wonderful powers of conversation into exercise, for the general amusement.

* * * * *

The morrow dawned bright, and as joyous a day as need be ; the wedding breakfast passed off prosperously, but no wine passed the lips of either Lucy or Henry Leslie.

* * * * *

Ten years have passed away, and now we find Mr. and Mrs. Leslie in a pretty, cheerful dwelling, in the suburbs of the town. By dint of careful attention to business, Henry's practice has greatly increased ; he is a general favourite both amongst his practitioners, and the other surgeons of the town. He found it hard work at first, not introducing wine in his home, nor recommending it to his patients ; but he persevered. Perhaps a few left him, but many will have to thank him for helping them to overcome a taste, hurtful to themselves, and one which if persisted in, might be attended by the worst results. Look at him, now seated in his easy-chair by the fire, his wife beside him busy with her work ; one arm is round his little daughter as she reads a tale from a book he has just bought her. The house speaks of comfort, and the faces of husband and wife are marked with a quiet peace and contentment, pleasant to behold ; they have four children living, two have been taken from them to a better country, but their constant care will be to train their

little ones in the right way, and to teach them above all, to practise self-denial, not to follow the multitude to do evil.

And how is it with Eveline and William Carlisle ? they spent their first year of wedded life in Italy, travelling from place to place. We will pay them a visit at their country seat. It is a lovely spot, beautiful to behold in the completeness of its surroundings ; handsome grounds and shrubberies added to the beauty and splendour of the mansion.

This evening, it is gaily lighted, for Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle are giving a ball, in honor of the return of their wedding day ; and Mrs. C. is surrounded by all the élite of the neighbourhood ; and certainly, she looks lovely enough to charm them all to-night ; her evening dress falling in graceful folds round her lovely figure. Five little ones have been given her, and any outward observer would say, what an enviable position is hers ! But let us look closely, she is apparently engaged in animated conversation ; servants are carrying round trays of refreshments : why does that troubled expression flit across her face ? and why do her eyes seek those of her husband, ever and anon, with such anxiety ? He, William, is surrounded by a group of gentlemen and ladies, to whom he is giving, or rather trying to give a brilliant description of some spot he has lately visited ; but his face is flushed, and his voice unsteady. A careful observer would say he had been drinking too freely. Can it be, that he now yields to this vice ! Alas ! it is too true ! he has frequently been seen in a state of intoxication, and has twice had an attack of delirium tremens. A report has become current of late, that if he continues his drinking habits, they must be his ruin, and that this splendid estate cannot long call him master. Sad is it, that his lovely wife must bear this trial ; and sadder still, those beautiful children must grow up and call their father *drunkard*.

Would you call this an over-drawn statement ? do you say it is only the poor who yield in excess to these bad habits ? Would that it were so ; but it is not : then reader, can you countenance by your example, these habits which lead to so much misery ? What is *fashion*, when placed side-by-side with the well-being of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters ? Will you not rather warn all, especially the young, to shun the cup that “biteth as a serpent, and stingeth as an adder !” for in this way, and this way only can you secure

A HAPPY HOME !

LITERARY NOTICE.

BANDS OF HOPE,
(JUNIOR AND SENIOR;) AND BAND OF HOPE
UNIONS: THEIR FORMATION AND
MANAGEMENT,

*Prepared under the direction of the Committee
of the United Kingdom Band of Hope
Union, London.*

OFFICES OF THE UNION—5, *Red Lion Square;*
and W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

THE comparative popularity of Bands of Hope with the general public has been a valuable aid to the Temperance cause. When attempts to *reclaim* have met with the cold shoulder, efforts to *prevent* have not unfrequently been tacitly encouraged. The *Band of Hope Review* finds its way into many a Sunday School, where the temperance question is otherwise practically ignored; and in justice to the great bulk of Sunday School workers, it must be conceded that facilities for establishing Bands of Hope are rarely withheld.

The work we now introduce to our readers is in every respect a valuable one. The zealous Sunday School Teacher who has been made painfully familiar with the havoc which intoxicating drink has made in the homes of his children, and has succeeded in impressing them with the advantages of total abstinence, may here learn how effectually to organise his little ones, and render them active and joyous workers in the great crusade against Britain's curse. It is a well-known fact, for his encouragement, that some of the most ardent young soldiers in these regiments of the cold-water army are the children of drunken fathers or mothers. The book we recommend, not only shows how to form Bands of Hope, but how to keep them in that healthful state of activity, which is alike necessary to their existence and usefulness.

Its directions are copious, practical, and explicit. Every want in the way of information that could possibly be felt, has been anticipated, and a glance at its contents will be sufficient to justify this unqualified commendation; and when we add that its cost is but *sixpence*, we venture to assert that many of our readers will soon judge for themselves as to the value of the book. We thoroughly agree with its compilers in their opinion that the Sunday School is the best soil for planting Bands of Hope. A fact which is mentioned in the work, confirms this—In the Rev. J. P. Chown's Sunday School, at Bradford, there are 1000 scholars, 506 of them being members of the Band of Hope. During a period of seven years, 137 scholars had joined the church, and of these,

106 were from the ranks of the young abstainers. Such a fact as this, is in itself sufficient proof that our Bands of Hope richly deserve the help of all who are prayerfully striving for the extension of Christ's kingdom.

DEATH AND THE GRAVE.

"I AM hungry," said the Grave, "give me food." Death answered, "I will send forth a minister of awful destruction, and you shall be satisfied."

"What minister will you send?"

"I will send Alcohol. He shall go in the guise of food and medicine, pleasures and hospitality. The people shall drink and die."

And the Grave answered, "I am content."

And now the church bells begin to toll, and the mournful procession to advance.

"Who are they bringing now?" said the Grave.

"Ah," said Death, "They are bringing a household. The drunken father aimed a blow at his wife; he killed the mother and her child together, and then dashed out his own life."

"And who," said the Grave, "comes next, followed by a train of weeping children?"

"This is a broken-hearted woman who has long pined away in want, while her husband has wasted his substance at the tavern. And he, too, is borne behind, killed by the hand of violence."

"And who next?"

"A young man of generous impulses, who step by step became dissipated and squandered his all. My agent turned him out to be frozen in the street."

"Hush!" said the Grave, "now I hear a wail of anguish that will not be silenced."

"Yes, it is the widow's cry. It is the only son of his mother. He spurned her love, reviled her warning, and a bloated corpse comes to thee. And thus they come—farther than the eye can reach, the procession crowds to thy abodes. And still lured by the enchanting cup which I have mingled, the sons of men crowd the paths of dissipation. Vainly they dream of escape, but I shut behind them the invisible door of destiny. They know it not, and with song and dance and riot, they hasten to thee, oh Grave! Then I throw my fatal spell upon new throngs of youth, and soon they too will be with thee."

A TEMPERATE SHIP-MASTER.

NOT long since, an English captain stopped here on his way home from the East Indies. He was a rare sea bird, indeed—a

total abstainer of the strictest sort. He would never consent to have any alcohol on board his ship, excepting barely enough to answer the medical requisitions, and that was never used by any possibility. When he entered port, it was dropped overboard, and he was clear of the stuff until he was obliged to lay in supplies for his departure. While passing through a ship-register's office in India, the clerk offered him a drink, which he refused. The surprised clerk told him that he had been in office eight years, with an average of fifty captains passing through each month, and he never had known any of them to refuse drink before. He bore further witness, sadly, to the fact that sea-faring men are greatly addicted to drink. He believed it to be the cause of nearly all marine disasters. He had, for years, carefully inquired into circumstances of shipwrecks, from individuals who had suffered them, and he could aver that full three-fourths of these were due to the use of alcoholic liquors. He had, however, proved abundantly that sailors can be made temperate. He commonly made more or less life-long total abstainers among his men, at every trip. This he did by explaining to them familiarly and thoroughly, as time and opportunity offered, the nature and effects of intoxicating drinks. That was the way he was taught in his youth, with the other people of his native place. Several of these had also become shipmasters, like himself, and they were all strict and intelligent total abstainers.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

THE POOR MAN'S BATH.

IN the sultry weather we have had, many a one has been refreshed by a plunge in a pond or river. But many more—especially females—cannot enjoy such a luxury. And to others still the shock of “a header” would be dangerous. Hence the not unfrequent remark of perspiring toilers, “If I were a rich man, I should have a bath every morning,” meaning a wash down in a comfortable bath-room in one's own house. But although this is beyond the reach of the masses, there is yet a bath of proved value, which is accessible to nearly every one. When at Malvern last year, my bath-man at the Hydropathic Establishment used to say of the towel-bath, “This is the poor man's bath—I could always keep the doctor from the house with this alone.” “The towel bath” is one that any working man may have, and ought to have. It would add much to the health and wealth of the country were its use general.—Get a coarse towel, place it in a basin of water, wring out very

slightly, and then vigorously rub the body all over, before dressing in the morning. It will add to its value if the water is first laved over the back of the head, which is held over the basin. There need be no slopping of water about the room, though it may be better to stand on a towel. And where more than one person is in the same room, it will not be difficult to arrange a temporary screen for the sake of decency. Then dry well, and sip a glass of water while dressing. Begin this practice now, while the weather is warm, and it will not soon be given up. Let it apply to all, old or young, and great will be the gain.—T. BOWICK.

FRUITS OF TEETOTALISM.

I WENT over a factory, and found fifty men at work. When I was coming out, the son of the head of the firm said, “All this is the fruit of teetotalism. My father was a drunkard, but sixteen years ago he signed the pledge. He was not worth £5. He came here and began this factory on a small scale. You see what it is now. He has also seventeen houses, and a good balance at his bankers. As we came out, a friend said, “The father has given £50 to the temperance movement.”

SON JOHN.

WITH especial interest I note an item in the city newspaper that Mr.—— has died, leaving a fortune of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars! it seems very large to me, the incumbent of an office which affords a small salary.

“One hundred and fifty thousand dollars,” I said to myself, “is a great sum. If it were reduced to greenbacks of the denomination of ten dollars, with two to each leaf, that sum would make 7,500 leaves—enough for five portly volumes of fifteen hundred pages each. Suppose one had these volumes in his arms and should appear on “change” ready for investment, how would people esteem the man who owned five books, that without discount would be valued at any bank as worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars!”

As I was thus taking this somewhat picturesque and impractical view of this man's fortune, I turned to my friend and said, “By the way, where is Mr.——'s son John?” Forty years ago he went to the same school with me, and in all our one hundred and seventy-five boys there was none so comely as this man's son John. He was the only son.

Well, after having in imagination converted the man's fortune into those five portly volumes of greenbacks, I asked about the "son John," and was shocked to learn that he had died a drunkard when not more than thirty years old.

And then it all came to me in an instant. This man dealt in intoxicating liquors, not for medicine, but for drinking. His invoices went over a wide extent of country, and supplied many bars and saloons with the deadly agencies which have broken so many hearts and destroyed so many lives. I do not doubt that a horrible catalogue of casualties and incidents could be traced back to this man's place of business. I myself know some of them that make my flesh to creep even now.

And yet he was temperate. No one ever saw him hilarious with gin, or fuddled with whisky. Whatever his liquors did for others, they were not permitted to weaken his capacity for business, or unfit him for society, nor had they prevented his amassing that pretty little fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

And yet, after forty years, as I walk about this goodly city, and marvel at its changes, I learn that the beautiful, gifted, lovely John, my former school-mate, this man's "son John," has died a drunkard.

"Curses come home to roost." "He that taketh the sword shall perish with the sword." "He hath digged a pit into which he himself hath fallen." These and many similar sayings came to my mind as I said to myself: "Mr.—— left a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but it cost such a sacrifice as 'son John.'"

And, after that, the fortune did not seem so very grand.—*Letter of a visitor to New York in Congregationalist.*

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE REV. DR. JAMES B. DUNN, of Boston, United States, says, when General Grant, our President, invites a party to his table, or when he has a levee, they may have tea or coffee, but no wine or intoxicants. (Applause.) We are proud to say that on New Year's Day, when the presidential mansion is open, and the great men of America and foreign ministers visit it, they must take cold water. (Loud applause.) The governors of Pennsylvania and Connecticut are not ashamed to sit down with cold water as the beverage on their tables. (Applause.) We want men that will stand and present themselves as clean against the drinking customs that prevail and be able to say, "As for me, I will neither touch, taste, nor handle the accursed cup."

HIGH WAGES AND DRINKING.

A MIDLAND coal-master has sent a letter to the *Times*, on the high wages at present given to workmen in the coal and iron trades, in which he says:—

"The worst of it is, however, the very injurious effect that is being produced on the men. The requirements of their families being far below the present high wages, they drink away the surplus, and numbers are found the day after pay lying about the roads and fields in a state of intoxication; the short hours giving them more time to frequent the innumerable pothouses, besides instilling habits of idleness, which it will be difficult, if not impossible, to get them out of whenever trade is slacker."

HORRIBLE CASES.

A YOUNG minister suddenly came into possession of £5,000. He immediately began a course of riotous living. He set up a carriage, lived at hotels, drank wine, and is now—begging! When will men be wise? Surely the pledge would have been a shield to this young man.

Similar cases are not rare. Not long ago I met a friend, and he said, "What do you think I have heard?" "I don't know." "Well, the Rev. Mr.—— was expelled from his pulpit for drunkenness, and a few mornings ago, when the rain was pouring down, he was seen by one of his old members singing in the streets,—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,"

and taking pence from the people. Oh, it has shaken me so—I cannot tell you how shocked I am."

Well he might be; and truly, if such things happen, they should make the wisest and best of us "watch and pray."

DEATH OF THE INTEMPERATE.

"Strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it."
ISAIAH xxiv. 9.

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—Prov. xxiii. 32.

It is a sad death. There is no comfort on that dying pillow, no sweet repose, no voice of friendship bidding adieu, no lighting up of joy in the departing spirit.

It is a frequent death. Every hour some, in our own land, go through its gates.

It is an early death. Few drunkards live out half their days.

It is generally an unlamented death. "No one will miss him," is the common saying. Even his family expect comfort, now that he is no more.

Let it be soberly contemplated—

1. By the moderate drinker. Such a death may be his.

2. By the vendor. He has filled the bottle and done the deed.

3. By the magistrate. He granted the license.

4. By the heedless parent. It may yet be the death of his own son.

5. If not too late, by the drunkard himself; and let him escape for his life.

Habit hurries him onward. Sickness hurries him onward. But oh! his end! his dreadful end!

"On slippery rocks I see him stand,
And death's dark billows roll below."

GOOD LUCK.

SOME young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning. Good luck, if you only have a shilling a week, is to live on eleven pence and save a penny. Good luck is to trouble your head with your own, and let other's business alone. Good luck is to fulfil the commandments, and to do unto other people as we wish them to do unto us. We must plod and persevere. Pence must be taken care of, because they are the seeds of guineas. To "get on in the world," we must take care of home, sweep our own doorways clean, try to help other people, avoid temptations, and have trust and faith in God.

THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT

At the Great Wesleyan Demonstration said, he once went into a house—the house of one of their foremost friends—some years ago, and there was a bright-eyed boy there to whom his heart was specially drawn. He said to him, "Harry, I wish you would be a teetotaler." His father spoke up at once, and said, "Mr. Garrett, the only thing I don't like about you is your teetotalism." He replied, "I believe you, sir, are incorrigible, but Harry is not. Let me have Harry!" The father replied, "Well, I will do anything you want." "Then," he replied, "just let me have the chance of making him a teetotaler. Will you be a teetotaler?" The boy looked to his father for his approval, who said, "You may, Harry, if you like; but mind, Mr. Garrett, he shall be the only one of the family." "But here

is William, let me have William too." "Oh! no," was the reply, "it is all very well for children, but William is in business, and he must be a man." They went their way. Harry was firm and faithful. He (Mr. Garrett) knelt with Willie, when he found mercy. He went home with him when his eyes were red with weeping. His father poured out a glass of wine, and that lad took it into his hands. He saw him now as he said: "Mr. Garrett, this is a good creature of God. My father always told me so. I wish you would have a glass. You are killing yourself with work, but if I can't do anything else I will drink to your health." What was the result? The last time he met that father was at King's Cross Station, and then he heard that that beautiful home where that event had taken place had been broken up by the drunkenness of that very William of whom he spoke just now. That lad had been in prison, and he was now in transportation. His father might be present that night, for he was somewhere in London, and if he were anywhere within reach he would be present. If he were he would say to him, "You remember the day when you said, 'No, William is to be a man; let him have his glass.'" He has had his glass, and he is a transport, and Harry, the little bonny boy who was allowed to be a teetotaler, was keeping his family that night. (Loud cheers.) Let fathers, then set an example their children may safely follow. Fathers were often ready to declare that they would die for their children. There was no need to die. Let them live for them. Having come on the temperance side, let them be steadfast.

A GOOD SIGN.

At the July committee meeting for examination of candidates for the Wesleyan ministry, recently held at Westminster, there were ninety-four candidates, eighty-four of whom passed their examinations; of these eighty were teetotalers, and forty-eight of them members of the Independent Order of Good Templars. May the time speedily come when England shall not own a non-abstaining preacher of the everlasting Gospel—*Dorset Abstainer.*

THE CRYSTAL PALACE FÊTE.

THE Annual Fête of the National Temperance League at the Crystal Palace was, notwithstanding unfavourable weather, a great success. Upwards of 62,000 persons were present, and one marked feature of the day, was, that by an arrangement, no intoxicating liquors was sold within the palace or grounds during the day.

LITTLE SHOES.

WHY are there not more Bands of Hope? Children love them, and would flock to them. The chief reason may be, there are so few adults willing to abstain, so few willing to give up their accustomed "little"! But, sure I am there would be no scarcity of helpers, if but half the joy flowing from this work could be made known. Sisters! come over and help us to fold the young, that the adder bite them not. Great encouragements attend this work among the children. But, alas! with adults there are great discouragements. Here the way is all uphill and amidst the valley's gloom, for rare are the glints of sunlight that meet us, though they come at intervals, telling us all is not in vain. Look at one that lately crossed my path. I entered a cottage that a short time before was wretched, though within were voices of little ones that might have gladdened it, a fond mother's care that might have gladdened them, and a true woman's love that might have gladdened and brightened husband and home too; but he was a drunkard, and all was dark. He was sought—sought and found; the record of when, where, and how is on high. This day, on which I again entered that home, I had hardly shut the door, when a wee child tossed up his foot towards me, saying, joyfully, "Bootie! bootie!" He wanted me to see his new boots. His elder brother was near, who had also a pair of new boots. I glanced at the mother, who said, "That's not all, ma'am—I have a pair, too." I looked inquiringly at the husband, who said, "Money saved from beer bought 'em all, ma'am, and didn't my heart beat at the temperance meet-tother night, when that tale was read—'The little shoes did it.'* At that very time I had spoken the boots." There is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; my joy was akin to theirs that hour, and I went forth strengthened anew, to breast the opposing wave of public opinion and custom.—*Mrs. Postlewaite at Ladies' Conference.*

* See *Norwich Cheap Tracts*, No. 90.

LARGE INCREASE IN THE ORDER OF INDEPENDENT GOOD TEMPLARS.

THE Third Session of the Grand Lodge of the Order of Good Templars was held at Preston lately; about 1000 delegates from various Lodges in England were present, and

at the Crystal Palace Fête of the National Temperance League, a Demonstration of Good Templars was held in the Pagoda, when it appeared that there were now 1,200 Lodges in England alone, containing 15,000 officers; and in the three kingdoms in round numbers they number 200,000 members. At this meeting Mr. Joseph Malins was re-elected Grand Worthy Chief Templar.

Amongst the speakers was—Mr. James Rae; he observed that the Good Templars had now been established in this country for some little time, and the question might naturally be asked. What had they done in the interval? Well, they had enrolled 200,000 persons in their body, 50,000 at least of whom were not abstainers before the Templars laid hold of them. What else had they done? They had diverted a sum of at least a quarter of a million of money in one year from the till of the publicans to the pockets of persons who were carrying on really useful trades which would benefit the country at large. What else had they done? They had converted into really earnest and devoted temperance workers a class of teetotalers who until now had been sitting idly in the market while work in plenty was lying around them to be done. Such in brief were a few of the things that Good Templarism had done. Its members were as catholic in their views of all phases of the movement as they were energetic in carrying them out in private and in public life, and it was his conviction that in a short time they would create a marked impression on the country.

LIVE FOR OTHERS.

Oh! teach not the love of the tempting cup
To thy darling son at home;
There are snares enough that beset the paths
Amongst which his feet must roam.
Oh! throw not around thy alluring
The sanction of thy use,
Lest thy beautiful child in ruin sink,
The victim of its abuse.

That sunny-haired girl like a fairy bright,
Whom thou fondly callest thine,
Oh! shield her with all Love's holy might
From the 'witching power of wine.
By example, by precept, ne'er kindle the taste
Which may gnaw like a vulture's tooth;
Which her loveliness, talents, and virtue may waste,
And wither the charms of her youth.

Whoever thou art, or whatever thy state,
Oh, brother! oh, sister! abstain
From that which ruineth small and great,
Which filleth our graves with its slain.
Wash thine hands from the curse: stand erect like
a man,
In the ranks of the free and the brave;
Live for others, and seek in thy life's little span
The fallen to rise and to save.

E. C. A. ALLEN.

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